POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 1 • 1963 20c

EXCLUSIVE!

The tempestuous behind-the-scenes story of the money, the intrigue, the stars and the love affair that created an epic film

CLEOPATRA

By the man who produced it

WALTER WANGER

LIZ and BURTON
IN CLEOPATRA

Your misguided teachers / A new story by John O'Hara / McNamara kills a missile

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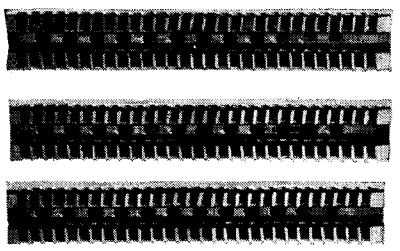
13 shavers cost less than a *Remington® Lektronic II*

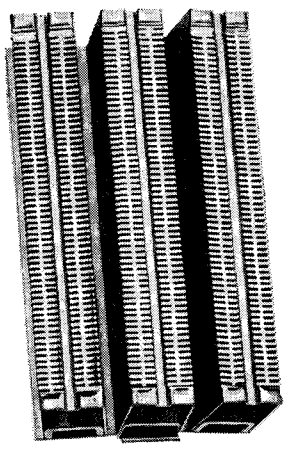
(you get what you pay for)

You shave on the average of 8 times a week. (That includes a "once over lightly" for Saturday night.) 8 times a week. 52 weeks. 416 shaves a year. Is a REMINGTON Shaver worth the extra cost? You decide. It's your money. It's also your face.



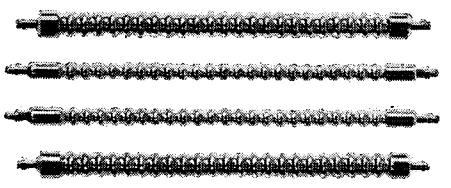
348 cutting edges ...the hardest steel in electric shaving

Every REMINGTON Shaver has 348 cutting edges and the hardest, high-carbon steel cutters you can buy. Remington shapes and sharpens them in 7 separate steps! Hones them smooth on an angle (rather than straight across). This way, the cutters meet the whiskers on the bias instead of straight on. That's why you don't feel any pull or pinch. Whiskers are "sliced off," not "ploughed up."



man-sized shaver head gobbles whiskers... fast

This is the shaving head. Big. Strokes a wide path as it moves over the beard. Covers more in less time. Hence, takes less time to shave. Note the slots. 756 to be exact. Since the whiskers have to pass through the slots to get to the cutters, the more slots, the faster the shave.



4 roller combs gently round up whiskers

These spiral cylinders are Roller Combs. They're exclusive to Remington. They're what let you shave close without burning your face. Here's how they work. Rollers meet your face first, push your skin down, pop whiskers up, gently push them into the path of the cutters. Back up comes the skin as the shaver head passes. Very simple. Very effective.

full shaving power ...with or without a cord

The LEKTRONIC II Shaver has sealed in energy cells. Charge 'em up, and you shave cordless for about 2 weeks (a bit more or less depending on how hefty the beard). Forget to recharge? Plug in the cord and shave on the spot. With a cord, without a cord, you're never without a close, clean shave. Great for around the house, in the office or for the traveling man.

If you've read this far, maybe you're beginning to add it up. REMINGTON is the shaver that costs more because it has more precision and power and performance to offer, day after day. Look around. You'll probably pay a little more for Remington quality. Is it worth it? Ask your face.

LEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation

Remington Rand Electric Shaver - Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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100% Clean Sweep–First in History–Sets All-time Accuracy Records –Wins 75 First Prizes–Establishes New Standard of Watch Performance!

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The Prize Winning Longines varied 5/100ths of a second per day—equal to just 5 seconds in 100 days. Significant new honors indeed for *the world's most honored watch.* You, too, can wear a Longines—the watch that holds this all-time accuracy record and the finest watch in production today. Your Longines can serve you an adult lifetime—offering prestige, satisfaction, pride, accuracy and dependability. And Longines provides the maximum possible economy in a watch regardless of price. Be sure to visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler soon to examine his wide selection of Longines.

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War is now raging inside Soviet Russia. That it is a war without lethal weapons makes it no less deadly or fierce—two varieties of Communists are locked in a death struggle. It is a war between the Left and the Right, the "liberals" and the neo-Stalinists. Upon the outcome depends not only the future of Nikita Khrushchev but of Soviet foreign policy. If the neo-Stalinists win—and there is abundant recent evidence that they are in the ascendancy—peaceful coexistence may be buried with the liberals, and change will be felt throughout the world. **Eldon Griffiths,** chief European correspondent for *Newsweek* and frequent visitor to Russia, was in Moscow in March and April for the tenth anniversary of Stalin's death. This week, with an eye toward the upcoming Central Committee meeting, he reports on recent events in Russia and analyzes their significance for a world hopeful of peace.

Cleopatra was a four-year ordeal for **Walter Wanger,** the man who produced it. The *Cleopatra* filming and the off-set activities of stars Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton continually made headlines last year. Yet as Wanger points out, "Never have so many people known so little about a subject which intrigued them so much." Now Wanger, with the collaboration of longtime Hollywood reporter **Joe Hyams,** gives the inside story in an excerpt from their book *My Life With Cleopatra,* to be published next week by Bantam Books Inc.

Other Bylines. New York *Herald Tribune* science editor **Earl Ubell** and **Stuart Loory** of the *Tribune*'s Washington bureau tell what caused Defense Secretary McNamara to do away with the Nike-Zeus missile. . . . Probably no one can remember Li'l Abner in a new suit, but for his creator, **Al Capp,** men's clothing is a subject of some concern—and of his article this week. . . . Although **Frank Graham,** who writes about daredevil race driver Graham Hill, owns a fast sports car, he uses it exclusively for transportation and is satisfied to leave speed contests to the other Graham. . . . Novelist **John O'Hara** makes his fourth recent appearance in *The Post* this week. . . . **Edward Nanas** is a veteran free-lance writer about science and business. . . . New York *Post* columnist **Leonard Lyons** was all set for a trip to Puerto Rico 32 years ago when he met the girl who subsequently became his wife. He never did make it to Puerto Rico until recently, when he went there to bring back his exclusive interview with Nathan Leopold.

The Cover portrait of Liz Taylor and Richard Burton was made by photographer **Bert Stern** during the filming of *Cleopatra* in Rome.

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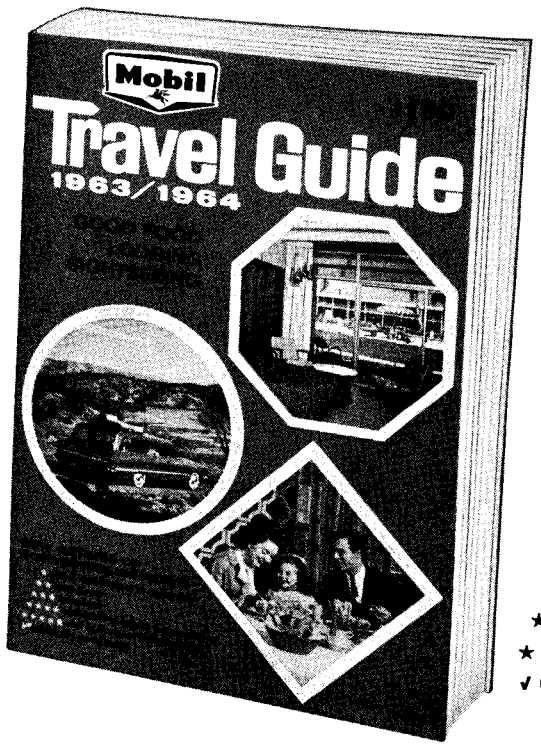

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LETTERS

Ann-Margret

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Dean Jennings and *The Saturday Evening Post* for the fine article on Ann-Margret [EXPLOSIVE NEW STAR, May 4]. For once, someone has written and published a story about her that doesn't sound like a publicity blurb. Congratulations, too, to Ann-Margret for her continuing phenomenal success. She deserves it.

DAVID ZEHRING
Lawrence, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

If Ann-Margret's only appeal is in half-exposed, clearly defined breasts, she doesn't deserve "top billing." Her manager states, "She is a sort of little animal." Man was created to the image and likeness of God, given a soul and a brain. We were never meant to act as animals.

ISABEL AGERTY
Wynnewood, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Respects to Ben Franklin, but, man, this is more like it!

JACK GREEN
Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Good grief! Doesn't Ann-Margret have any underwear, and must you advertise it on your cover?

MRS. ROY C. MILLER
Princeton, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I long for the good old days of Norman Rockwell covers!

MRS. ROBERT MULDOON
Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

She's a pretty kid, and I wish her well, but she can't sing for sour apples.

NORRIS PYNN
La Crosse, Wis.

Football riot

Dear Sirs:

In reference to the Washington race riot [HOW A RACE RIOT HAPPENED, by Alvin Shuster and Ben A. Franklin, May 4], you will undoubtedly receive numerous letters from righteous racists proclaiming, "See! That proves that integration will never work!" It is no wonder that we have a race problem, when white people can be so blind as this. Obviously, the Washington debacle was a prime example of the effects of segregation, not of integration.

As this article points out, there is little or no real integration in Washington, in the schools or otherwise; further, a large percentage of the Negro population are recent migrants from the South, with all the limitations derived from generations of Southern segregation. Is it any wonder if their pent-up resentment and hatred sometimes erupt?

REV. CARTER PARTEE, O.F.M.
St. Mary's Church
Bloomfield, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

We in the South have learned over the past hundred years how to live and work with the Negro in peace and friendship. In fact, the Southern white man is the only real white friend the Negro has had in all recorded history.

H. SUGG
Clarksdale, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Washington would be greatly improved by home rule. This would make it possible for Negro and white to vote and work together into making our city a better place to live rather than being pitted against each other by the District Commissioners, the N.A.A.C.P. and various other advancement groups. When the Negro feels he has the right to vote and the right to help improve his city, he won't feel that he is being discriminated against.

CHARLES GILBERT
Washington, D.C.

Pentagon polygraph

Dear Sirs:

I categorically disagree with your editorial THE POLYGRAPH-HAPPY PENTAGON in your May 4 issue.

If in the judgment of the Secretary of Defense a fact is to be classified, leaking it to the press is nothing short of disobedience of an order and a conscious violation of security. This type of thing cannot be tolerated.

LT. (JG) J. W. CARPENTER, USNR
Bayside, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Hurray for Mr. McNamara! The polygraph is rapidly becoming the foremost tool of a modern version of th Inquisition. When will Americans begin to stand up for their right to keep their private thoughts private?

MRS. JEAN T. ELLIS
Bryan, Tex.

Paperback pornography

Dear Sirs:

I take strenuous exception to Mr. Cleveland Amory's article [PAPERBACK PORNOGRAPHY, Apr. 6]. Mr. Amory's emphasis upon the sexual paperback books is so one-sided and so replete with erotic references that it can only lead people to buy the few objectionable paperback books available rather than the large number of worthy books published every month. All over this country vigilante groups are attempting to determine what books and what magazines may reach the newsstands. By threatening retailers and wholesalers, these vigilantes are attempting to impose their own narrow views upon the reading public.

In a democratic country the people should be free to determine what they shall or shall not read. Mr. Amory's article undermines that freedom.

WILLIAM H. PALMER, *President*
Council for Periodical Distributors Associations, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thank God for men like Cleveland Amory who are Speaking Out against evil, and for the one freedom left to us—Freedom of Speech.

MRS. KENNETH KNUDTSON
Waterman, Ill.

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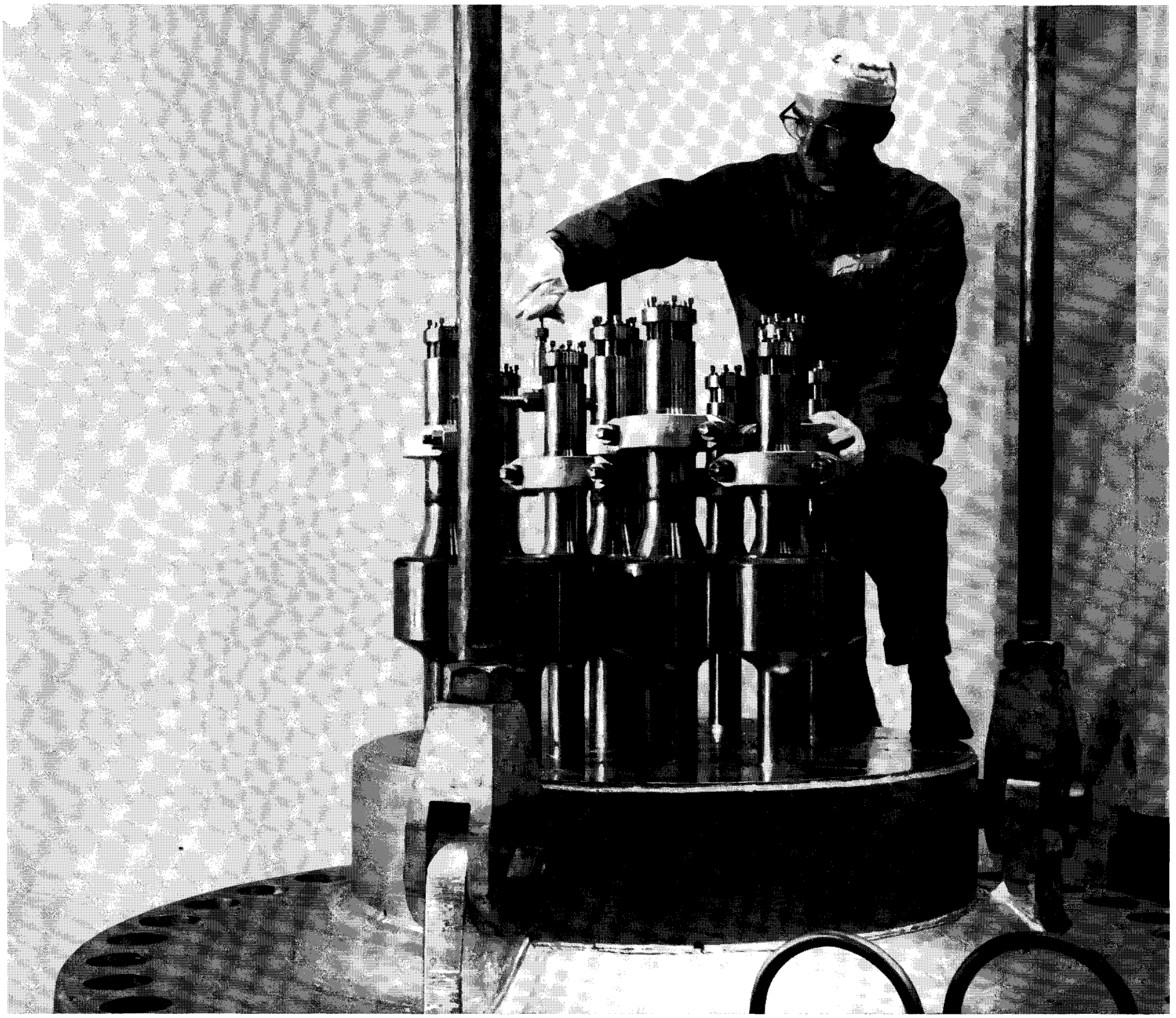
PROGRESS REPORT NUMBER 15 ON ATOMIC ELECTRIC POWER

An engineer at a new investor-owned atomic electric power plant checks out the ports in the nuclear reactor head.



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$1,000,000,000 PROGRAM

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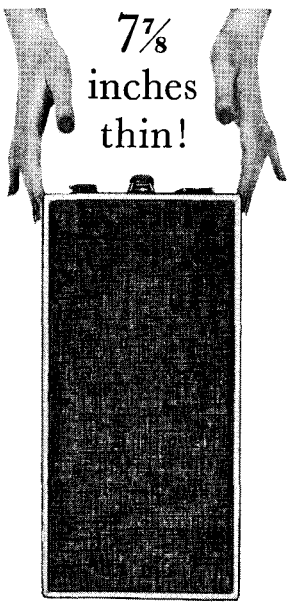
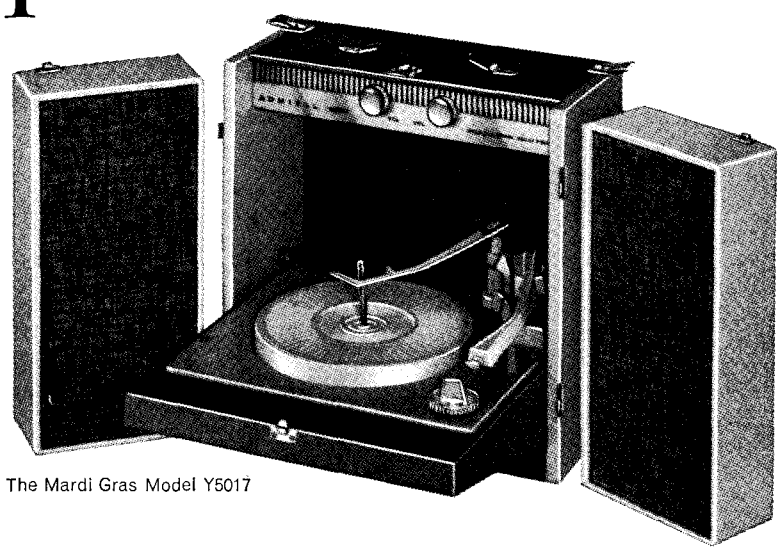


Slimmest tilt-out portable stereo



The Mardi Gras Model Y5017

with all-wood cabinet for richer sound

This slim new 1963 Admiral Portable Stereo looks like a fine piece of luggage. But unsnap the latch, swing out the speakers, tilt-out the stereo record changer and it's ready to play. To enrich the sound, Admiral handcrafted the cabinet from real wood. No metal cabinet! No tinny sound! The speakers can even be detached for greater sound separation. The new *patented* Admiral stereo changer is the most compact ever—fits a cabinet 7⅞ inches thin. All this quality can be yours to enjoy for only $79.95.*

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LETTERS

Defense intellectuals

Dear Sirs:

General White's article in SPEAKING OUT [STRATEGY AND THE DEFENSE INTELLECTUALS, May 4] wonderfully illustrates the reasoning of the military mind criticized by former President Eisenhower in his farewell address—the one in which he warned of the dangers of the "industrial-military complex."

Until the Administration clamped down, we were getting a constant torrent of belligerent speeches by generals and admirals trying to tell the people what to do when it is the duty of the people to tell *them*—through our elected representatives—what to do. And when these military minds retire, where do so many end up? Answer: as corporation executives in the war industries.

CHARLES BROUGH
Torrance, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Magnificent! The article speaks truth—and this is from a man who has studied Soviet Communism and who has seen the Russians in action (in a POW camp in Germany). One cannot swap a "Hahvahd" degree for 25 or 30 years of military experience.

ROBERT C. DONOVAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

General White has failed to comprehend a thousand-year-old mathematical concept—*zero*. Once a country possesses the means with which to kill *all* of the people in any other given country, then the amount of fireworks with which one can do it is of no consequence.

EARLE SELF
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Your article by General White is extremely impressive and a refreshing change from the (to use his term) "academic cerebrations" of the highly educated but rather virginal word jugglers so commonly found nowadays in most any publication. His words carry the chilling authority of a whining bullet and the shocking reality of a stinking dead body.

EPHRAIM SCRIMSHAW
Alhambra, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

General White's article fairly smacks of sour grapes. It hurts to see a grown man cry.

GORDON J. FAUBEL
El Paso, Tex.

Western hoofbeats

Dear Sirs:

Never before have I flicked back the pages to check the name of the photographer, so interested I couldn't read further. Until today. Photographs by John Launois in THE ECHO OF WESTERN HOOFBEATS [May 4] are pieces of art in themselves.

MRS. R. E. MARTIN
Dayton, Ohio

COMING...in next week's Post

EXCLUSIVE:

CHAOS IN CUBA

An on-the-scene report from Castro's troubled island

A noted liberal speaks out for aid to parochial schools

A pitcher's lament:

Losing 20 games isn't easy

A father's poignant story of his son's battle with epilepsy

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SPEAKING OUT

Teachers get the worst education

By JAMES D. KOERNER

Dr. Koerner, 40, is the author of the newly published book, The Miseducation of American Teachers, a report on his two-year study of teacher training. A former faculty member of Kansas State and M.I.T., he is now president of the board of the Council for Basic Education. He and his wife live in Lexington, Mass.

Our children and our country will suffer, says this informed critic, because educators are so badly trained.

The people who train our teachers are incompetent. With rare exceptions they lack the intellect and the educational background to turn out first-rate teachers for the nation's classrooms. Their lack amounts to the single greatest weakness of American education today and a frightening threat to the America of tomorrow. For the quality of teacher training determines the quality of our teachers, which in turn determines the worth of our children's education.

"The blunt fact," says Sterling M. McMurrin, former U.S. Commissioner of Education, "is that many of our teachers are not properly qualified to handle the responsibility we have placed on them. . . . It is a national scandal . . . that large numbers of them are inadequately prepared in the subject matter that they teach." Little wonder that many of the youngsters who stream from the public schools become clerical help who cannot spell or file, workers who cannot read and comprehend directions, citizens ignorant to the point of political and public irresponsibility, and college freshmen who must be put through remedial courses in many subjects before they can proceed with higher education.

Inevitably this catalog of failures leads to one question: How well are teachers prepared for teaching? Having just completed a two-year study of the subject for the Relm Foundation of Ann Arbor, Mich., I regret to report that the training of teachers and school administrators is probably the worst in all U.S. higher education. This is true not only at the teachers colleges but also at most universities, including the prestigious ones. Compare the faculty teaching education at a great university like California at Berkeley, or even at a more average institution like Boston University, with the other academic and professional faculties on the same campus. The quality of research done by the non-education faculties, the books they produce, the professional journals they write for, and the reputation they enjoy in their respective academic and student communities (a very accurate yardstick of prestige)—all such comparisons emphasize the inferior status of the education people.

The Commission on Human Resources and Advanced Training reported in 1954 the results of a large-scale survey of students headed for graduate degrees. Those majoring in education were fifth from the bottom in a list of 19 fields, trailed only by those in physical education, home economics, business and commerce, and dentistry. More recently Dr. Lindsey Harmon of the National Academy of Sciences reported on a study which compared intelligence scores and other factors for all people who took doctorate degrees in 1958. On every one of these tests the education graduates finished at the bottom.

Such results are hardly surprising when one considers the makeup of the typical education faculty. It consists of former school administrators and people whose careers and whose own schooling were concentrated in the field of education. The education faculty member is poorly grounded in the liberal arts, often having done very little work in them as an undergraduate and *none* as a graduate student. For example, if he is a professor of mathematics education, he will have spent a great deal of time learning the methods of teaching mathematics and the reasons for teaching or not teaching it, and he will have spent much time in the other trivia of professional education. But he will not have devoted much effort to the study of mathematics itself. The low caliber of the education faculties caused one professor of education at a Wisconsin college to say, "I think we should kick everybody in education out as incompetents and reorganize the field with able people."

The problem of educating teachers thus becomes a circular trap. The admission standards to graduate work in teaching and education are notoriously low, sometimes nonexistent. Inferior people therefore enter and muddle through inferior programs to earn inferior graduate degrees in such subjects as "Secondary School Administration," "Guidance Counseling" or "Teacher Education" itself. Some go on for doctoral degrees in such specialized disciplines as "Intergroup Relations," "Audio-Visual Aids" and "Camping."

These graduates become school administrators who hire teachers and set standards in public schools. Or they staff state departments of education, professional associations and accrediting agencies. Or they become professors of education in other colleges where they proceed to turn out more teachers and more masters and doctors of education. The ramifications run on to infinity.

Bottom of the barrel

Improving undergraduate training of classroom teachers clearly depends on some prior reform at the top—the graduate level, the source of the teachers' teachers. For uneducated educators attract the least desirable candidates for teaching, and poor students gravitate naturally to poor departments.

This explains why undergraduates in education generally come from the bottom of the academic barrel, along with students in agriculture and business administration—a fact familiar to most academicians and reinforced by every major study that has been made of the subject. We can look at one of the first such studies, a classic of its kind, titled *The Student and His Knowledge*, done in Pennsylvania and reported in 1938 to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Or we can look at a more recent one like the 1955 report from the Educational Testing Service reviewing the results of tests given to nearly half a million college students during the Korean War. The pattern seems to remain constant: Prospective teachers show up badly in both achievement and native ability when compared with college students in other fields. Thus not only are the education faculties inadequate but their educatlon students show the same intellectual shortcomings.

This unhappy condition prevails for a combination of reasons, not all the fault of educationists. But the educationists' bland acceptance of poor students and their adamant failure to weed out the incompetent has kept a kind of Gresham's law at work these many years in teacher education. In those few programs that have moved in the opposite direction, insisting upon superior ability in candidates for teaching, and creating rigorous academic programs of some prestige for them, the educationist has discovered that education, far from losing candidates, soon begins to attract better people than it ever had, and more of them. The Master of Arts in Teaching program at Yale University, and the undergraduate program for elementary teachers at St. Louis University, and the Bachelor of Arts program for high-school teachers at Grinnell College, are examples of high-quality programs that demonstrate what *can* be done. But the great majority of our teacher-training programs have yet to take to heart one of John Dewey's observations: "All other reforms are conditioned upon reform in the quality and character of those who engage in the teaching profession."

Not only are most prospective teachers inferior in quality to start with; the training they receive, with its heavy emphasis on education courses, only serves to stifle what talents they have. I recently managed to look into a good many of these pedagogical courses, to survey extensively the materials used, and to talk with many hundreds of students involved in them. The students' verdict is overwhelmingly negative—often bitterly so, particularly among the better students, the kind most needed in teaching. They resent the number of courses in teaching methods they are forced to take and the time and money they must thereby waste.

Two factors account for the dullness and intellectual sterility that characterize the education classroom: first, the lack of real depth and scholarship on the instructor's part, and second, the well-known addiction of educationists to the

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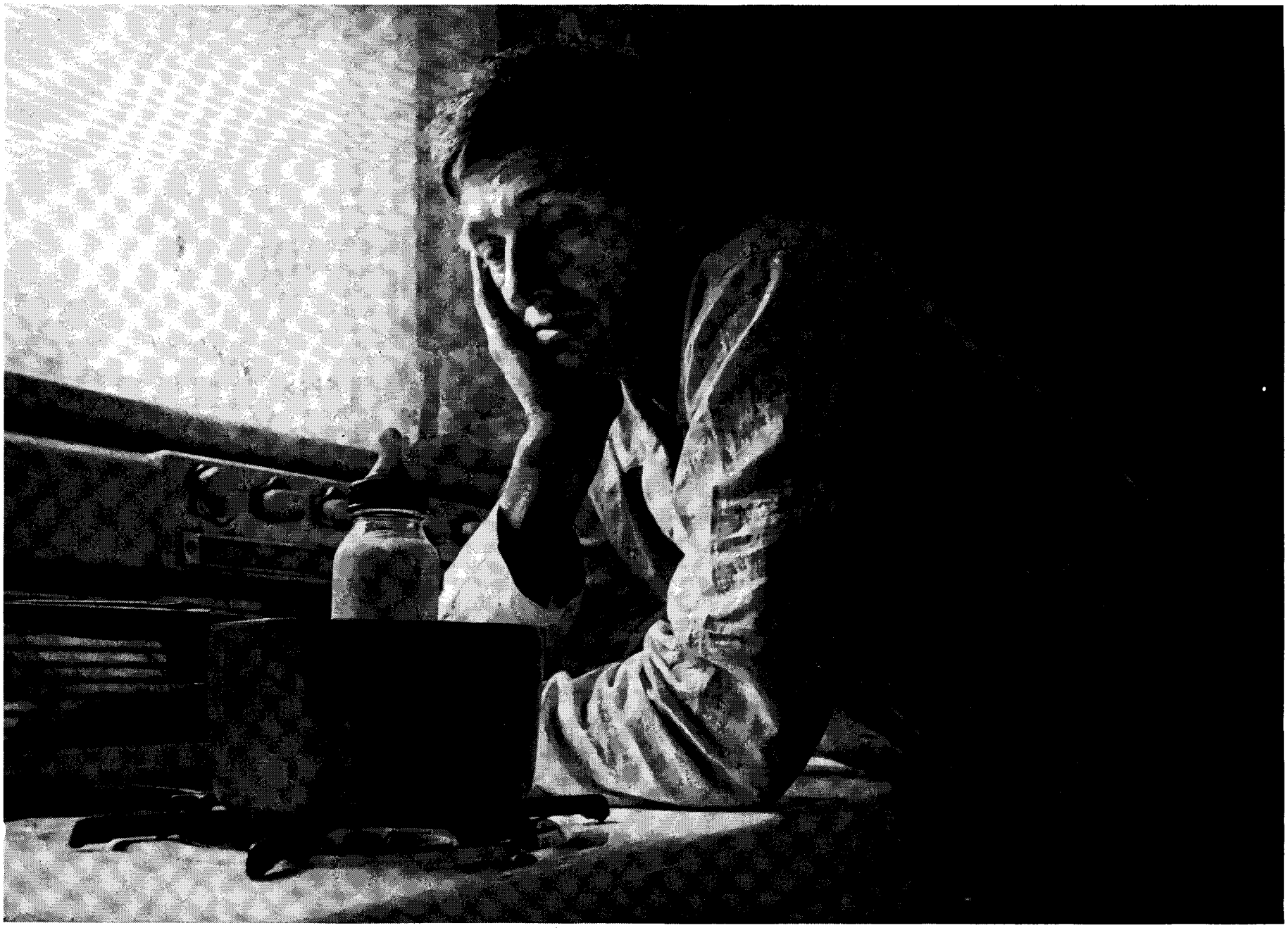

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fragmentation, inflation and proliferation of courses and content.

The average high-school teacher of an academic subject has spent nearly one quarter of his college time taking education courses. He has had, therefore, just three quarters of the time available to students in other fields in which to cram both a general liberal education and a major subject of some consequence. (Those who aim to teach nonacademic subjects, such as home economics, industrial arts and physical education—and also those who teach art and music—spend even more time in education courses, often so much more that they can be said to have acquired a higher education only by a distortion of the term.)

The elementary teacher is even less educated. She spends over 40 percent of her four undergraduate years taking courses in education. A fed-up elementary teacher remarked, "Every education major wishes she had chosen something else. The courses consist of one dull, repetitious thing after another. Every course starts out with six weeks of 'developmental psychology'—an introductory phase full of such labored truisms as 'The Whole Child comes to school,' 'Children develop at different rates,' and so forth."

Most of these vices persist because the educational establishment combines the worst features of other protectionist, self-serving bureaucracies while exhibiting few of the virtues of real professional leadership or guardianship of the public interest. The politics of education are extremely exclusive, giving very little voice to the academic faculty, the lay public or, indeed, to anyone else outside the educationist fraternity. Enormous power over public education is thus exercised through a maze of interlocking professional education agencies such as the National Education Association and its many divisions, the U.S. Office of Education, the accrediting agencies, and the education units of our colleges and universities. All these bodies are manned by educationists who learned their trade with or from one another and who today complement and reinforce one another's entrenched policies.

Even the language in which members of this establishment communicate, or fail to communicate, tends to exclude anyone but the initiate from their counsels. This weird and pernicious patois, which can most charitably be called Educanto, abounds in twisted syntax, clustered clichés and ugly coinages. It is a world unto itself wherein, for example, superior students must be called "fortunate deviates," and retarded children become "exceptional children"; a world in which one speaks not of encouraging a student's academic interests, but of providing "enriched need arousal," or of "motivating purposeful goal-oriented behavior"; a world in which students "socialize to their peer groups," or if they fail to do so become "isolates" who must be "integrated" into the "appropriate activity constructs."

If the great power of the establishment were used to maintain high standards in the profession and to staff the schools of America with teachers of unquestioned ability, one would no more quarrel with it than with the centralized control of, say, the A.M.A. over medical education. But much too often this power is used solely in the interests of the establishment, for the aggrandizement of special groups, to perpetuate a dogmatic orthodoxy, to protect jobs and status, or to maintain the low intellectual standards of an entrenched system of teacher training.

Reform from the inside is no easier in education than in any other large social organism of vested interests. None of the most promising developments in teacher education today have come from the establishment. All have originated with private foundations, with groups of academic scholars, with such agencies as the National Science Foundation, and with the general public. Pressure for reform must continue to come from "outside." But it must take account of the political realities of the education profession and avoid pushing too fast for sweeping reforms, because the establishment's support is necessary if any reform measure is to succeed. Educationists will not buy any scheme that threatens the *status quo* too sharply. I therefore pass over the more radical reforms that are needed—such as the abolition of the undergraduate school or department of education; the creation of mandatory qualifying examinations for teachers and of full-time teaching apprenticeships requiring no education courses at all; and the granting of greater freedom to school boards, which are now hedged about at every turn by professional controls, in hiring their own teachers. Instead, here are a few of the more modest, more realistic, forward steps that could be taken in the immediate future, with the cooperation of educationists themselves:

1. No undergraduate should be permitted to major in education, and all students, including elementary teachers and special school personnel, should concentrate on some academic subject. 2. The number of education courses required by the colleges should be restricted to state requirements, instead of being arbitrarily set (usually higher) by the colleges. 3. Education courses that are directly related to such academic disciplines as psychology, history and philosophy should be taught by trained and bona fide psychologists, historians, and philosophers, not by persons whose graduate work has been in education or simply in methods of teaching these subjects. If these courses are worth having at all, and if they are to remain mandatory in all the training programs, they should at least be put into the hands of competent professors. 4. Standards at the graduate level *must* be improved if anything is to come of the other reforms. Course offerings should be drastically reduced. Candidates for the graduate degrees in education should be screened at least as rigorously as those in academic fields. And course work for all degrees should be concentrated at least 60 or 70 percent in the orthodox academic subjects.

This is little enough. Even so, the effects of only a few such reforms could have a revolutionary effect on teacher training. Whether change can come fast enough in this crucial enterprise to meet the problems of exploding enrollments, the expansion of knowledge itself, and the various other educational exigencies of the nation, I really don't know.

But one thing is sure. Change will not come soon enough if the public remains apathetic, if it continues to tolerate monolithic control of American education by a self-perpetuating establishment founded on mediocrity. THE END

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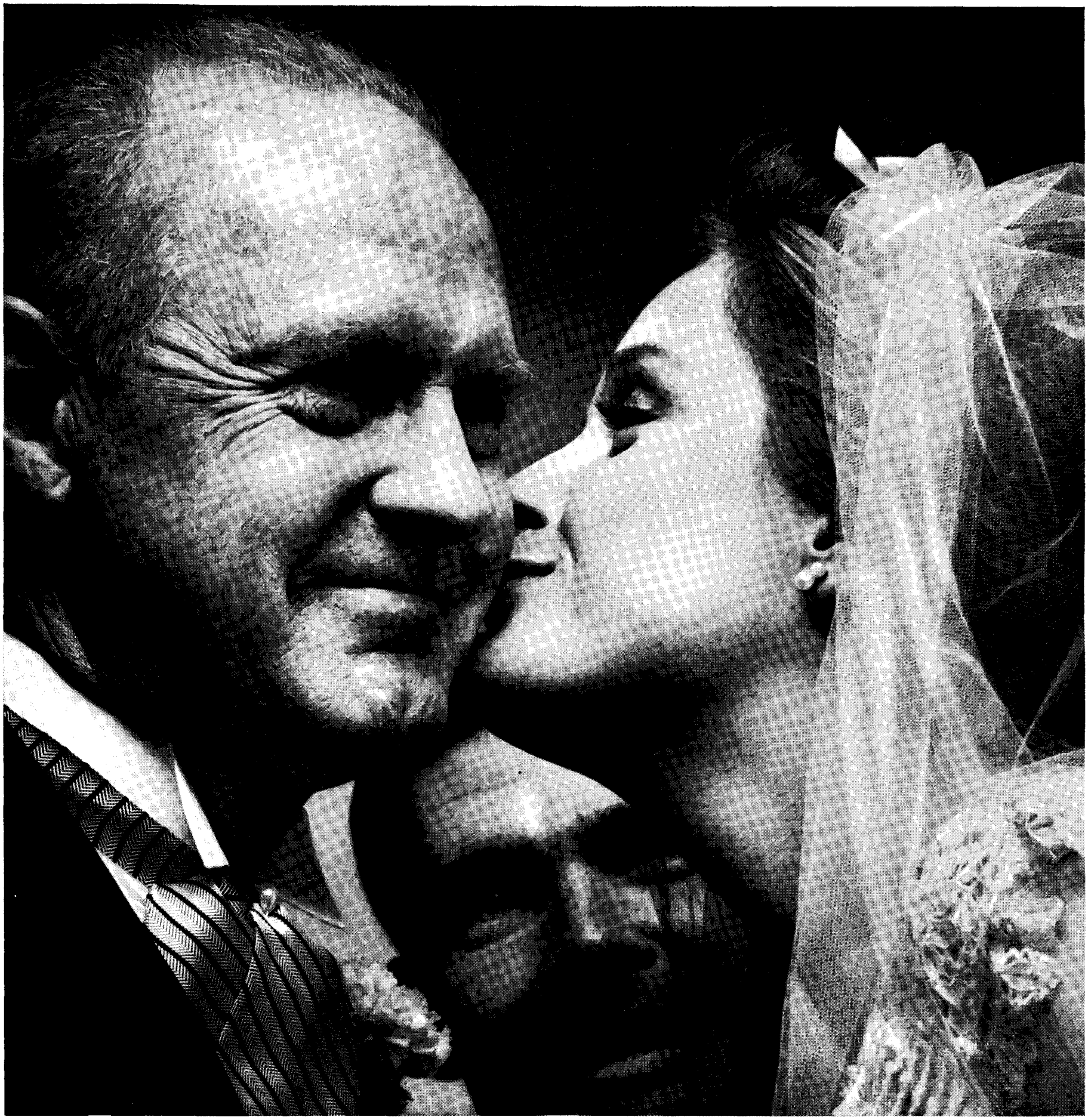

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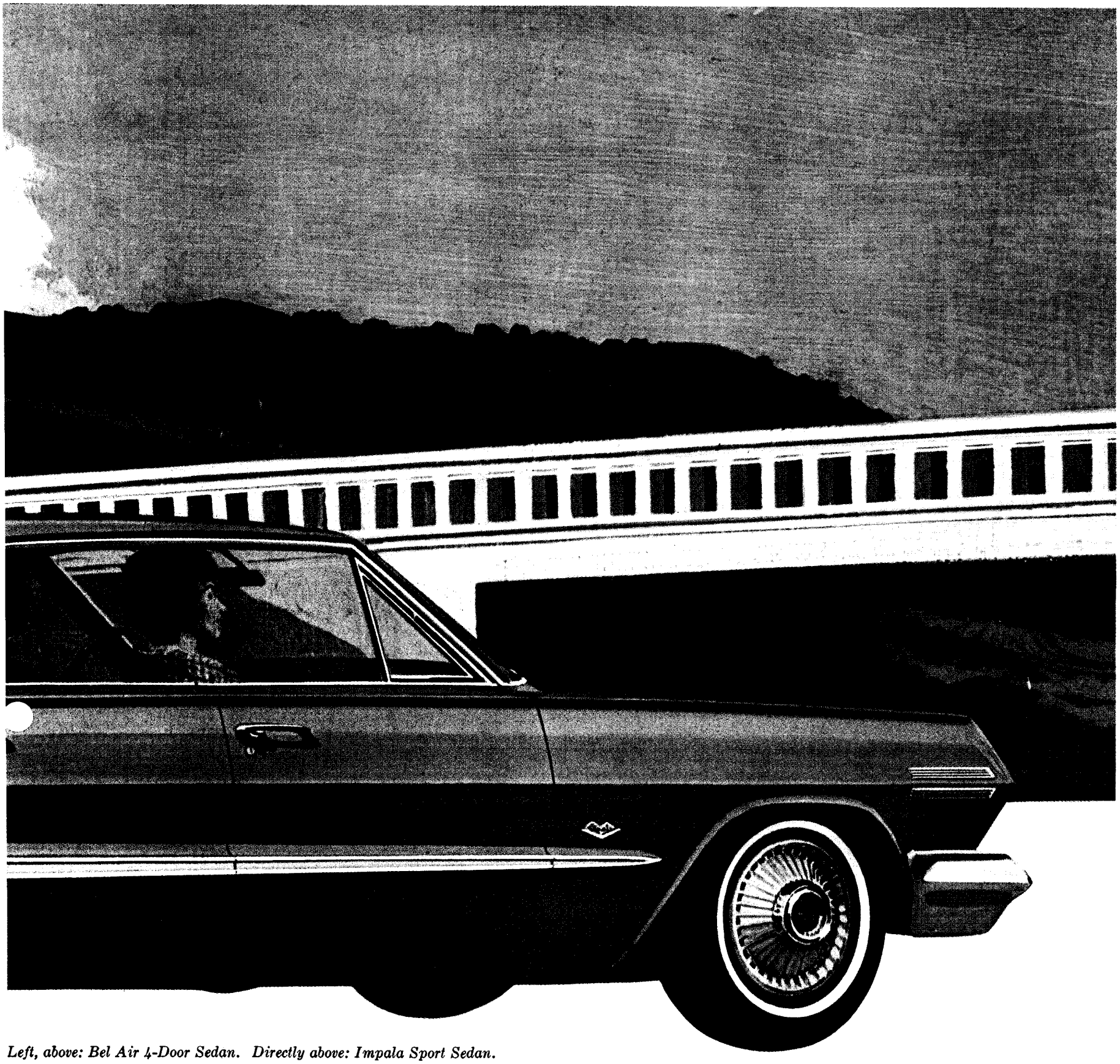

Left, above: Bel Air 4-Door Sedan. Directly above: Impala Sport Sedan.

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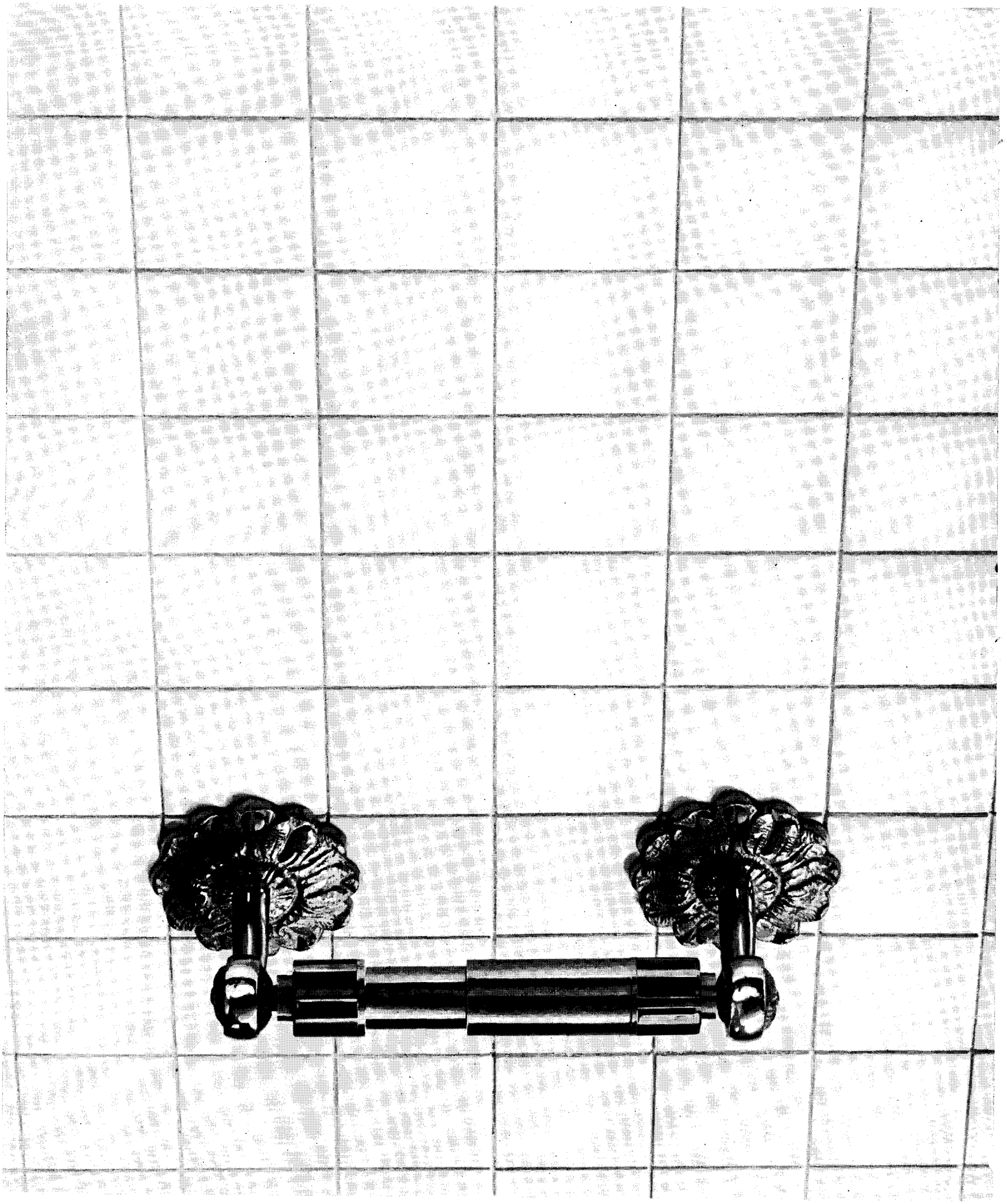

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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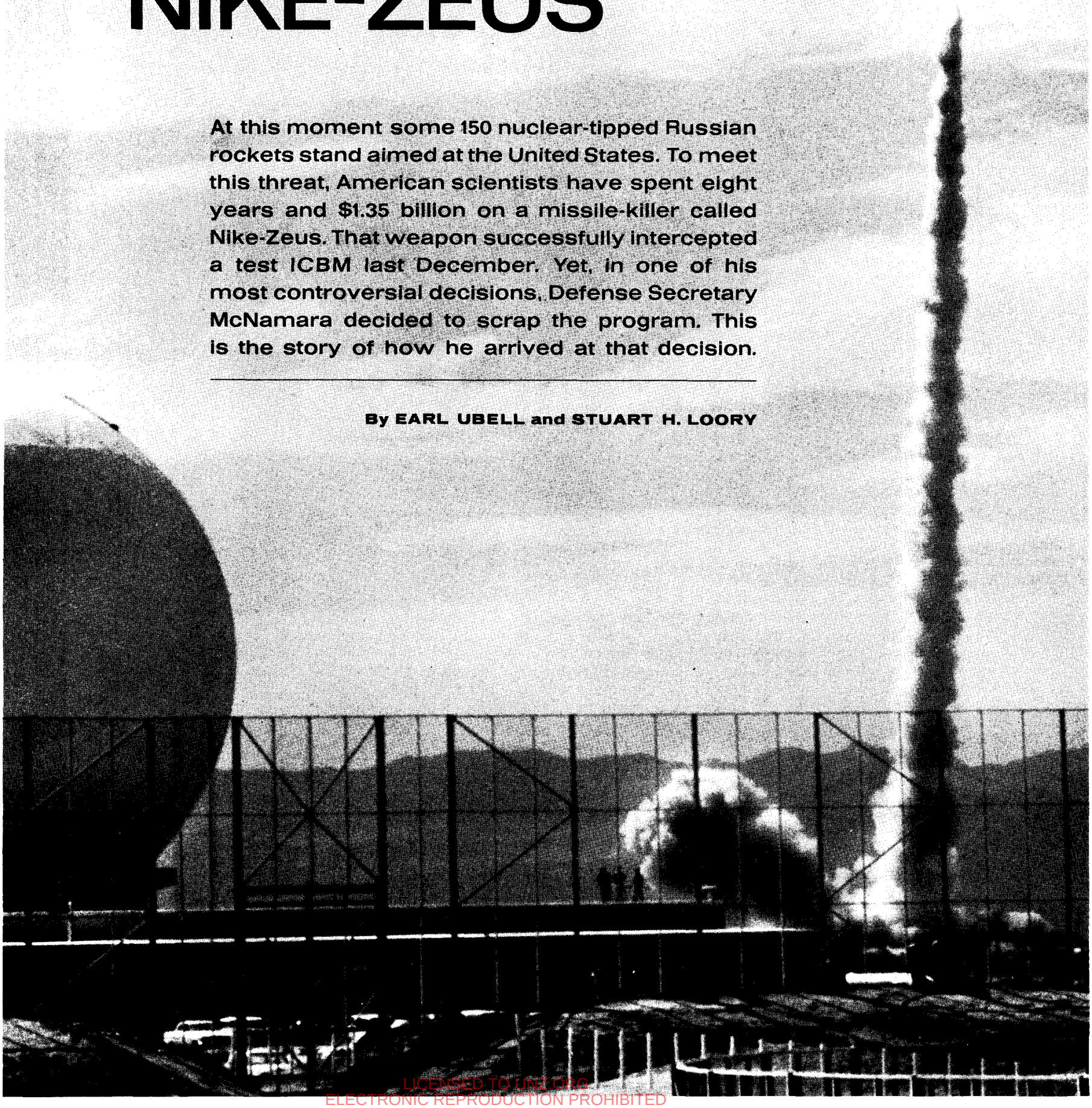
THE DEATH OF NIKE-ZEUS

At this moment some 150 nuclear-tipped Russian rockets stand aimed at the United States. To meet this threat, American scientists have spent eight years and $1.35 billion on a missile-killer called Nike-Zeus. That weapon successfully intercepted a test ICBM last December. Yet, in one of his most controversial decisions, Defense Secretary McNamara decided to scrap the program. This is the story of how he arrived at that decision.

By EARL UBELL and STUART H. LOORY



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Dr. Harold Brown.

Dr. Jerome Wiesner.

Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor.

Wilbur Brucker.

By eight o'clock on the evening of last December 23, a tense quiet had settled over Kwajalein atoll in the Pacific. Officials had confined to their homes the wives and children of the servicemen and civilian contractors stationed there. They had shut down the movie theaters, the bowling alleys. The streets were deserted.

Up the beach from the settlement one of the world's most fantastic arrays of radar, rockets and reckoning equipment squeaked, groaned and then came to life. A mountain of plastic foam nearly 100 feet in diameter, seeded with millions of aluminum slivers and topped by a string of girders—the whole thing weighing more than a million pounds—spun slowly under its domed tent. This was a radar receiver, one of the four radars which serve as the eyes of the Nike-Zeus anti-ballistic missile system.

In the shimmering half-light of a darkened control room a dozen men focused their attention on maps and graphs projected in reds, oranges and greens on a ground-glass screen. Some sat at the system's control boards, which look somewhat like church-organ consoles. Illuminated square buttons—green for "Go," yellow for "Wait" and red for "No-Go"—threw spots of light into the faces of the men. The patches of light now all said, "Go." Everything was in readiness for Nike-Zeus's biggest test: the interception of an Atlas ICBM dummy warhead hidden in a pack of decoys which would soon come screaming across the Pacific from California.

"Lift-off," said a throaty, detached voice from a squawk box on the wall. The giant Atlas had broken free at Vandenberg Air Force Base 5,000 miles away. In about 30 minutes, the men at Kwajalein knew, they could expect to witness by radar the first of a new kind of aerial dog fight: missile against missile.

The Atlas warhead, the decoys, the rocket tanks and the engines hurtled into trajectory above the atmosphere, streaking toward Kwajalein at approximately 10,000 miles an hour. (For obvious military reasons, the exact figures on speed, size, range and timing for the Atlas and Nike-Zeus remain highly secret.) The Zeus's acquisition radar—the mountain of plastic and aluminum—stood lookout duty for the entire system. Its transmitter, a three-cornered "hat" 80 feet on a side, now turned slowly in synchronization with that plastic mound, beaming radar pulses over millions of cubic miles of space.

On this electric evening it sighted the cloud of targets when they were still almost 1,000 miles from Kwajalein. As the first radar signals bounced off that cloud and returned with the speed of light, the Nike-Zeus complex of men and machines sprang into action. One part of the automatic system checked out two Zeus rockets standing at the ready. Another connected dummy circuits representing the second radar on the line—the discrimination radar.

But that second radar, designed to pick out the warhead from the tanks and decoys, was not ready. Engineers were still building it. Eventually, they want it to solve the key problem of an anti-ICBM defense. It spells the difference between being able to hit a lone "fly in the sky"—as Premier Khrushchev boasts his country can do—and taking on a swarm of flies and swatting only the lethal one.

This time the men in the control room did the discriminating. They could tell which radar spot was warhead and which was decoy from the way the swarm reentered the atmosphere—the light decoys "belly-flopping," the heavy warhead "diving" smoothly.

Automatically the system switched to the third radar. This one tracked the target in its flight, placing it on the control-room map with a margin of error of a couple of hundred feet. All this data, converted to electrical pulses, ran into one of the world's fastest computers, so complex it was designed and built by another computer.

Finally, with the warhead less than 500 miles away, the computer said "Go," and in that darkened control room a finger pressed a button. In their 72-foot-deep underground cells two 48-foot rockets came to life with twin bursts of orange-red flame and black smoke. Rising like frightened jackrabbits, they tore through the protective plastic shells over their pits and hurtled to intercept the fast-approaching warhead.

The first stages burned for less than five seconds—but with more power (450,000 pounds of thrust) than any other single rocket engine in the American arsenal. Then the missiles' second stages burned for 20 seconds, and finally the defensive warheads, traveling toward the attacker at 7,200 miles an hour, spun free. Atmospheric friction heated them to a glow. To protect them the engineers had coated them with a substance that evaporates and cools them in the same way the heat shield melts away and cools the capsules of the Mercury astronauts as they reenter the atmosphere from orbit.

Throughout the flight the system's fourth radar pointed its five-foot antenna at the screaming interceptor rockets, feeding the computer instantaneous reports of their positions. The computer compared these figures with those from the radar tracking the Atlas warhead. Almost instantaneously the little radar, directed by the computer, sent signals back to the Zeus rockets telling them where to go to catch the Atlas.

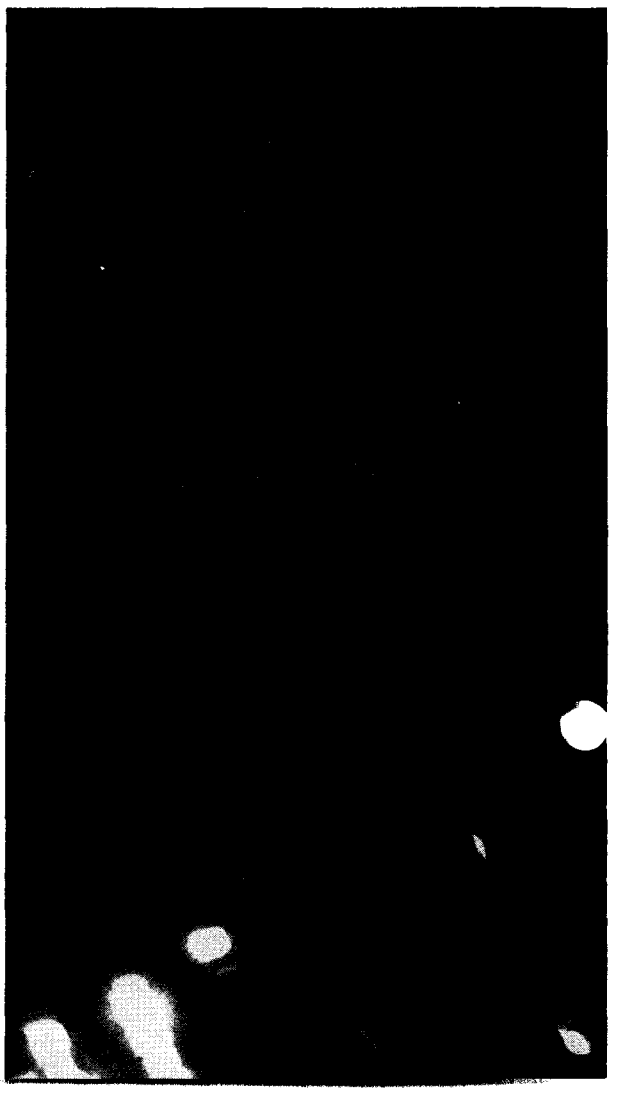
At the dogfight's climax, 25 miles above the Pacific and 75 miles northeast of Kwajalein, one of the rockets shot in close enough for the kill. Had it carried an atomic bomb, the explosion would have destroyed the incoming warhead. The other killer rocket failed mechanically.

In future years other rockets may play out this scene with real warheads over New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. But those rockets will not be called Nike-Zeus, for Nike-Zeus is dead. Last fall the Army asked Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara for the first installment on $17 billion to build a protective wall of these rockets around our half-dozen largest metropolitan areas, and McNamara made the fateful decision not to put the weapons system into production. It amounted to a death sentence for our only workable antimissile missile.

Last April 11, furthermore, the Senate backed Secretary McNamara's decision after meeting in secret session for the first time in 20 years, at the urging of Sen. Strom Thurmond, Democrat of South Carolina. Behind closed doors, Thurmond presented classified evidence which he felt justified appropriation of $196 million not sought by the Department of Defense, as a down payment to "put the component parts of the Nike-Zeus system in production." After considering Thurmond's material the Senate voted 58 to 16 against authorizing the appropriation.

That vote constituted a solid vote of confidence in Secretary McNamara, for, whatever else Senator Thurmond's classified material may have covered, there were three powerful arguments in favor of deploying Nike-Zeus. First, it has actually made a successful interception of a test ICBM—as we have seen. Second, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has strongly recommended putting Nike-Zeus into production. Finally, some people interpret recent intelligence reports to mean that the Russians are building what may be similar anti-missile installations around Leningrad.

All of this, of course, was known to Robert McNamara. Why, then, did he scrap Nike-Zeus?



In a practice exercise, Nike-Zeus controllers watch their missle track and intercept ICBM.

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Zeus could have killed rockets like those in Cuba.

To put his decision in perspective, and to understand the controversy surrounding it, a brief look at the weapon's history is essential.

Back in 1946 a board headed by Gen. Joseph (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell said that America would soon need an antimissile missile. Bell Telephone Laboratories completed a feasibility study on what was to become Nike-Zeus in 1955, before the first ICBM ever flew. Having worked since the mid-1940's on the earlier Nikes—Ajax and Hercules—from which Zeus evolved, Bell knew a good deal about marrying radar to missiles. But the earlier Nikes were designed and deployed—as Hercules still is—to serve as close-in defense against manned bombers. Zeus's mission was far more difficult—a fact the Air Force hastened to point out as soon as funds began to flow to the Army for the new weapons system.

"You can't hit a needle with a needle" and "You can't pick out the black sheep of the flock," argued the Air Force. "Saving American lives is worth any amount of money," the Army replied self-righteously. Wilbur Brucker, then Secretary of the Army, says, "It was a scramble for money the Air Force wanted for its own uses."

These interservice scrimmages often boiled over into public vituperation. Some years back when Dr. Herbert York, now chancellor of the University of California at La Jolla, was director of defense research and engineering, he came out against deployment of Nike-Zeus and promptly came under fire by Army public-relations artillery. Now out of the battle, York thinks he can explain most of the bitterness. "It seems to me," he says, "that people on the lower level in the military and the upper level of industry develop messiah complexes about their systems. When someone's in favor of saving tens of millions of people he can get pretty excited. And we bureaucrats stood in the way of survival. It is by no means unique to Nike-Zeus."

Publicly at least, Bell Telephone Laboratories remained aloof from all the bickering and stuck to engineering. Secretary McNamara himself singled the contractor out for praise. "Bell Labs has been absolutely magnificent," he said. "They have had the national interest at heart."

In Washington no accolade could be greater. Dr. George Kistiakowsky, who was President Eisenhower's second science adviser, knows that the capital's roughest game is "Contract, Contract—Who Gets the Contract?" "There is the most intense salesmanship," he says. "I used to hear presentations from highly placed people in industry and in the services which were completely dishonest."

Furthermore, he recalls, many issues extraneous to military-scientific considerations entered into decisions. "You had to cut up the total money available," he says. "There were always political problems—something had to be spent in California, some in Texas and so on. And then you had to think about the big corporations. It is in the national interest to keep them going."

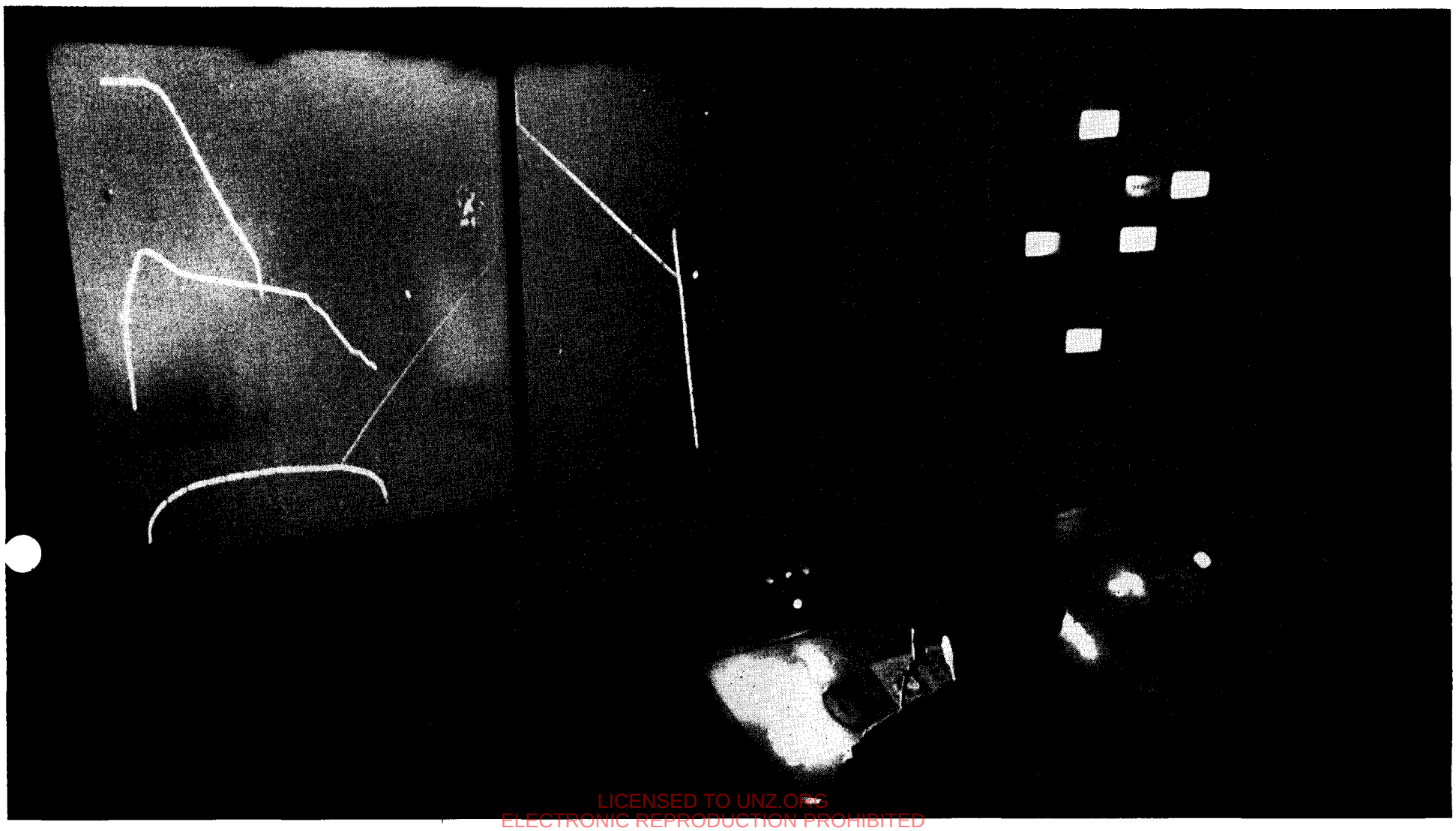
As a result of all these conflicting pressures, says Secretary McNamara, "When I took over two years ago, it was almost impossible to get two men in the Pentagon to agree on anything about Nike-Zeus." But he adds, "Since then it's received a very objective review—the most objective review of any weapons system we had."

For nearly 30 months McNamara has evaluated the answers to a multitude of questions about the controversial antimissile missile. Among them: What was the nature of the Soviet threat? How many attacking missiles would a Nike-Zeus battery have to encounter? What was Zeus's protection factor? In the New York area, for example, how many of the 15 million people would die in a given Soviet attack if the city had a Nike-Zeus defense, how many if it did not?

What sort of decoys could the Soviets create? How difficult was the decoy discrimination problem? How many incoming rockets could the system handle in minutes?

Would Nike-Zeus deter the Russians from mounting an attack? What would the price tag read now—and in the future? Is Nike-Zeus worth all those billions? Or is there a better deterrent?

Bit by bit McNamara got his answers—from Zeus headquarters in Huntsville, Alabama; from Bell Telephone Laboratories in Whippany, New Jersey; from test sites at Kwajalein; White Sands,



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A new missile-killer, Nike-X, may be ready to deploy by 1967.

New Mexico; Point Mugu, California, and Ascension Island in the Atlantic, and from other sources of expert knowledge.

In summary McNamara found much in favor of deploying Nike-Zeus:

- It would add one more imponderable to the Soviets' war equations. They could never know exactly how many rockets to launch to be sure of victory as long as Nike-Zeus stood guard.
- It could stop the crude rockets of a third party—say, the Red Chinese or the Cubans.
- It could avert accidental war. If, for example, a few Soviet rockets broke away from control, Zeus could track and kill them.
- It would force the Russians to spend money modernizing their own missile force. To overcome Nike-Zeus, the Russians would know they must fire swarms of rockets. They could no longer afford "Model-T" liquid-fueled rockets with tedious countdowns.
- It was the only one of many proposed systems with a chance of practical success. Schemes to put gravel in orbit and to fire defense rockets from satellites had failed under simple pencil-and-paper analysis. (One idea to fill a single killer rocket with several nuclear darts survives in research stage; it is called Arpat.)

But against these plus factors an impressive array began to pile up on the minus side. When Dr. Harold Brown, now McNamara's boss of research and engineering, and his chief assistant for Zeus, Burton Brown (called "the Other Brown"), set out to get answers to McNamara's questions, they found Nike-Zeus weak in the face of total thermonuclear war.

For one thing, Charles Hitch, Defense Department comptroller, found when he added up the figures that the Soviets would have to spend relatively few rubles to overcome the killer rockets. "As long as it appears that the Russians would only have to spend one dollar in rubles to overcome defenses that cost us ten dollars," Hitch said, "it doesn't seem to be a very attractive exchange for us."

Still more damning is the fact that, despite its ability to intercept an ICBM and probably knock it out, Zeus can't handle large numbers of attackers; it can't yet pick out "the boy with the red nose" in a large flock of decoys.

J. W. (Jake) Schaefer of Bell Telephone Laboratories, who has been called the "Big Daddy" of the Nike-Zeus command system, likens the trick of interception to an outfielder's job in shagging a fly ball. At the crack of the bat, the outfielder uses his eyes (radar) to track the ball. His brain (computer) estimates where the ball will come down. His feet (interceptor rocket) carry him to the point of interception, and as he closes in he makes fine adjustments (radar guidance) to put his glove (Zeus warhead) right under the ball (making the interception). Since it carries an atom bomb of Hiroshima power (equivalent to 20,000 tons or more of TNT), the Nike-Zeus has a glove as big as several baseball fields, so a near-miss is as good as hitting the Atlas right on the nose.

There's only one deficiency in Jake Schaefer's baseball analogy. An outfielder has to follow only one fly ball at a time. Imagine the problems he would have if, just as the batter hit the ball, several dozen other balls were fired toward him from the same direction and the rules required him to catch only the one the batter hit. That's the essence of the decoy-discrimination problem.

This discrimination problem has stopped Nike-Zeus every time the engineers figured things on their slide rules. If the radar cannot decide which object is decoy and which warhead, it must send up many more killer rockets; it must track dozens of targets; its computers must do a fantastic number of computations—all in a period of minutes. In the successful December test the members of the Kwajalein team knew what was coming. They knew how many decoys accompanied the Atlas warhead. They knew the composition of the decoys. They knew how the track of the warhead would differ from that of the decoys. They knew where the missile came from and what time it would arrive. An enemy will not cooperate by tipping his hand so easily.

Dr. Herbert York, Dr. Harold Brown's predecessor, says, "You have to create a system that anticipates every kind of confusion the enemy can produce, and the thing has to work the first time, in the first five minutes of the attack."

To make one or two fatal hits on a city, the enemy would create confusion. Decoys confuse. So do salvos of rockets. So would a high-altitude atomic explosion designed to flatten Nike-Zeus antennas. So would a "nuclear blackout" caused by the enemy's firing a small atomic bomb at high altitude to create electrical noise behind which the warhead could hide from the radar.

Final price tag: $40 billion

Furthermore, Nike-Zeus cannot protect a single human life without complementary civilian defense. The enemy could explode large nuclear weapons upwind from our large cities and allow the fallout cloud to shroud us with silent death. To guard against this we would need fallout shelters at least. At best, those shelters should be blast-proof too because the enemy might set off a big bomb high in the air to crush light structures below. Building such shelters could double the cost of Nike-Zeus defense. Total bill: $40 billion.

And even that may not be the full cost. McNamara estimates that by the time it was deployed Nike-Zeus could run 30 percent above budget. He considers this estimate conservative; other projects have run from 300 to 1,000 percent above anticipated cost.

Finally, everybody knows that Nike-Zeus will not protect the entire country. If the rockets defend seven cities, the eighth is as naked as a hummingbird in a volcano.

How does a President justify this lack of protection to the people in those naked cities? Or persuade politicians to leave their own constituencies unguarded? Even a few years ago a rural congressman told one of the Zeus project chiefs, "I don't care what it costs; I can't allow my children to go unprotected."

These considerations, plus the fact that the Soviets were found not to be turning out missiles like sausages, as Premier Khrushchev once boasted they could, argued against Nike-Zeus deployment. McNamara concluded that he could deter the Russians from nuclear adventure just as effectively and much more cheaply by setting out more ICBM's. Many people feel that a strong offensive capability will always be our best defense—and McNamara can buy a lot of offensive missiles for $17 billion.

In the solitude of his cavernous office with a portrait of James S. Forrestal, the first Secretary of Defense, looking over his shoulder, McNamara studied all the data.

"The more I studied it, the easier the decision became," he told us.

Finally, in the days just before last Christmas when the threat of a Soviet missile attack from Cuba was still fresh in current history, he decided against Nike-Zeus. "It was my decision," he said, "and I take responsibility for it. I don't believe in voting on such decisions."

Then, his mind made up, he went across the Potomac River and through the Washington streets, which were all aglow with holiday spirit, to the White House. McNamara spread his decision before President John F. Kennedy. But, even before McNamara arrived, a blue-ribbon panel of consultants to the President's Science Advisory Committee under Dr. Jerome Wiesner had come to the same conclusion, and Wiesner had advised the President, "Don't deploy Nike-Zeus. Keep it in research and development."

The President concurred. A few weeks later, discussing the problem on a national television program, he said, "We hope sometime to develop a system which will permit us to fire a missile at a missile coming towards us and destroy it, and thereby prevent an atomic attack on the United States. But it will cost billions. There is no sense in going ahead until that system is perfected. Some think now is the time, but we are going to wait for a further period of investigation."

Last summer Harold Brown's men, aware of the weaknesses in Nike-Zeus, began thinking about a more advanced model. They brought forth Nike-X, designed around a faster rocket called Sprint and a more sensitive, quicker radar. Sprint will go twice as fast as Zeus. It would allow the enemy warhead to come dangerously close—down to 40,000 feet rather than 25 miles above the target city—before striking back. The theory: The closer you let the enemy come, the easier it is to tell which object is a decoy, the harder it is for him to use nuclear blackout, the more accurate is your tracking and the less work your computers have to do.

The Nike-X radar will improve discrimination and tracking. It is called phased-array radar and it replaces the three major Zeus radars—all except the small guidance radar.

Will Nike-X work? Moneyman Hitch says there's a possibility that with Nike-X the Russians may have to spend one dollar for every three American dollars to overcome the new system instead of one for 10 with Nike-Zeus. McNamara has said he would "buy" Nike-X no matter what the cost if it could save enough lives. Harold Brown wants to see what Nike-X looks like a year from now.

At the very earliest it would be 1967 before Nike-X rings an American city. It will be almost two years before the scientists and engineers have a working system, and it usually takes two or three years more to deploy such a vast array of equipment. It still will defend only part of urban America. And it still will require civil defense.

But if Nike-X lives up to the promise it holds on paper, if it passes its tests on the firing line, if it survives the politics of policy—and these are all big "if's"—it will go a long way toward fulfilling the old military adage that in time the defense always catches up with the offense.

Robert McNamara is betting that we will have enough time. THE END

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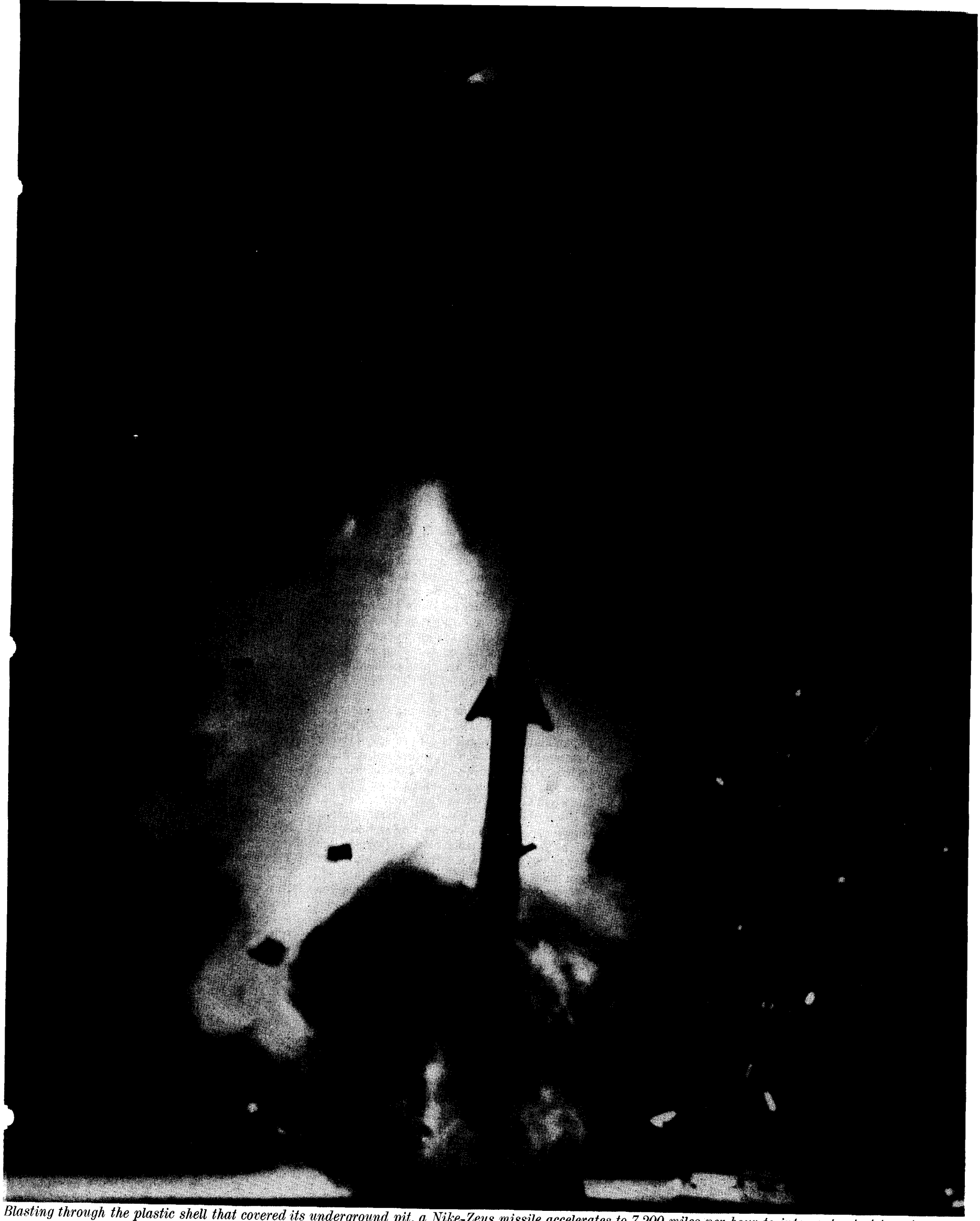

Blasting through the plastic shell that covered its underground pit, a Nike-Zeus missile accelerates to 7,200 miles per hour to intercept a test target.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEN'S CLOTHES

By AL CAPP

There has been a revolution in men's fashions over the last 10 years. Man's clothes used to have two main purposes: to cover his nakedness and to keep him looking different from a girl. Today, the only way you can tell the difference between a boy and a girl in pants from behind is that her feet are bigger.

The men's garment industry is flooding the country with skin-tight slacks, V-necked shirts that have no buttons higher than the waistline, and jackets designed to reveal the rump, instead of concealing it. Also pouring out of the factories are the accessories for such basics: ruffled cuffs, red silk linings and white mink overcoats.

I missed this revolution in American tailoring because I, like Cary Grant, Fred Astaire and a couple of Kennedys (or "the Clan," as they call us), have been buying suits in London. I don't know their reason. My reason is I'm cheap.

Any New Yorker who averages three new suits a year is a spendthrift to take a cab across town to do his shopping, instead of a jet across the Atlantic. The best New York tailors charge $325 to build a suit. The best tailors in the world, on Savile Row, London, charge $125.

You may say you can't afford to go to London for your suits. I say I can't afford *not* to.

Price of three N.Y. tailor-made suits.....$975

Price of three Savile Row tailor-made suits....$375

Incidental expenses connected with having suits made in London, such as jet fare to Europe and back ($350), three days at deluxe London hotel, theater tickets to three West End hits, meals with wine, tips, etc. ($50 a day).....$500

TOTAL COST, three Savile Row suits.....$875

SAVING.....$100

And English clothes wear like cast iron. One reason may be that they are made of cast iron. This is why Englishmen are described as stiff and unbending. Actually, underneath they are easygoing, but their suits are so stiff that they can't bend their arms or legs.

It is possible to wear out an Englishman, but not an English suit. And they never go out of style, because their style never changes. Which means no matter how sick of one you get, you can't find any reason to get rid of the damn thing.

English suits are handed down like heirlooms from generation to generation, so if an Englishman's great-grandfather was famous for his taste in tweeds, he will be, too—and so will his children. This causes the famous "family resemblance" in upper-class English families. It has nothing to do with having the same ancient blood, but with wearing the same ancient suits.

Savile Row tailors don't advertise, so the only way of finding the right one for yourself, if you're a stranger in town, is to stand in front of Buckingham Palace. When you see someone coming in or out wearing a suit you like, you step up and say, "Give me the name of your tailor."

Don't think this is rude. It is the greatest compliment you can pay an Englishman. And his ancestors. Inevitably he will give you the name of a Savile Row tailor, or he wouldn't have been invited to Buckingham Palace.

Your first visit to Savile Row will teach you what a show-off Henry Ford was. They give him credit for creating the assembly line, but it has been going on in Savile Row since the first Savile Row tailor hammered the original Savile Row suit out of steel and mail.

First the Bolt Man will pull out whatever bolts of cloth he's in the mood to see you in for the coming year. You may stand by him, if you like, and you can mumble "hm'm'm" from time to time, if you like, but don't argue. This man has browsed through bolts for Anthony Eden, Alec Guinness and Noel Coward. You take what he likes, no matter how you loathe it. He will then say, "Very good, sir," and there is no compliment more warm and flattering than a Savile Row Bolt Man expressing in such simple Savile Row language his respect for your taste and individuality.

If you argue, the Bolt Man will not bolt. He'll say, "It's *your* decision, sir," and no death sentence was ever pronounced with greater finality.

Once the Bolt Man has made his decision, he brings you to a fitting room, and you never see him again. The next man you see is the Coat Man. After he has taken your measurements, he leaves, and after a while in comes the Vest Man, and finally the Pants Man.

No two are ever with you at the same time, and although they may have all been working on the same suits at the same place for 40 years, the chances are they have never met. This is because they have nothing in common.

The Coat Man's responsibility is your coat, and there it ends. The Vest Man eats, sleeps and dreams vests, but as for pants it is a matter of indifference to him if you wear any or not. To the Pants Man, a coat and a vest are merely a couple of extras thrown in with pants.

Now all these men are distinguished artists, or they wouldn't be on Savile Row. And like all men of genius, they generally have different ideas of what art is. So when a Savile Row suit is finally assembled on you, all three parts may express different and irreconcilable ideas of what you should look like. Chances are you look like hell. This is called "the English Look."

The most comforting thing about a Savile Row suit is getting the bill. It comes a year later. If you pay it then, your further custom is not desired. British tailoring bills are traditionally paid 10 to 20 years later, often by your son, because you could then be dead. This works out fine, not only for you but for your tailor, because if he had a good year in 1953, he doesn't care how rotten business is in 1963, what with all that 1953 money rolling in. And by 1973, when the meager 1963 income dribbles in, he could be dead same as you and well out of it, too—while your son is paying his son.

This spring I could not get to London, and for the first time in ten years, I decided to get some ready-made suits. I chose a shop on Madison Avenue. A slim young man came up to me.

"I need a suit," I said.

"You certainly *do*," he replied. "May I suggest the Natural Look."

"What's that?" I asked.

"I'm wearing the Natural Look," he said.

He didn't look natural to me. "What other suggestions do you have?"

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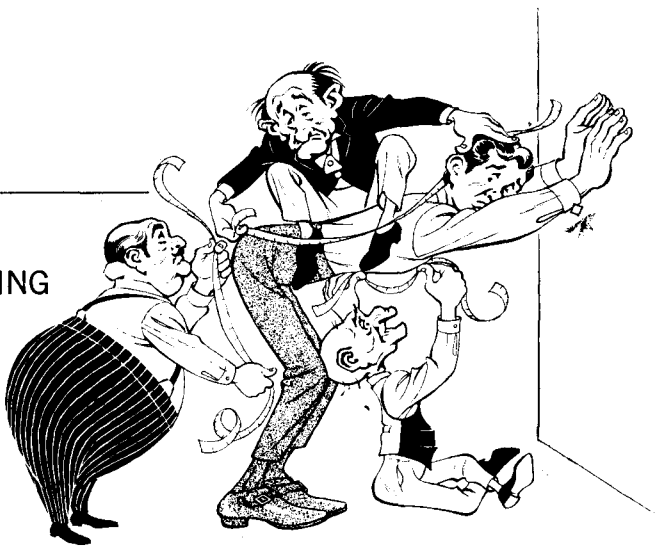
IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. BUT THE TROUBLE IS, HE MAY BE GETTING TOO FANCY ALL YEAR ROUND WITH HIS TIGHT SLACKS, SILK-LINED JACKETS, PLUNGING NECKLINES, RUFFLED CUFFS AND (GULP) WHITE MINK OVERCOATS.



"We could try the Teen-Man Look."

"Nice of you to say that, but I'm over fifty."

"Our Teen-Man suits aren't made for teen-agers. It gives a man of *any* age a teen look."

"I'll bet it does," I said. "What other looks do you have today?"

"The Well-Bred Look, the Skinny Fit Look, the Long Lean Look, and the Shapely Look. It's a bit late for you to try the Shapely Look, but the Well-Bred Look might do something for you. Or we can give you the Ivy Look, the Continental Look, the Gray Flannel Look ——"

"Really all I want is a suit that will make me look the way I look in this one—only new."

He studied my English suit. "What do they call *that* look?" he asked.

"Nothing special. It's just a suit look."

"Frankly, sir," he said, "I don't think any store along Madison Avenue would sell you anything that keeps you looking like that. Why don't you try on one of ours?"

I said I might as well.

When I emerged from the dressing room, a tailor with a tape measure stood nearby.

"How do the trousers feel?" asked the clerk.

"OK." I said. "I can still feel some of my blood circulating."

"We can fix that," said the clerk. "Tighten the trousers five inches."

He walked around me muttering. "That coat doesn't seem to be clinging properly."

Then he exclaimed, "That's where the trouble is! You haven't buttoned the top button."

"If I do," I gasped, "I won't be able to breathe."

"We're tailors," he said a bit irritably. "If you have a medical problem, see your doctor."

"Take the coat in two inches," he instructed the tailor. "And lift it in the back. The way it is, his *derrière* can't be seen."

"Should it?" I asked.

"It is a feature of all our suits," he said. "We call it the Well-Reared Look."

"There's no fly in these pants," I said.

"You didn't look in the right place."

"But there's only *one* place, isn't there?"

"That's an outmoded concept," he said, "which we on Madison Avenue have broken away from. What you're wearing is called the flyless trouser, but it actually isn't—if you know your way around. The zipper is concealed in the drop-front, sailor-style angled pocket at the side. It's called the New American Manner."

"I'll stick to the old American manner," I said. "Could you move the zipper to the front?"

"Of course. But there's an extra charge for innovations." Well, when they call a zipper in front an innovation, a man realizes he hasn't kept up with the times.

To catch up with what had been happening in American fashions, I bought an armful of men's magazines and studied them. Things certainly had changed. The descriptive copy in some cases read like reruns from old girdle ads. Under a picture of one model who looked as if he had been laced into his pants, the ad said:

No belts... no buttons... no bulges... no nothing...

Under another:

It BREATHES with you.

Which gives you a preview of where the well-dressed man will get his oxygen next season.

In a search for further enlightenment I went to see my old friend Nat, the Albert Schweitzer of the men's clothing line. He agreed men's fashions were in trouble. "The trouble is, boys don't respect their fathers," Nat said.

"How could that possibly hurt your business?" I asked him.

"It's *murdering* us," said Nat. "In the old days men's fashions filtered down from top to bottom. We manufacturers would get our new way-out ideas from the top level—the *avant garde*."

I looked puzzled.

"That's a word we use in the clothing line meaning certain movie actors, society men-about-town and English playwrights," explained Nat. "We wouldn't adopt all of their innovations, just those we figured the middle level—the average mature man—might accept. Even then, before we made them part of the line, we'd modify them. Not all the ideas caught on, and even those that did would have to be modified a bit more before they became standard. The average mature man wanted to look like a man, and not like one of them *avant gardes*. From the middle level the new fashions filtered down to the lowest level of humanity—the teen-agers.

"Teen-agers of our day wanted to look like their fathers. Remember how thrilled you were when you wore long pants, just like your old man? Chances were, they *were* your old man's, cut down. Made you feel as important as he was.

"Today's kids no longer think their fathers are important," Nat went on. "It's all that togetherness that's wrecked the American father-and-son relationship and—what's really serious—the American men's clothing business.

"In our day, a father was too grown-up to associate much with his half-baked son. He had a life of his own. Today a father thinks he's got to knock himself out to be a pal to his kid. He feels guilty unless he gives his sixteen-year-old all the privileges it took him until he was forty to earn—his own car, his own clothes. A kid today has everything—except a private life.

"He has to fight his old man off to lead his own life. And the harder they fight, the harder the old man tries to share experiences with the little jerk. The hell of it is the old man doesn't really enjoy it any more than his kids enjoy having him butt in. And how can a sixteen-year-old boy have any respect for a middle-aged man who behaves as idiotically as he does?

"Today's father tries to get on his son's level, but he can't quite make it, and so the kids look down on their fathers. The most tragic result of this—from the clothing manufacturers' point of view—is they don't want to *dress* like their fathers anymore.

"Which has totally loused up the normal filtering down of advances in men's fashions. Instead of from *avant garde* to heads-of-families to teen-agers, it now goes this way. The top level, the *avant garde*, still comes out with the crazy stuff: the red silk linings, the white mink hats, the plucked-chicken-leg effect in pants. And the teen-agers now have the cash to imitate them, without having the sense to modify them. And then their fathers, who are now on the lowest level in every respect, imitate their kids.

"And so everybody," said Nat mournfully, "looks like hell." THE END

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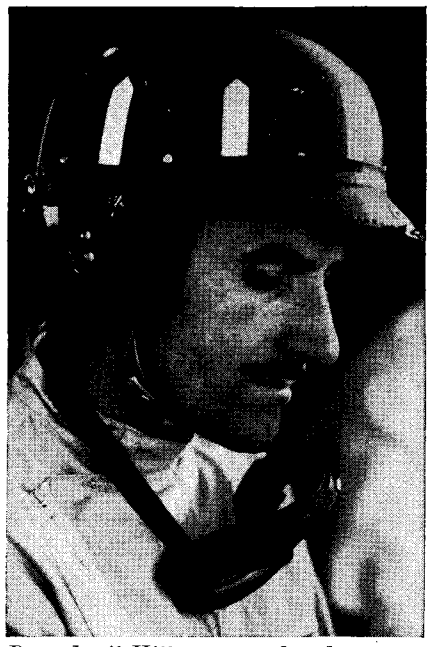
THIS CAR'S DYING ON US

By Frank Graham Jr.



Darederil Hill even looks the part.

Graham Hill, world champion Grand Prix racer, drives himself harder than any Ferrari.

The world champion Grand Prix driver is Graham Hill, an Englishman who had never driven a car of any kind until 1953, when he was 23 years old. In March of this year he arrived in Sebring, Florida, for the annual 12-hour endurance race. During the next few days he narrowly escaped injury on a public highway, was threatened with arrest for speeding on the race course, became nauseated in a light plane and drove off the course at night while trying to finish the big race without lights. Nobody at Sebring saw Graham Hill get excited.

Sebring behind him, Hill made plans to face a different kind of challenge this week at Indianapolis: the best American drivers at the wheels of monsters designed for the 500-mile race. He would be at the wheel of a different kind of car, a Mickey Thompson Aluminum Special. Win or lose, it was a safe bet that no one at Indianapolis would see Hill excited either.

At times Sebring's drama can scarcely be detected through the clouds of technicalities and hokum which seem to delight high sporting officials. "There are so many classifications here that the drivers don't know what they're racing for," Hill said during the week. "All we want is a bloody good race."

Earlier, few racing fans would have predicted that Hill was going to be the most exciting driver at Sebring. A copper-colored brush moustache and a lean, determined jaw stiffen his photographs into replicas of those stark portraits for which World War I daredevils posed against ominous skies. But in the flesh (a quick smile, a quicker wit) Hill is more likely to remind you of the hero in a light British movie. This disappoints the necrophiles, who prefer their racing drivers to smell heavily of death.

On Tuesday morning, March 19, Hill flew to Tampa from New York. Though he was to drive a Ferrari in the big race, he traveled with an official of the British Motor Corporation, which had hired him for a series of appearances and demonstrations earlier in the week. At Tampa they rented a car and drove the 90 miles to their hotel at Avon Park, a town outside Sebring.

"Graham not only let me drive," the B.M.C. man said proudly, "he even fell asleep on the way."

Hill's ride the next morning was less serene. As a passenger in a car with several B.M.C. officials who were taking him over a narrow back road to the course, he settled himself comfortably next to the driver. Then, as they reached the top of a small rise, a speeding car appeared from the opposite direction, hugging the center of the road. The B.M.C. car swerved onto the road's shoulder to avoid a head-on collision. As the others cringed in their seats, Hill turned and stared over his shoulder at the disappearing offender.

"The bloody fool!" he snorted.

It was a disappointing day. When Hill arrived at the course he discovered that the 12-cylinder Ferrari he was to drive in the 12-hour race had not been brought over from the workshop. The car had been entered in the race by Luigi Chinetti, Ferrari's New York distributor and a former racing driver. Chinetti had engaged Hill and Pedro Rodríguez, the young Mexican daredevil, to drive it.

"The car won't be ready today," a mechanic told Hill.

The world champion was visibly annoyed. "That's nonsense," he told a friend. "Are they afraid we'll wear it out?"

"You've still got tomorrow to practice," the friend said.

"I should practice today," Hill insisted. "If there's something wrong I can find it. Then there will still be time to repair it and try it out again. The silly jokers!"

But he kept his temper. As he strode off toward the car which was to take him back to the hotel he autographed scraps of paper for a couple of boys. Nearly six feet tall and slender in his tight-fitting, light-blue jeans, he looked from the rear like an American cowpoke: Because of a motorbike injury in his teens his left leg is shorter than the right, and his walk is slightly bandy-legged.

On Thursday, Hill experienced more of the frustrations which bedevil a perfectionist's life. A practice had been scheduled that morning for the smaller cars which were to compete in the three-hour race on Friday. He went directly to the B.M.C. pits, where he found the M.G. Midget he would drive in that race. There he drew on his driving gloves and fitted on his crash helmet, its dark blue relieved by stubby white stripes.

Hill took the car out for a practice run. The course at Sebring is not very much to the taste of those fans who crave violence. It is laid out over an old airfield, and the circuit is flat and uninteresting, and in the stretches there is room for many cars to pass or drive comfortably abreast. Hill drove one lap and returned to the pits, the car filled with smoke.

"The oil overflowed," he said while the mechanics inspected the engine. "It sprayed all over the track."

"Did you find out what you wanted to know about the car?"

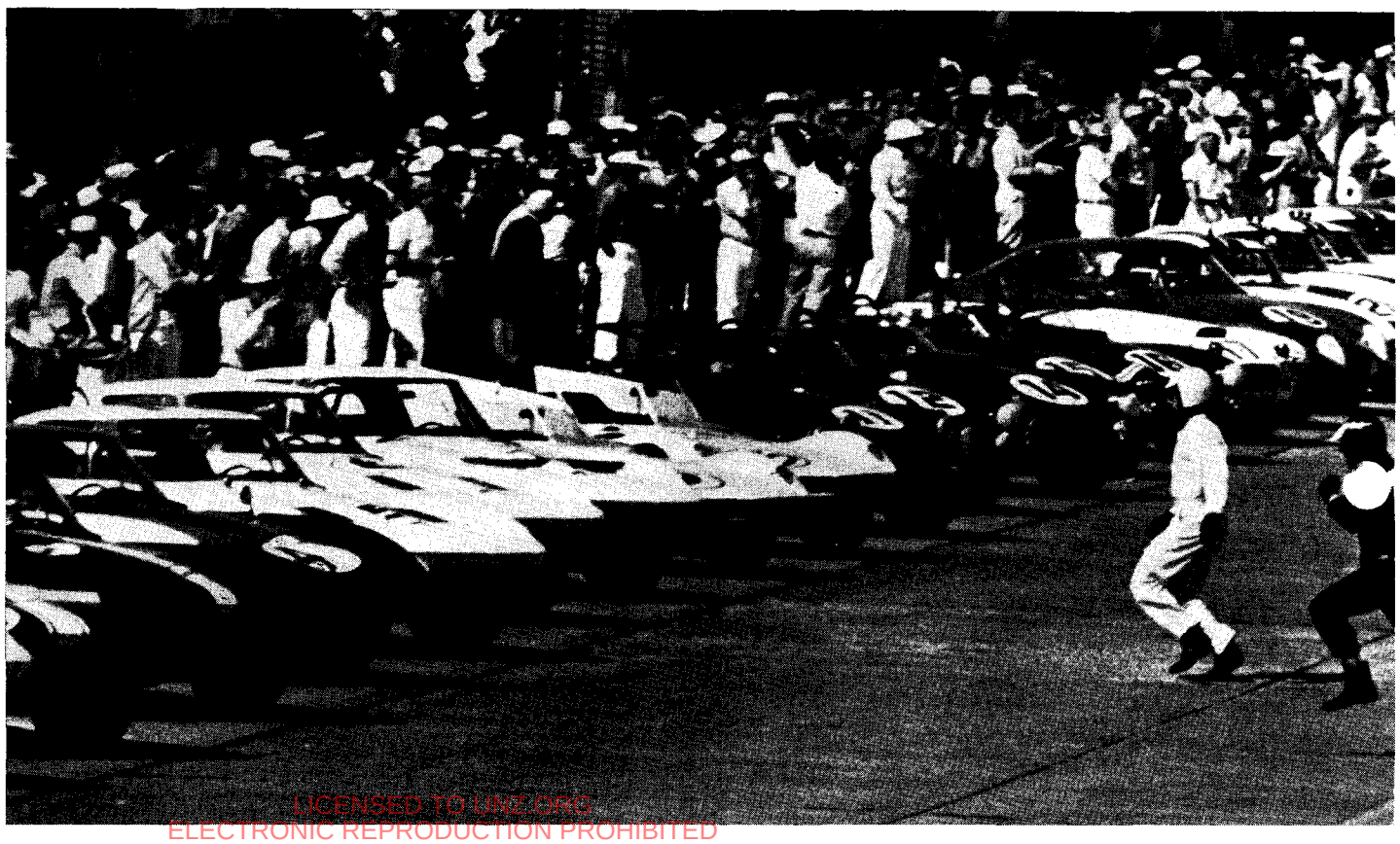
"It's a good little car, but it's not going to be quick enough for this race." He looked disappointed.

While waiting for practice to begin for the big cars, Hill went up in a twin-engined Beechcraft Baron with Innes Ireland, a British driver who has a pilot's license. Ireland flew to the course every day from his hotel, leaving his plane in the big field beyond the backstretch.

The flight did not agree with Hill. A stiff wind and Ireland's eagerness to inspect at close range each landmark on the countryside effectively canceled the little plane's stability. On the ground once more ("Just in time, too," Hill said) he retired into the B.M.C. trailer for aspirins and a nap. At two o'clock he appeared in the Ferrari pits, still pale.

"I don't feel nauseated anymore," he said, "but I've a bad sinus headache."

Now the big red Ferrari, a white *18* painted on its side, was pushed into position by Chinetti's mechanics. The ma-



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chines in the Sebring race are not Grand Prix cars, like the B.R.M. in which Hill won the world championship, but Grand Touring cars or Grand Touring prototypes which foreshadow a car that will be built and sold to the general public. Technically, you can drive these cars to shop at your local supermarket.

A reporter looked over Hill's car, comparing it with the other Ferraris nearby. "Looks a little old," he commented.

"Does look a bit scruffy, doesn't it?" Hill nodded. "Actually it's been a very good car. Phil Hill and Oliver Gendebien won with it at Le Mans last year."

Pedro Rodríguez, Hill's driving partner in the race, had arrived with his wife and his mother and father. Only 23 years old, Pedro is small-boned and below medium height, and his round, dark-eyed face is as pretty as a girl's. He drives almost as fast as his brother, Ricardo, who was killed at the age of 20 last fall while practicing for the Mexican Grand Prix. The necrophiles like Pedro very much.

Rodríguez took the car out first. After three or four laps he returned to the pits and climbed out.

"Hard to break," he told Hill. "Must push hard."

A chicken in the pot

Hill nodded as he climbed behind the wheel. He swept onto the course in a deafening roar. Pedro's wife, carrying a board to which stopwatches and charts were attached, timed each lap. After three laps Hill returned to the pits and got out of the car. He was shaking his head with sadness.

"It's like a bloody oven in that cockpit," he said. Pedro, whose English is not perfect, looked at him questioningly. "I felt like a chicken in the pot," Hill said, and shriveled up his body, arms contorted into plucked wings, to show Pedro he felt like a chicken in the pot. Pedro nodded sympathetically.

Hill, who began as a mechanic, remains essentially a mechanic until he climbs into his car to begin a race. Earlier he concerns himself with the smallest details of getting his car into racing shape. He checks each step in the process, right down to the amount of air in his tires. British racing men give him much of the credit for the development of the B.R.M., which had such an erratic competitive history until 1962.

Hill's interest in cars was prompted less by a passion for speed than by one more familiar to ordinary men. "A bloke doesn't stand much of a chance with the girls unless he drives a car," he says. And so at 23 he bought a car and learned to drive it in a London suburb.

He began to take cars as seriously as he took girls. "I saw an advertisement about a racing-driver's school, and I thought that might be interesting. So I went down there and paid my pound and had four laps in a racing car. I got bitten by the bug. The girls were very impressed. I threw up my job, went on the dole and finally wrecked my car. Dashing fellow."

Soon he had learned about engines, too, and was exchanging his services as a mechanic for an occasional drive around a racing circuit. Within a year he had driven his first race (finishing fourth). In 1957 he went to work for Lotus as a driver-mechanic and began to make a reputation for himself.

He is not in the tradition of those speed-crazy young men who wear out their cars or run them off the track. He has the trained ear which tells him when a car is dying under him and when he must nurse it along. Stirling Moss, often called the greatest driver of our time until his serious injury last year, was more assertive: "If the car is built well it will stand up. If it isn't it will blow up."

Moss blew up his share of them before the injury which led to his retirement.

Now at Sebring in 1963 Hill kept an eye on his doubtful cars. On Thursday evening he drove to the Avon Park garage where B.M.C. mechanics were working on the M.G. Midget in which he would start Friday's three-hour race. Hill checked their progress and had them compress the driver's seat by placing it against the garage wall and backing a car into it.

"When I drive for a while my back gets tired," Hill explained. "Something to do with my old motorbike injury."

A full schedule confronted Hill on Friday. He was at the course before 10 o'clock to take part in a demonstration of the M.G. sports sedans for the press. Reporters, photographers and radio men turned out to ride around the circuit with some of the world's finest drivers. A reporter climbed in with Hill.

"I own a Jaguar in England," Hill said as he swung the little car onto the course. "But I bought one of these for my wife, Bette. They're fun and absolutely safe."

Like most great drivers, who push their cars to the limit and so live close to death on the racing circuits, Hill is preoccupied with highway safety.

His eyes fixed on the course, Hill tilted his head and said, "Bette is a bit apprehensive when I drive. We've two small children, too, you know. But she likes racing and always attends when she can. In fact, she keeps my time charts for me. Damned good at it."

"Many women seem to like racing."

"Yes," Hill said. "There's something very sexual about it."

Sex and fear, responding to and embellishing each other, run like related motifs through motor-racing talk. The intense fear which seizes a man traveling at terrific speeds may blend ultimately into delight. And the race-lover riding out this wild delight is too often consumed in tearing metal and flaming oil.

Two motorcycle policemen appeared on the course ahead. Hill cut out around them, slammed into a curve, the car drifting, and straightened out around the bend. In talking about speed, Hill's voice reflects satisfaction rather than elation. Naming Germany's Nurburgring as the world's most challenging circuit, he said, "When you come into the final straight there you feel you've really had your teeth in something."

Hill and his passenger were startled by the wail of sirens. Ahead the course was blocked by a police car. The two motorcycle cops appeared alongside and waved Hill to stop.

"Don't you ever do that to me again!" snarled one of the cops as he walked up to the car. Hill's name, plastered in foot-high letters on the side of the car, did not appease the law's wrath.

A deputy sheriff had climbed out of the car and joined the harangue, pointing a fleshy finger in Hill's face. "You follow me to the tower, mister," he sneered. "And when we get there I just think I might arrest you!"

Hill was astonished and did not reply. He turned the car around and followed the deputy back to the officials' tower, where it was found that no one had opened the track for the demonstration, and public traffic was still theoretically permitted to drive on and across it. Hill was soon released, but no apology was offered to him.

Later in the morning Hill, with other leading drivers, took part in a mock race among the M.G. sports sedans. There was a lot of horsing around and cutting each other off. Then he retired to the B.M.C. trailer for a sandwich before the three-hour race.

"Nervous?" somebody asked him.

"Oh, terribly," he said, frowning darkly, and went on munching his lunch.

The race began from a Le Mans start: Hill ran across the track, leaped into his car and drove off. He came around once, then was missing from the pack that swept past the second time. The man on the public-address system said that Hill's car, after a little over one lap, had developed transmission trouble on the backstretch and was out of the race.

Hill appeared in a few minutes, riding on the back of a mechanic's truck. "Please, gentlemen," he said, extending a defensive hand and backing away on rubbery legs. "I'm absolutely exhausted. I must have time to collect my thoughts."

Everybody laughed. "It was hardly worth while working up a sweat in that Le Mans start," a reporter said.

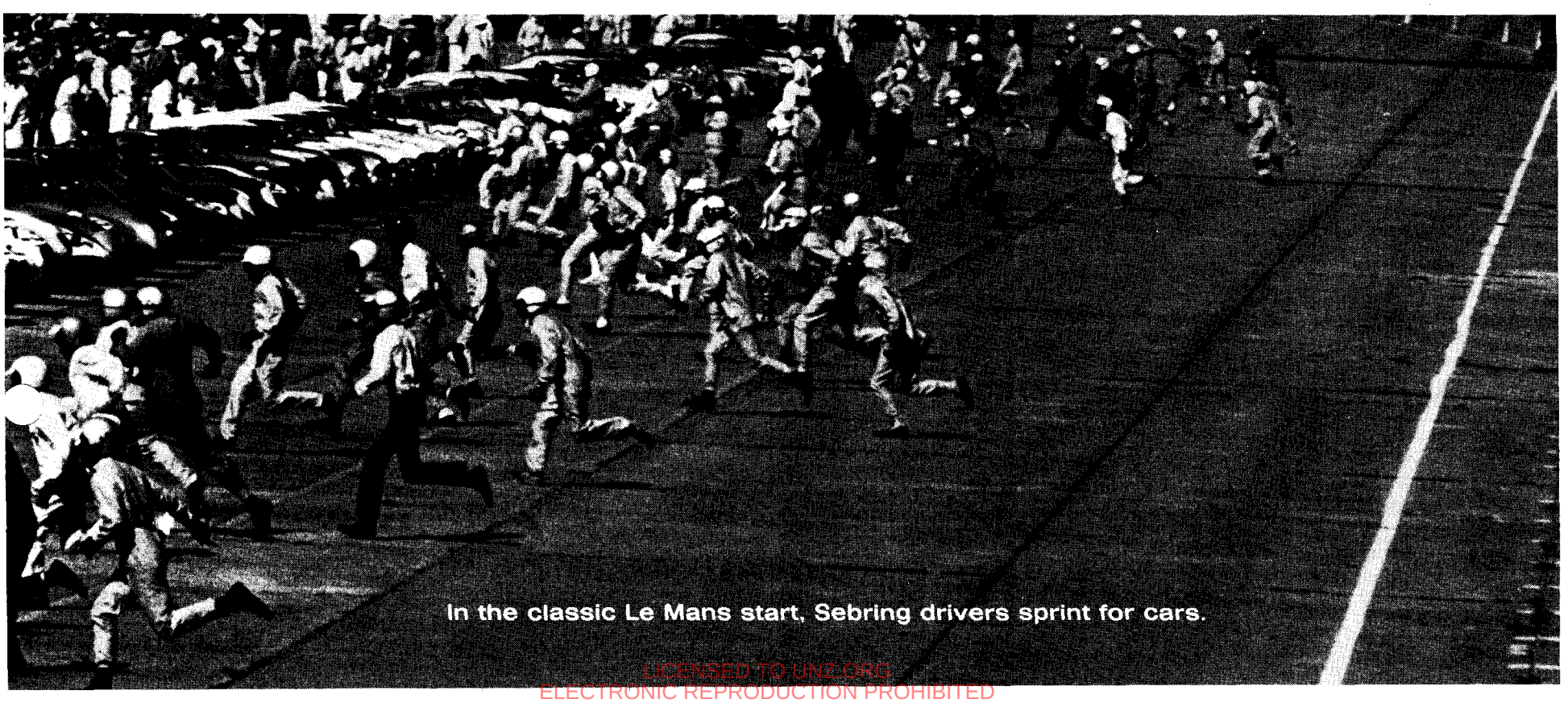
"Right you are," Hill said, walking toward the trailer now. "Before I got my breath back I was out of the race."

"You didn't last as long as Floyd Patterson," another said.

"Maybe not," Hill said. "But I drove beautifully while I was in there."

The race disintegrated into a dreary affair in which only five of the 12 starters finished. By that time Hill was back at his hotel, sipping orange juice near the swimming pool.

Saturday broke sunny and warm. By eight o'clock the roads leading to the track were clogged with automobiles, moving slowly through the dust and past the police cars parked at every intersection. Hill rose at seven-thirty and ate a leisurely breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and a glass of milk. He seldom spoke. Forty-five minutes later he solved



In the classic Le Mans start, Sebring drivers sprint for cars.

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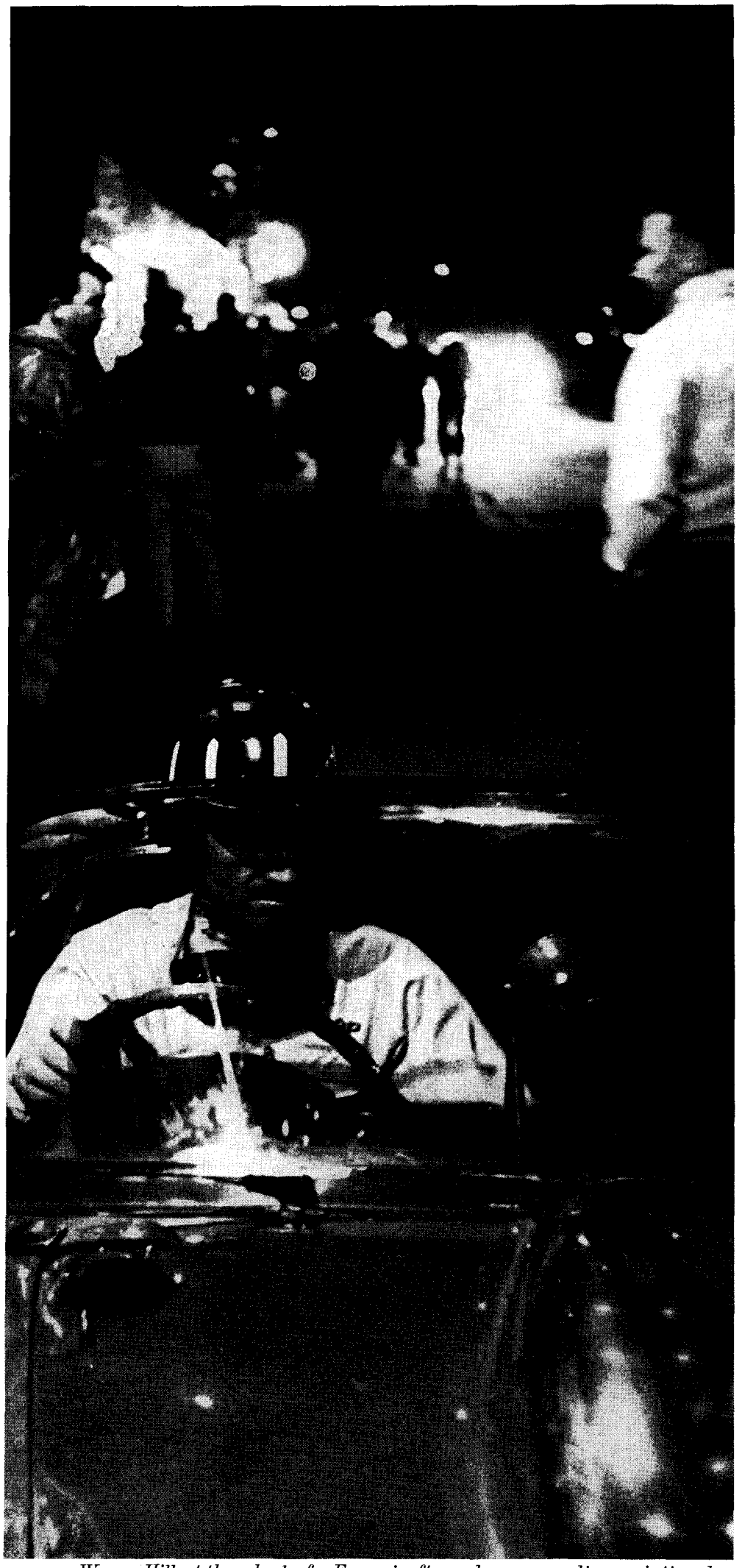
Over a hundred miles an hour—without headlights



Weary Hill at the wheel of a Ferrari after a dangerous, disappointing day.

GRAHAM HILL

the traffic problem: He and Innes Ireland drove to a small airport nearby and flew to the track.

He was disappointed to learn that Rodríguez would start the race in Chinetti's Ferrari. Pedro has a reputation for chewing up cars, and perhaps Hill thought the car would be out of the race before he could get behind the wheel. But he grinned at Pedro in the pits.

"*Piano,* Pedro. *Piano.*"

Pedro grinned back at him; asking him to take it easy is like asking Sonny Liston to pull his punches.

"Is this a dangerous race?" a reporter asked Hill.

Hill shrugged. "The course itself isn't very difficult. But there are cars of all sizes and speeds in the race. Some can go 160 miles an hour, and others only a trifle over 100.

"That means the drivers in the bigger cars will be lapping the little blokes all the time, and sometimes the little blokes aren't experienced drivers, and they make the wrong move as you go past them. It's especially hazardous at night. When you come around a bend and see those taillights ahead of you, you can't be sure for an instant whether it's another Ferrari or a little bloke."

"You don't think you can win in this car, do you?"

Hill shrugged again. "I'd say the factory Ferraris have the best chance." Several of these powerful cars had been sent to Sebring from Italy. There were 62 starters in all.

At 10 o'clock the race began. Pedro came around in second place on the first lap, but the next time around he was in the lead and pulling away. Soon the race was dominated by three cars, with two factory Ferraris screaming after Pedro.

The smells of exhaust fumes and burning rubber hung over the pits; an onlooker's veins seemed to swell with the roar of engines. Thirty thousand people moved across the old airport, packing the bleachers along the straight or walking from the hairpin turn to the S curves to watch the skidding cars.

Rodríguez and Hill clung grimly to their lead, changing places every two hours. The heat in the car was terrific; the fumes were nauseating. Hill drove at times with one hand in front of the ventilating screen, trying to deflect air into his face. Once he vomited. Late in the afternoon he turned the car over to Pedro again and relaxed behind the pit wall.

"The car's dying on us," he said. "Sometimes it cuts out in the straights."

A pit steward shoved away a photographer who had been snapping pictures, but Hill intervened.

"Let him alone," he said. "He's doing a story about me."

Pedro was driving at sunset when the sun seemed for agonizing minutes to be impaled on the horizon; the Mexican driver shaded his eyes and raced flat-out against the factory cars. At dusk the drivers turned on their lights.

Hill took over at 7:40, hoping there would be no more pit stops. But when he came around again he was in trouble. The generator and battery were fading. One headlight was out, and the tail pipe had broken loose and was vibrating against the pavement; a chain of sparks danced behind the dying Ferrari. Hill made two pit stops and lost his lead to the factory Ferrari driven by Joh Surtees and Ludovico Scarfiotti.

The Italian mechanics were frantic, and spectators gathered near the Ferrari pits. Pedro, looking like a small boy, stood on a box by the side of the course, holding up a chalked board on which Hill could see his position as he sped by.

But now his headlights were gone. He switched to his small auxiliary lights, but even they drained the car's power. To avoid being waved off the track, he kept them on only while racing down the straight in front of the officials' tower. Once past, he switched them off again and drove by the lights of the other big factory Ferrari, driven by Nino Vacarella and Willy Mairesse, which thundered along behind him.

But it wasn't any good. He was driving blind around those parts of the turns not yet covered by the other car's beams.

"Suddenly," he recalled later, "I found myself driving on a very bumpy road."

He had entered the S's at more than 100 miles an hour, then braked furiously as he lost his sense of direction and blundered off the track. But when a smaller car came along he swung back on the track behind it.

"The going was much too slow for me," Hill said. Taking another chance, he passed the smaller car and was again in a tunnel of darkness.

"I heard something coming," an awe spectator on the backstretch said afterward, "but I couldn't see what it was."

Hill had gone off the course again at the S's. Again he followed a smaller car, switched on his lights to pass the officials, and had barely made it past the checkered flag when his car groaned to a stop.

Hill, simply on nerve and skill, had finished the race, averaging 89.7 miles per hour (including pit stops) to place third. Of 62 cars which started the 12-hour grind, 26 retired along the way, and others spent long periods in the pits. John Surtees, the winning driver, talked briefly to the press, then collapsed from the effects of his Ferrari's fumes.

Hill sat behind the pit wall, drinking a glass of water. There were great pale circles under his eyes where his goggles had held back the grime spread across the rest of his face. His right hand, which had shifted gears more than 6,000 times, was darkened by an ugly bone bruise.

"Were my lights on that last time I came around?" he asked.

"Very faint—but you had lights."

"I couldn't be sure," he said.

At seven o'clock the next morning Hill set out for Tampa, from where he would fly to Indianapolis and, that afternoon, test the Mickey Thompson Special he was to drive there in the 500-mile race on Memorial Day. At the first intersectio he stepped on the power brakes of l rented American car and nearly went through the windshield.

A very small but indelicate expression escaped him. "These things *are* a bit dangerous, don't you think?"

It promised to be another long, long day for Graham Hill. THE END

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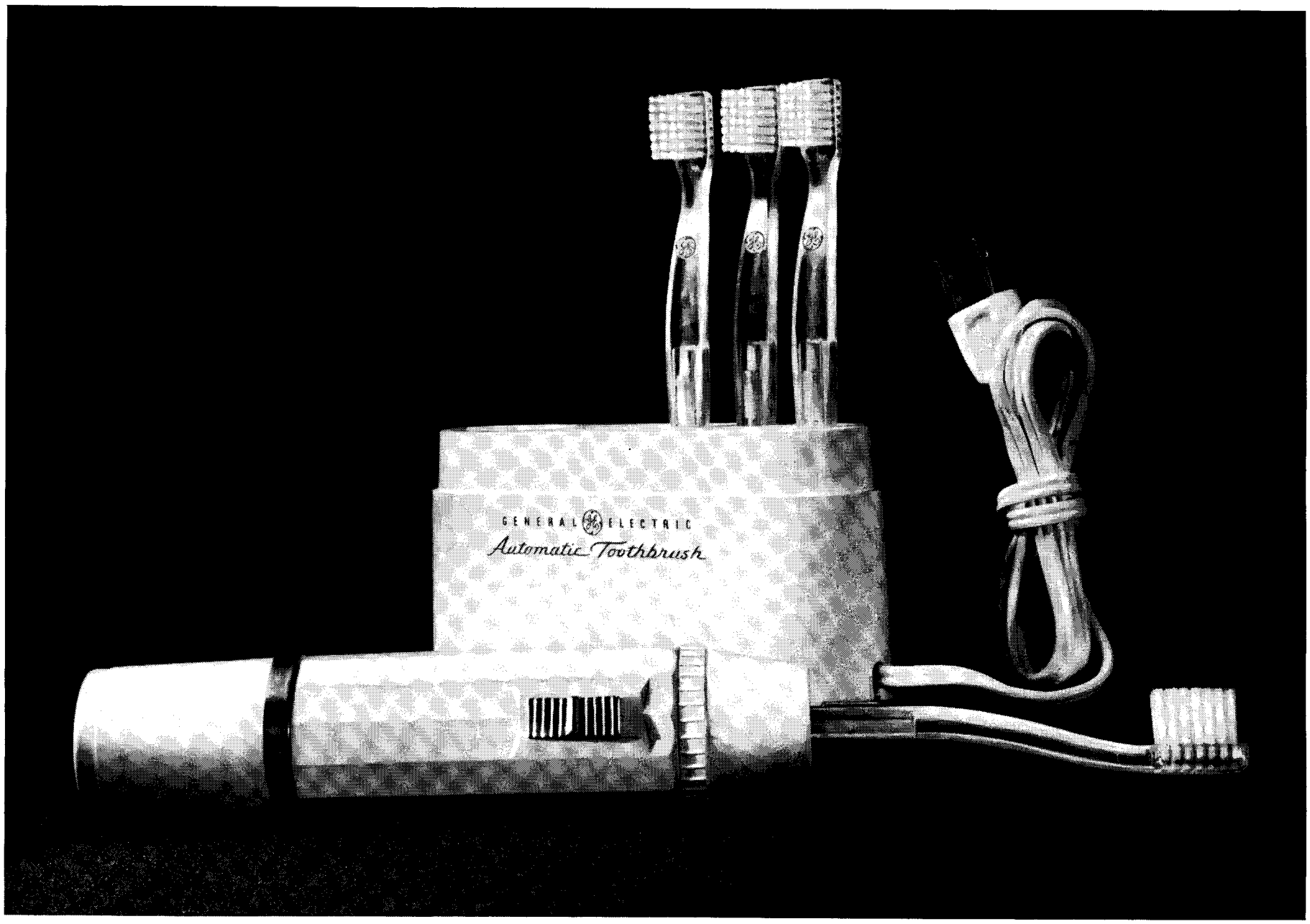

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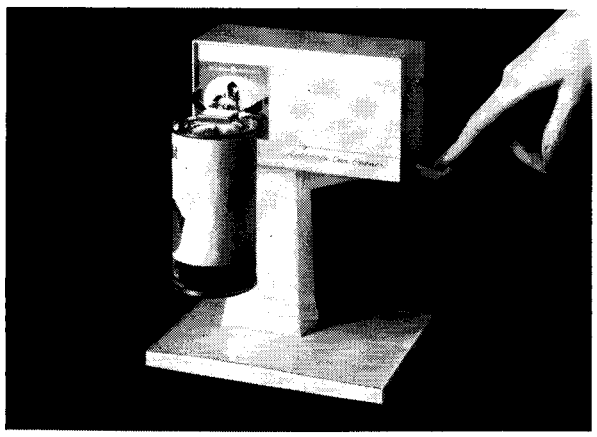

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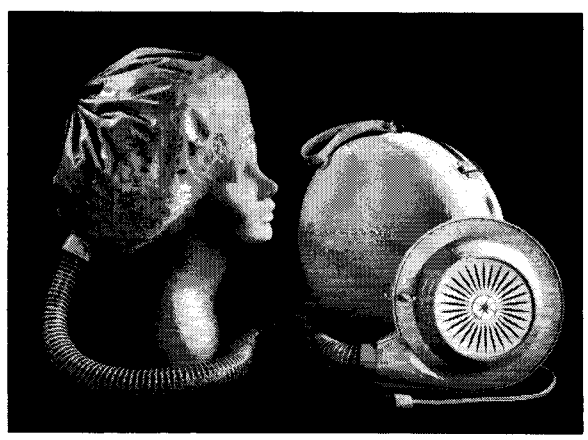

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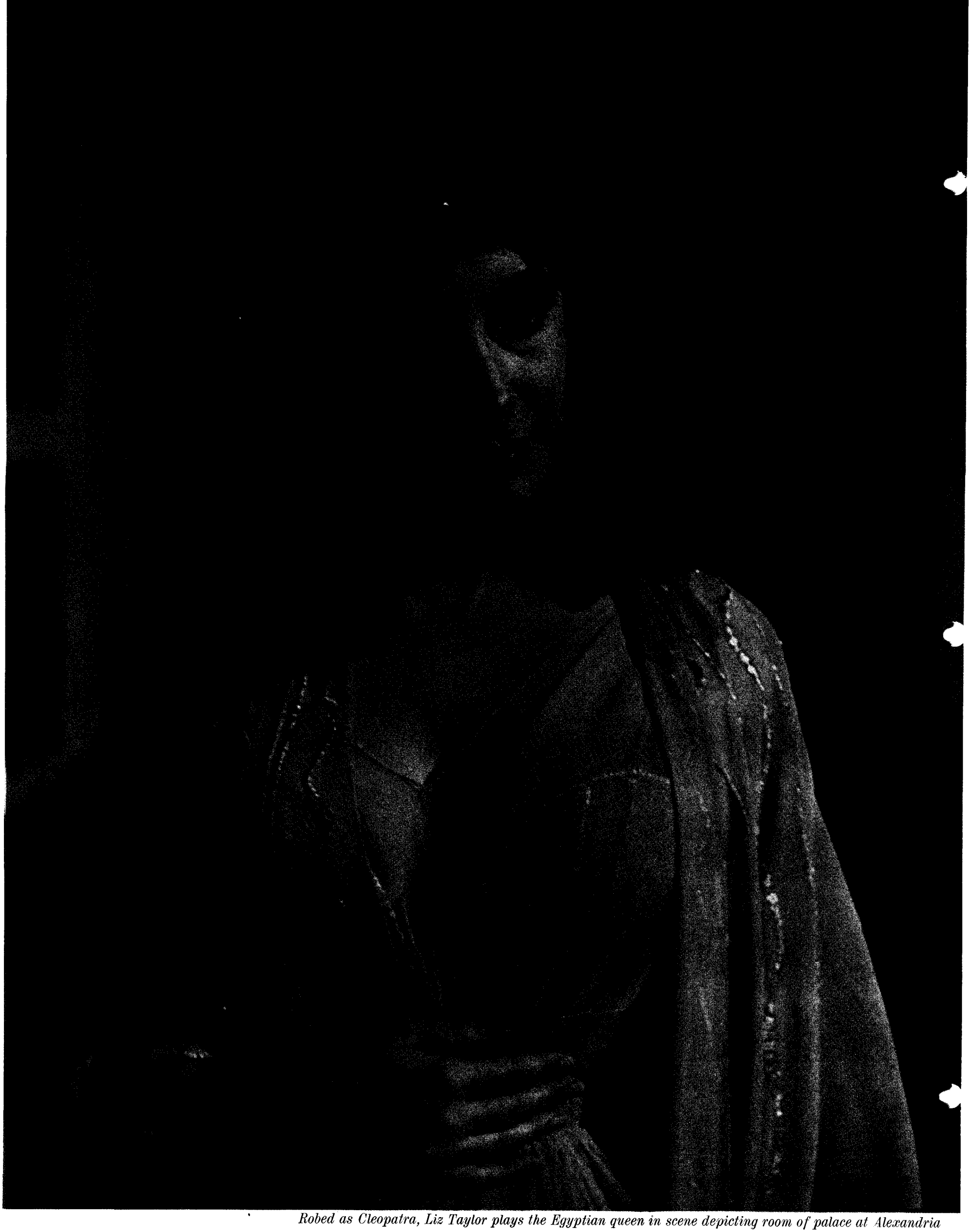

Robed as Cleopatra, Liz Taylor plays the Egyptian queen in scene depicting room of palace at Alexandria

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THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EPIC FILM

CLEOPATRA

By WALTER WANGER and JOE HYAMS

What I have to say in this book may shock some hypocrites and offend some moralists. This is not to imply that my account of the making of Cleopatra is a deliberate attempt to provoke controversy. The controversy was already there.

I have been told by responsible journalists that there was more world interest in Cleopatra, which I produced, and in its stars—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Rex Harrison—than in any other news event of 1962. As you will discover, never have so many people known so little about a subject which intrigued them so much.

As the producer of Cleopatra, I had a bird's eye view over four hectic years of the operation, plus a certain degree of detachment. My concern was always that of a man who measured every event against one yardstick—how it would affect the picture and Elizabeth Taylor, who was the picture.

Making a motion picture of Cleopatra has been a dream of mine over the 40 years and 60 pictures of my Hollywood career. But there was one major problem. Who could play Cleopatra? I visualized her as more than just a great actress. She had to be the quintessence of youthful femininity, womanliness and strength.

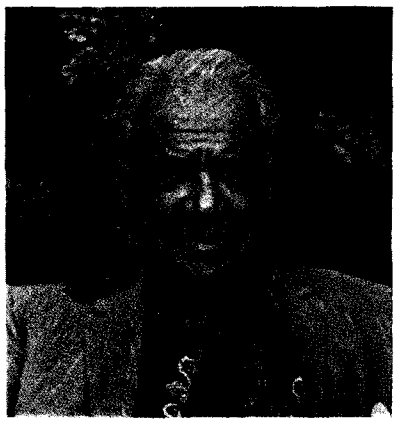
Then, some years ago, I saw Elizabeth Taylor in A Place in the Sun. I was overwhelmed. Despite the modern clothes and dialogue it was apparent that she was the one actress who had the youth, power and range of emotion to play the part.

Eventually I moved to 20th Century-Fox. My first project was Cleopatra. Unfortunately the studio executives were opposed to the kind of large-scale motion picture I wanted to make and to Elizabeth Taylor as its high-salaried star.

I was not deterred. As I see it, the most important function of an independent producer, after finding the right material, is to be ready to battle for his beliefs. Like any creative artist who wants to do something different and important, he must be prepared for and even expect opposition.

I remember that when I first proposed The Sheik to Paramount they were shocked—a love story between a Western woman and an Arab was considered too radical. The movie made not only a star of Rudolph Valentino but millions of dollars.

There was studio opposition when I bought An American Tragedy from Theodore Dreiser for $90,000 at a time when every film had to have a happy ending, and the word "tragedy" in a title was anathema. The Paramount sales department was in an uproar when I purchased Beau Geste, which has no love story and was, to boot, a French title. The Technicolor people warned me they would not be responsible if I took a Technicolor camera out of the studio to film Trail of the Lonesome Pine because they couldn't control the light. This first outdoor color spectacular was so successful it opened up a multi-million-dollar market for Technicolor.



Another case in point is I Want to Live, my last picture before Cleopatra. I encountered pressures from police, politicians and press as well as the studios. Nevertheless, Susan Hayward received an Academy Award for her brilliant portrayal of Barbara Graham, the accused murderess who was executed, perhaps unjustly.

During the making of Cleopatra, I received more than my anticipated share of opposition. No Hollywood project has ever had so many fantastic crises, hairbreadth escapes and personal melodramas plus so large a share of vexing executive-suitesmanship.

When I began writing this book with Joe Hyams, we studied the millions of words written about Cleopatra. Together we interviewed many of the people who worked in the film. Then Joe's probing questions based on his own research and interviews helped me to reconstruct all the pertinent events. We have attempted to be as accurate with all the dates and other details as my memory and our research can make them.

Why did Cleopatra cost so much and take so long to film?

Our problem was that the studio forced us to produce it without proper preparations—before we had a script or a practical production plan. This alone cost us millions of dollars in wasted time, scrapped sets, false starts and costly commitments.

Another problem stemmed from the studio's production losses of between $40 and $60 million over the past few years. The jockeying for power among the incumbent board of directors and minority stockholders resulted in conflicting and expensive decisions from on-again, off-again groups in power.

I was frustrated and annoyed by what I consider to be the bungling interference of studio executives who made my job an obstacle race. In retrospect, however, I can say that I understand they were operating, in part, out of insecurity and fear. They were desperate, nervous men, trying to protect the studio from further losses.

Despite the anger, backbiting and small personal tragedies, the making of Cleopatra was an incredible adventure. I feel—as I have always felt—that the movie which 20th Century-Fox once complained was going to destroy the studio will not only save it but become a film classic for future generations.

—WALTER WANGER

1958

NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 30. Had my first meeting about *Cleopatra* with Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox. He spoke of an earlier *Cleopatra*, an old silent film with Theda Bara.

"One of the best pictures we ever made," he said, an expansive smile radiating goodwill and confidence. "Just give me this over again, and we'll make a lot of money."

I was surprised—I had already taken an option on *The Life and Times of Cleopatra*, a book by C. M. Franzero, for $15,000. My face must have shown my surprise, because a circlet of amber beads—Greek worry beads—suddenly appeared in his left hand. His right hand punched a switch on an intercom.

"Bring me the *Cleopatra* script," he whispered. Skouras generally whispers in his office, where he is supreme commander. On the telephone he sometimes bellows. A secretary brought in the ancient script, handling it gingerly. "All this needs is a leetle rewriting," Spyros said, waving me out of his office.

I examined the script as I walked away. It was only a few pages long, and, since it was a silent film, the dialogue was

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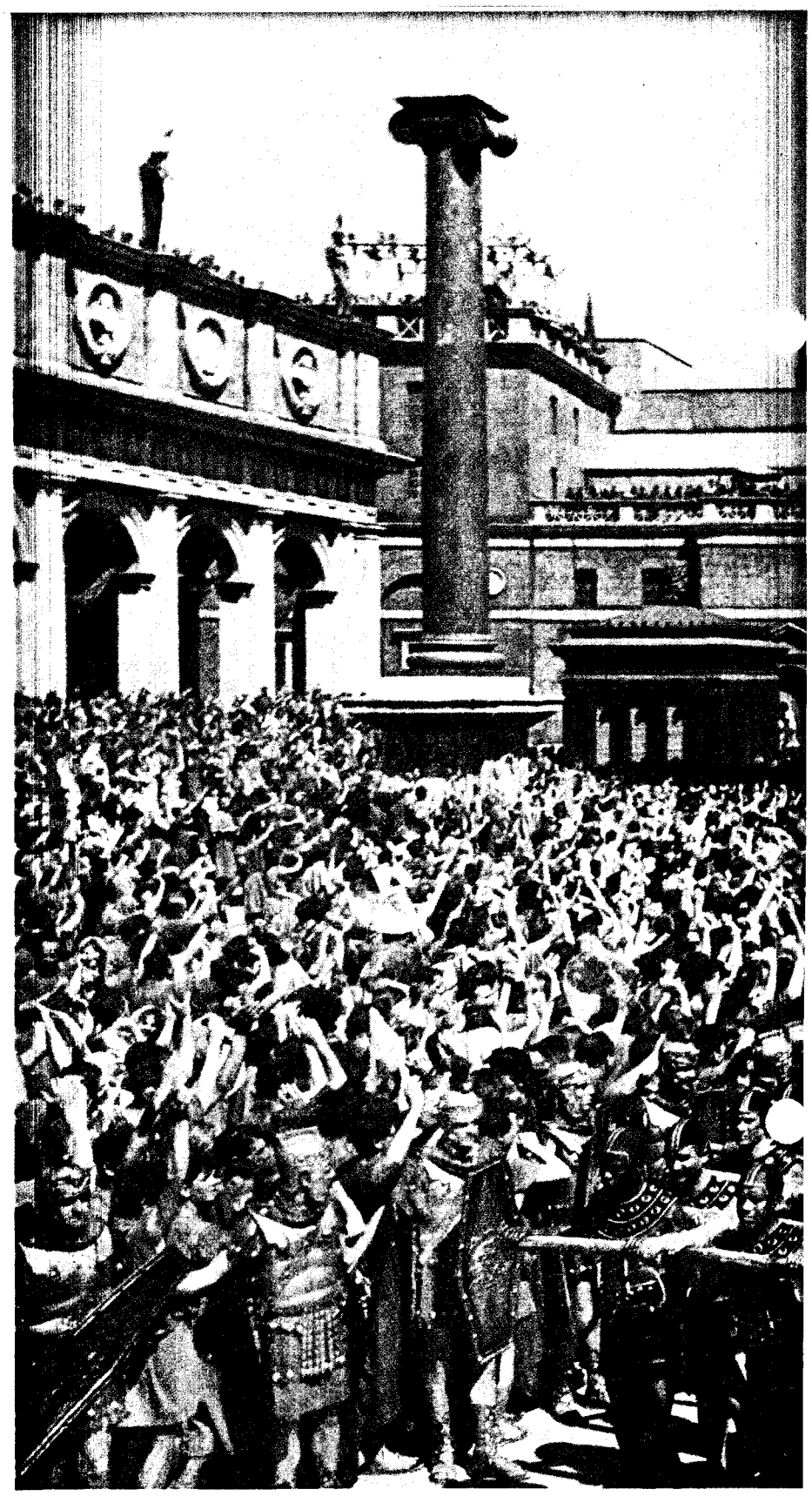
HOW A SIMPLE IDEA BECAME A PRODUCER'S GRIM ORDEAL



for subtitles. Most of the writing was concerned with camera setups.

Joseph Moskowitz, executive vice president of the studio, a dapper, cold man, drove uptown with me. "Who needs Liz Taylor?" he said. "Any hundred-dollar-a-week girl can play Cleopatra."

HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER 6. My first day at the studio. Lunched with Lew Schreiber, general production manager, who reminded me of the rules for operating in an old-fashioned studio setup.

1. Talk only with Schreiber or Buddy Adler, the studio head; if they approve my ideas they will take them up with New York, where final decisions are made.

2. Don't talk directly to agents about anything.

3. Don't talk with writers without first going to David Brown, studio story editor, for his opinion.

4. Don't talk to actors without going to the casting department first.

In short, a very different operation from the one I had become used to in the past 20 years. I was used to functioning as an independent producer, in full charge of my own company. Take my last independent production, for example—*I Want to Live*. The film was my idea; I hired the writers to develop the story, engaged the star and director and most of the staff, was responsible for the budget and acted as consultant on merchandising, advertising and publicity.

But now I foresaw an endless struggle for authority. I was not an employee of Fox—technically I was on loan from my own production company. Whatever trouble loomed ahead, I wanted to realize my dream: that *Cleopatra* might become the greatest film ever made. And I knew that Fox needed a great picture.

OCTOBER 22. Buddy Adler told me at lunch today we could make *Cleopatra* for about a million dollars with Joan Collins as star. I protested that to do the picture properly it would have to have locations and would cost at least $2 million.

"All right, if you don't want to make it I'll get somebody else to produce it for $800,000," Adler said testily. "This type of picture isn't my cup of tea anyhow."

What I wanted to produce was a blockbuster. To Buddy *Cleopatra* sounded like just another sex-and-sand epic. I didn't get angry. With a heart like mine—I suffered a heart attack some years ago—I simply can't afford displays of temper.

The only thing that appealed to Buddy was the possibility of using some of the contract stars—Joan Collins, Joanne Woodward or Suzy Parker. And if *Cleopatra* is made on the lot it will keep other regular studio people busy: cameramen, grips, electricians. Buddy has a lot of people under contract and many stages to keep full. He has to feed his distribution organization with film. The quicker the picture is started and finished, and the cheaper it is produced, the better for everyone—except the creators and the public.

I was willing to discount Buddy's testiness. He was a good friend, a good picture-maker, and I had heard rumors that he was a very sick man. In fact, when my contract was negotiated it was taken to him in the hospital for approval.

NOVEMBER __. Made an appointment with Elizabeth Taylor to see if I could revive her interest in *Cleopatra*. I had first approached Liz about doing *Cleopatra* when she was married to Mike Todd. She said the story had always fascinated her but she was letting Mike make decisions; she didn't want to take an assignment that would separate them.

I had gone to see Mike, but he wouldn't give me an answer just then. In March, 1958, he died in a plane crash.

When I telephoned Liz today she said she would be at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I dropped by for a moment, and gave her a copy of *The Life and Times of Cleopatra*. Then I called her agent, Kurt Frings, and her lawyer, Martin Gang, to tell them I wanted her for the picture.

NOVEMBER __. Told Lew Schreiber I had given the Franzero book to Elizabeth Taylor. He was upset. He said I had no right to go over his head and approach a star directly. The studio wouldn't have Elizabeth Taylor in a picture.

DECEMBER __. First steps. David Brown approved my request to start someone writing a rough script. Ludi Claire, an actress turned writer, is going to do it.

I have asked John DeCuir, an excellent art director, to do some sketches and models of the Forum and the Palace at Alexandria in the hope that the studio executives will see some of the possibilities in size and scope of the picture.

1959

FEBRUARY __. Skouras thinks Joanne Woodward is the biggest female attraction in movies, thanks to *Three Faces of Eve*. Adler insists we use Joan Collins, who is dying to play Cleopatra. Dance director Hermes Pan is working with Joan, to improve her posture and walk.

FEBRUARY 14. John DeCuir's sketches and models are finished, and I had a display set up on one of the test stages. All the executives were invited over to see them. The plaster model of the Forum took up almost an entire tabletop. The sketches and models were beautiful.

For the first time I think Adler and Schreiber see what I really have in mind for *Cleopatra*. It can be the last word in opulence, beauty and art—a picture women will love for its beauty and story. After all, it is the story of a woman who almost ruled the world but was destroyed by love. With the right cast and production values, the right director and script, this can be a sensation.

FEBRUARY 16. The casting department has compiled a list of possibilities for each role. My first team is Liz Taylor as Cleopatra, Sir Laurence Olivier as Caesar and Richard Burton as Mark Antony. According to the casting department, the ideal box-office team would be Cary Grant as Caesar, Liz as Cleopatra and Burt Lancaster as Mark Antony

Other actors submitted by casting for Cleopatra are Brigitte Bardot, Marilyn Monroe, Jennifer Jones, Kim Novak, Audrey Hepburn, Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida and Susan Hayward. Among contract actresses being recommended are Joan Collins, Dolores Michaels, Millie Perkins and Suzy Parker.

MARCH 4. Nigel Balchin signed to prepare a screenplay with Ludi Claire's outline for a springboard.

MAY 12. Elizabeth married Eddie Fisher today in Las Vegas. They are expected to go to the Mediterranean for a honeymoon cruise. Then she's going to do *Suddenly, Last Summer*, making it unlikely that I'll get her for *Cleopatra*, which is supposed to start in July.

JUNE 19. Received this morning a preliminary production cost estimate, based on the script by Nigel Balchin. The operating budget calls for 64 days' shooting. The total cost is supposed to come to $2,955,700, without the cast or director.

JULY 29. The studio executives were so enthusiastic about the first-draft script by Balchin that Adler has called Kurt Frings, Elizabeth's agent, to get him to take the script abroad to Elizabeth, and to Audrey Hepburn, another of his clients. Adler warned Kurt not to tell me about this move. Obviously, as Frings is a great friend of mine, he told me, knowing I wanted Elizabeth for the part.

AUGUST __. Both Elizabeth and Audrey Hepburn have agreed to do *Cleopatra*. Kurt Frings phoned me the news.

AUGUST 18. Called Schreiber to see if there was anything definite on casting. He said no. I told him that Audrey Hepburn had read the script and was interested. He

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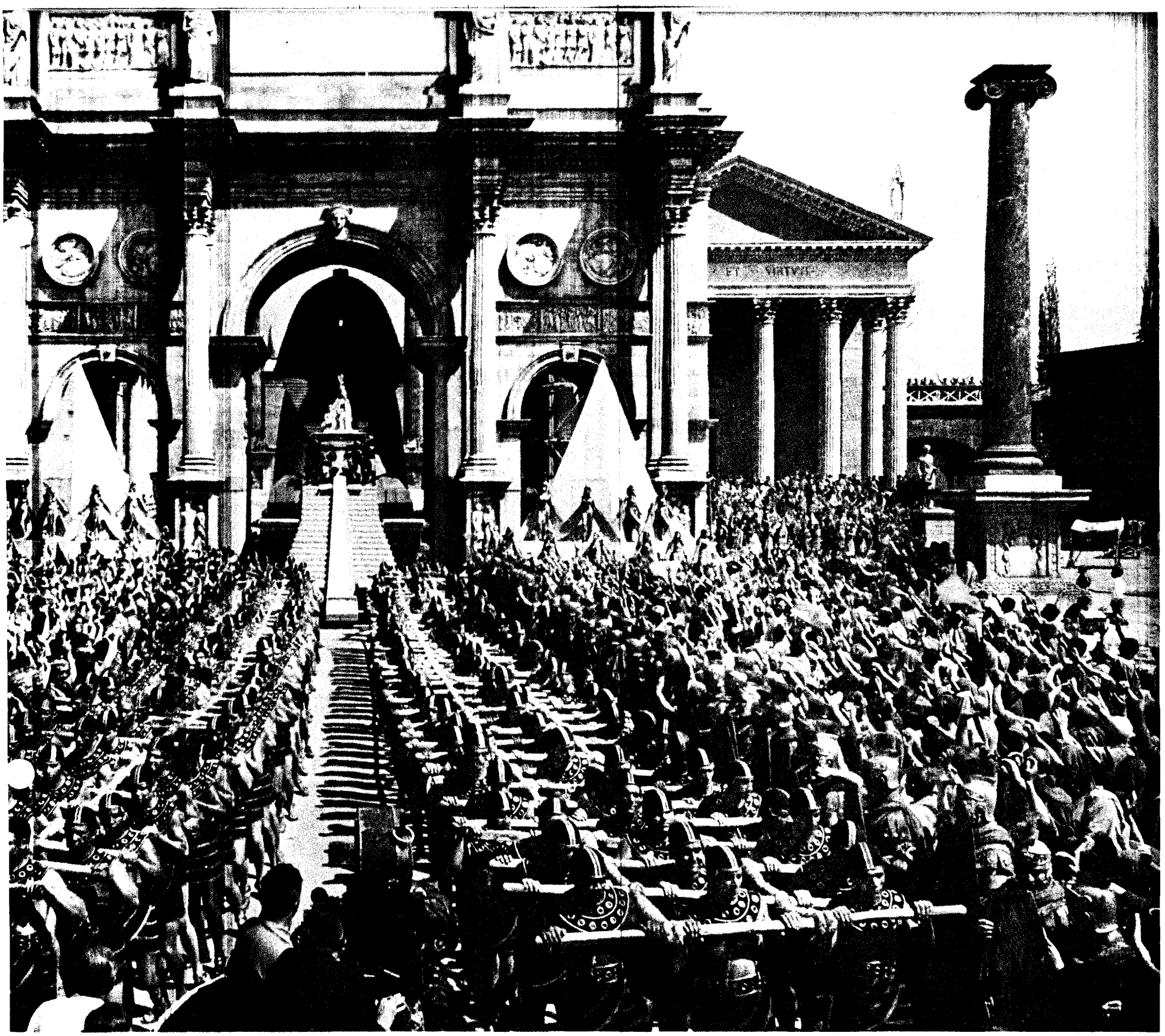

Cleopatra Taylor makes triumphant entry into Rome on a two-ton, black Spanx drawn by 300 sturdy Nubian slaves as 7,000 Italian extras cheer.

seemed surprised that I knew. Later he called back to say we can't have Hepburn because Paramount has her under contract and won't release her.

I called Skouras, who told me Elizabeth doesn't want to play Cleopatra—despite Kurt assuring me that she does.

SEPTEMBER 1. Called Elizabeth in London, where she is doing *Suddenly, Last Summer*. She said she will do *Cleopatra* for a million dollars and a few changes in the script, as long as the picture is not to be made in Hollywood.

Elizabeth sees *Cleopatra* as I do—the greatest woman's role ever written, and she thinks as I do, that this can be a great picture. When I said that a million dollars was an unheard-of price for an actress she said that this was going to be a long, hard picture. But she doesn't mind taking the money on a spread payment, so much per year, since she really wants it to put in trust for her children.

SEPTEMBER 28. A meeting was held at the studio yesterday (Sunday), to which I was not invited—and for obvious reasons.

Spyros Skouras was there with studio bigwigs—Buddy Adler, Lew Schreiber, David Brown, Sid Rogell, who is in charge of studio operations, and Robert Goldstein, head of European production.

Much later, I discovered that the minutes stated that it should be "clearly understood with Mr. Goldstein and those present, that insofar as the status of Walter Wanger on this project is concerned, Mr. Goldstein would be entirely responsible for the production. . . . In the event of any dispute, Buddy Adler would arbitrate the matter."

It was estimated that the picture would cost between $4,500,000 and $5 million, with overhead including $1,300,000 for the stars and $100,000 for the director. The plan is to make the picture in London.

Rouben Mamoulian was proposed as director by Skouras, who now wants someone with an artistic reputation, which pleases me. Up to now all they wanted was someone who was efficient.

OCTOBER 8. Skouras has taken a poll of everyone at the New York office, and they all want Susan Hayward to play Cleopatra. He told me he is going to announce Susan for the role immediately. He lacks faith in the potential gross of the picture. "Only Biblical pictures can do big business today," he told me.

OCTOBER 9. I called Elizabeth at the Beverly Hills Hotel to tell her she doesn't have the part and to thank her for being so nice. She started to cry.

"I want to do it," she said. "Why don't they want me?"

"They won't pay your price, " I said.

"I'll do it for a guarantee of seven hundred and fifty thousand against 10 percent of the gross," she said.

I called Adler, who said, "See if you can get her for six hundred thousand."

I called Schreiber, Frings and Liz, and got negotiations back on the track.

OCTOBER 12. Elizabeth is in *Cleopatra* again. Frings and the Fox lawyers are working out details of her contract. Elizabeth told me that during this picture she would like to have both penthouses at the Dorchester in London.

OCTOBER 21. Rouben Mamoulian signed by the studio to direct. He's an old friend, but the moment we get in a dispute he's going to say, "You didn't hire me—Skouras, Adler and Schreiber did."

NOVEMBER __. Noel Coward's agent called about the Caesar role, but the studio is now discussing Fredric March.

NOVEMBER __. Adler talking about taking advantage of the Eady Plan, which confirms London as headquarters. Under the Eady Plan an American company can get financial aid from the British government if a certain percentage of cast and crew are British.

Mamoulian and I are to go to London to interview actors and look over facilities at J. Arthur Rank's studio. Bob Goldstein says the facilities are excellent. But I can't imagine any location in England looking like Egypt. And no one seems to have considered the weather in England.

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She lunches voraciously on sardines and crackers at sunny Italian seaside location.

Hatted director Joe Mankiewicz discusses production

Liz and Eddie Fisher embrace in Rome before rift.

CLEOPATRA

The startling variety of Liz

Dining more formally, Miss Taylor and costar Richard Burton share a Bacchanalian feast served by hovering slave girls in scene from the film.

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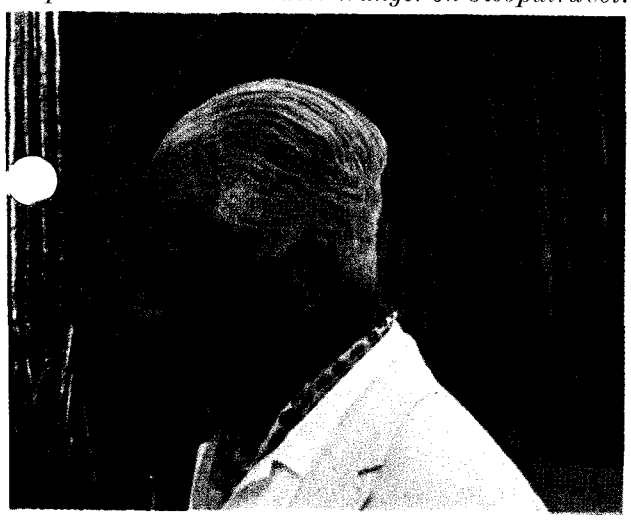
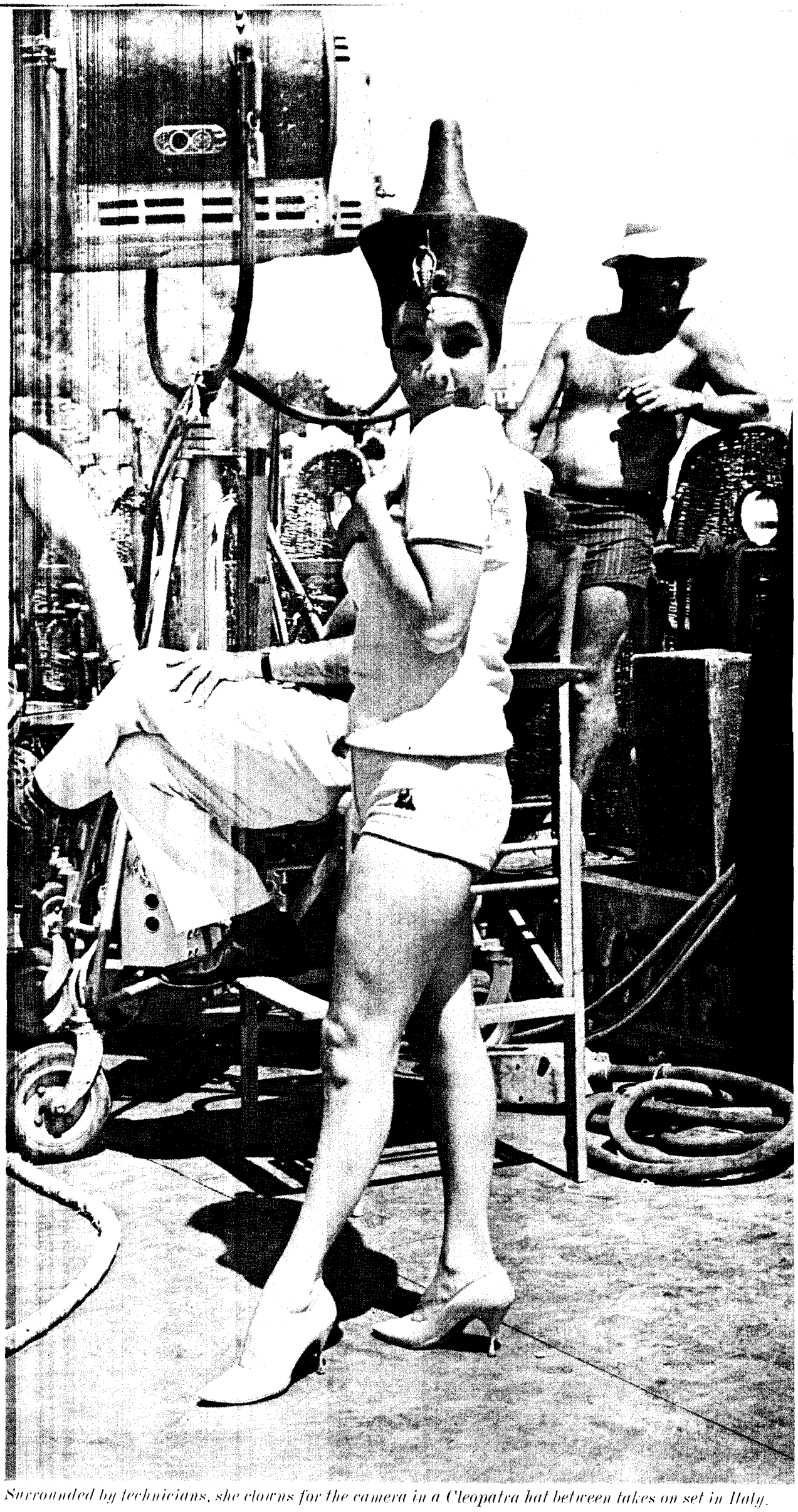
problems with Producer Wanger on Cleopatra set.



Liz and Burton enjoy outing on Ischia island.



Surrounded by technicians, she clowns for the camera in a Cleopatra hat between takes on set in Italy.

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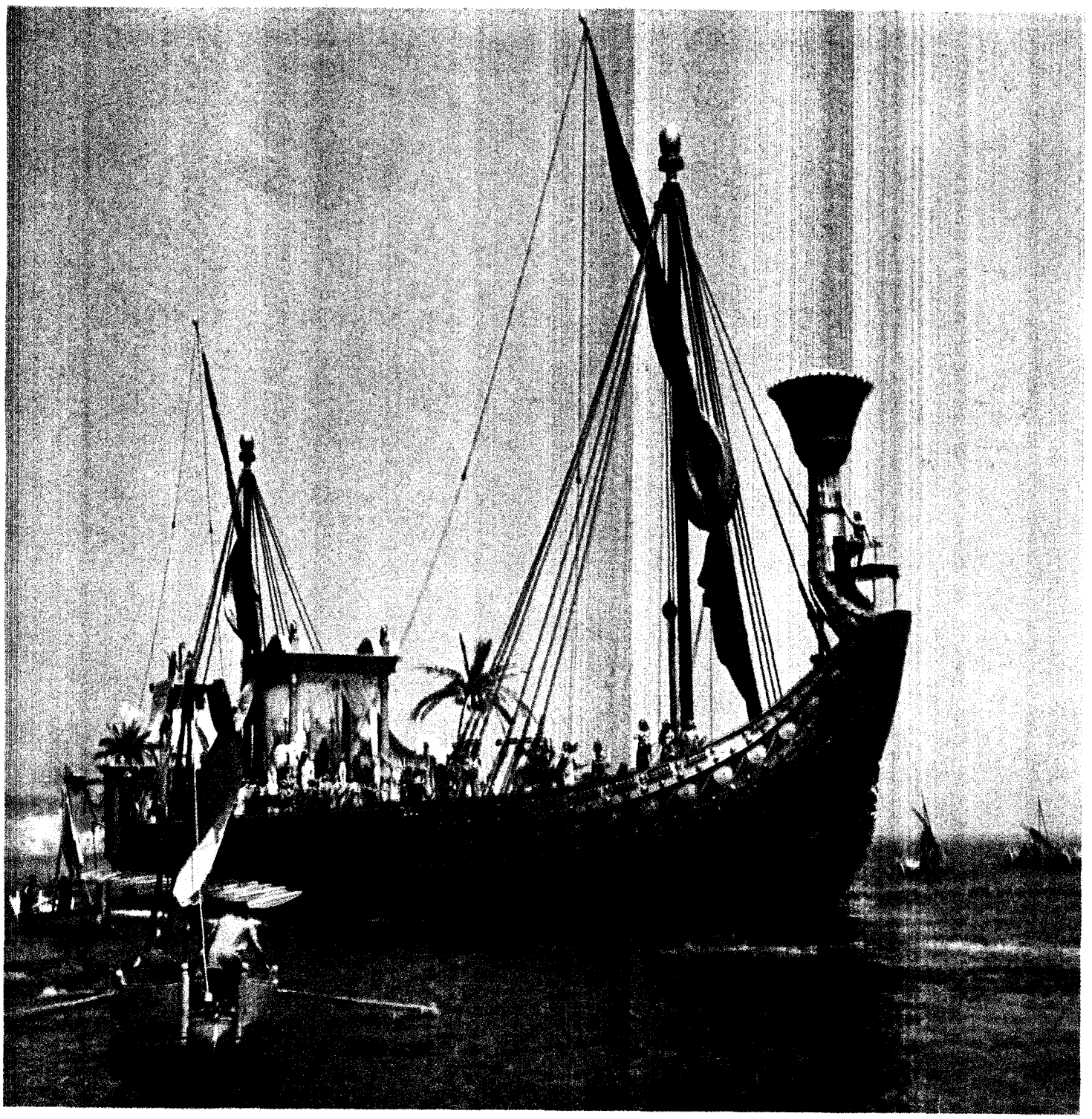
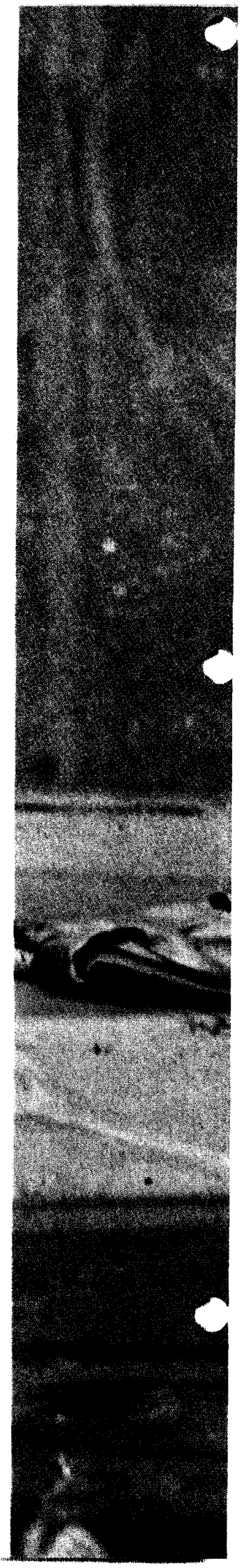
Arriving in Rome, Cleopatra is led through Rome's Arch of Constantine by a fantastic procession of dancers.



Liz and handmaidens glide along the Italian coast in $277,000 gilded barge built especially for Cleopatra.



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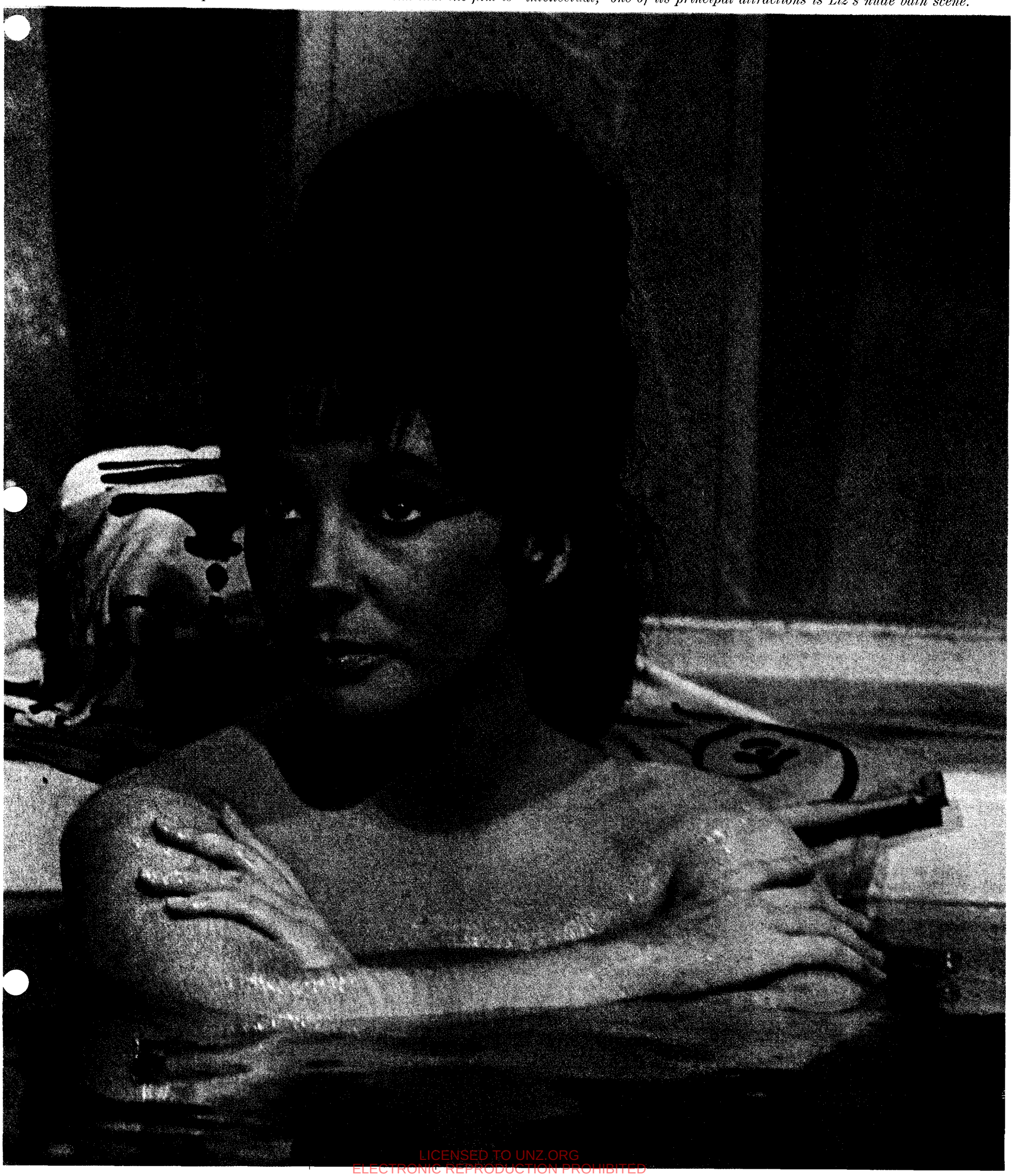
Cleopatra had no match–neither has Liz

Despite Director Mankiewicz's claim that the film is "intellectual," one of its principal attractions is Liz's nude bath scene.



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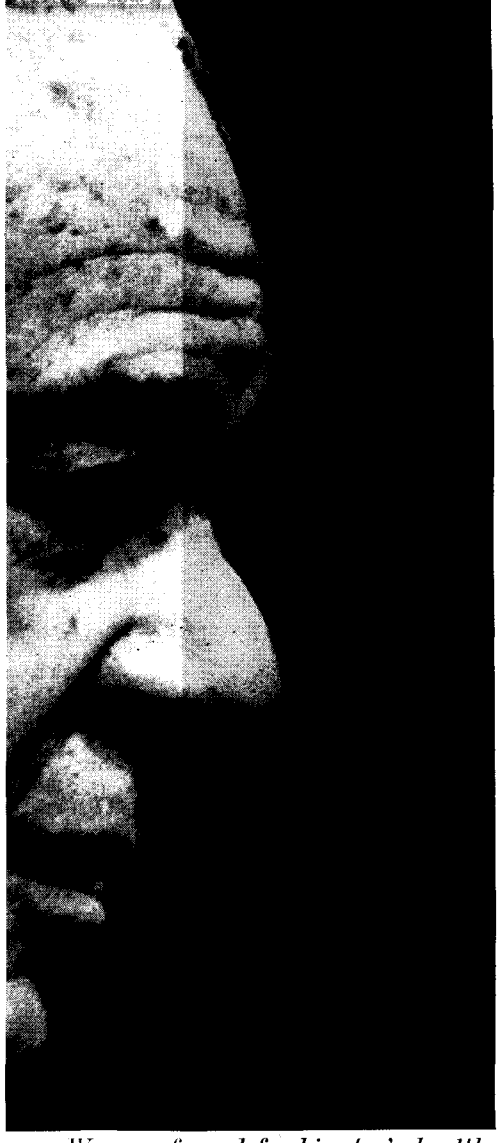
TWO ACTORS SKOURAS DIDN'T WANT:



Wanger feared for his star's health.

CLEOPATRA

LONDON

NOVEMBER 30. Saw Larry Olivier, who after much thought has decided against Caesar. He has played Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* and says he doesn't think he can add to his luster by doing this picture. I hope that we can change his mind.

DECEMBER 2. Went to Pinewood with Mamoulian to see the facilities. It was rainy and cold, and Pinewood doesn't look like Egypt. The stages are small, and there are not enough of them. The disappointment was so great that I became physically ill.

NEW YORK

DECEMBER 7. Went to see Elizabeth Taylor, who is convalescing from double pneumonia at Harkness Pavilion. Her room was crowded with flowers and books. Liz looked well, but was weak and complained bitterly about the climate in New York. If she is miserable and sick here, how will she be in England?

HOLLYWOOD

DECEMBER 8. Adler and Skouras back from Europe. Buddy flew from New York to Hollywood with me and told me he's bought an Italian version of *Cleopatra*, made by a producer named Lionello Santi, to keep it off the market. This adds another half million dollars to our budget, but he is sure it's a good investment.

1960

MARCH 8. The Screen Actors Guild is on strike. Everyone at the studio is in a panic over what to do with *Cleopatra*. Skouras and Adler now have decided they want to make a coproduction deal in Italy with Santi. Mamoulian is off to Italy to scout locations and look at studio space with Santi.

MARCH 14. The fight against my authority came out in the open this morning. Schreiber called me into his office to tell me that Rouben Mamoulian, art director DeCuir and production manager Johnny Johnston are going east tomorrow to meet Skouras, Rogell and the rest of the Fox high command. He said I needn't go to New York, as it was not planned to have me go to Italy.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"It has something to do with the Italian taxes," he said.

"Why can't I at least go to New York and discuss it? After all, it is my company's production."

"Walter, don't you understand? Skouras and the others don't want you in Italy."

I know something about Santi, and I know Mamoulian, and this isn't going to work out. I wired a protest to Buddy about not being invited to the meeting in New York.

APRIL 11. Another writer. We made a four-week deal for Lawrence Durrell to revise our script. He is to receive $7,000 in Italian lire, starting work on Friday, April 15, and delivering his revisions within four weeks.

APRIL 20. The romance with Santi is over. We are now to make the picture in England, with locations in Italy.

In a full-page ad in *Variety* Santi listed all of the pictures in which his Galatea Productions is involved. Tucked between *The Story of Esther* and *The King Must Die* was *Cleopatra* in color and for wide screen, directed by Rouben Mamoulian with Elizabeth Taylor. No mention of Fox. It looked as though Cleopatra was just one of Santi's many productions.

Adler was furious. In no time at all the plans were changed once again. We're to use the Pinewood studio in England.

NEW YORK

MAY 1. Had dinner with Elizabeth and Eddie Fisher at the Colony. Liz is excited about making the picture abroad. She wanted me to be sure and get Sidney Guilaroff as her hair stylist.

Sidney is a favorite of many stars, especially Liz and Ava Gardner. Our only problem is to borrow him from M-G-M and get permission for him to work in London. Our starting date is June 17.

LONDON

MAY 3. Nothing going right here. Johnny Johnston and John DeCuir met me at the airport and insisted on a meeting at once. The facilities at Pinewood are inadequate; Denham Studio, which has the best stages in England, has been taken over by the U.S. Air Force; there is very little construction material available; we need a great many plasterers, and, despite ads in the papers and on movie screens promising bonuses, we have less than a dozen. Also, it looks as though we are going to have trouble because of Sidney Guilaroff, the hairdresser. The British hairdressers' union is protesting his employment, claiming our use of him reflects on the skill of its members.

What worries us most, however, is the cold, damp weather. Elizabeth is just over pneumonia.

MAY 6. Received a memo today from Adler, saying the absolute limit on the budget is $4 million. Most unrealistic. We've spent half that already and haven't a foot of film.

MAY 12. Bad news from Rome, where we planned to do some shooting on location. It seems the Olympic Games have taken over all the living space—something no one had considered. The studios Mamoulian chose need to be soundproofed, and it's doubtful that can be done in time. Also, the kind of filming equipment we need isn't available.

MAY 13. Received a telegram from Eddie Fisher:

DEAR WALTER TIME IS DRAWING NIGH STOP ANYTHING NEW OF A HOUSE FOR A WIFE HUSBAND THREE CHILDREN AND ASSORTED ANIMALS STOP IMPERATIVE THAT MOST SATISFACTORY ACCOMMODATIONS BE FOUND STOP LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU YOUR SON EDDIE

MAY 14. With Laurence Olivier now definitely out as Caesar, we are trying—against Skouras's wishes—to get Rex Harrison. Skouras told me there are two actors he doesn't want—Harrison and Richard Burton. He doesn't believe either one can do much at the box office.

Mamoulian arrived today—rightly, quite furious. He wasn't met at the airplane and had to carry his own baggage. And he didn't have proper living accommodations. I am afraid he will be more upset when he gets a full report on our production problems.

No cast, space, script

MAY 19. This is absolute disaster. Hollywood has given us an August 15 starting date, but we don't have enough studio space, a full cast, a script or costumes. We need an enormous number of wigs, which are not available. One positive note: Construction has started at Pinewood on the city of Alexandria. The workmen are on overtime. With luck the set will be ready in November—weeks after we are scheduled to use it.

MAY 27. Excerpts from a letter to Lew Schreiber of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Dear Lew:

I talked to Elizabeth in New York last night. She is very excited over having Rex Harrison as Caesar. It seems to me, and I am sure Rouben agrees, that Harrison is the strongest talent available. Liz brought up the Sidney Guilaroff situation last night. I explained to her that he could not work in the studio. She insists on bringing him over. I said that Oliver Messel wanted to control her hair problems in connection with the costumes, but she would not have any of it.

As always,
Walter Wanger

PARIS

JUNE 3. Here for the weekend with Mamoulian to work with Lawrence Durrell and to see Darryl Zanuck. We wanted to tell Darryl of our serious troubles and ask his help in putting the movie back on the rails—he is one of the largest shareholders in Fox.

Darryl isn't happy with the Fox management, but he is having his own troubles. "There's nothing I can do now," he said, "and please don't mention that you saw me here."

LONDON

JUNE 4. The budget was raised to $6 million yesterday. Today it was dropped to $5 million. Also the desert scenes are to be filmed in England. The weather is terrible—cold, rainy and cloudy. I called Elizabeth to tell her that the Italian locations are out. She was furious.

JUNE 25. Skouras arrived today. Mamoulian and I met him at his suite in Claridge's, where he sat fiddling with his worry beads. We handed him weather reports on England for the past three years, indicating the picture shouldn't be made here. "There's no sun," I said. "It's cold now, going to get colder. Liz may get pneumonia again."

"I don't believe in experts," Skouras shouted. "The weather is going to be fine. No one will get sick. England is the best place to make this picture. Go ahead. Shoot the picture."

Later Rouben got a concession: We could go to Egypt for the desert shots.

JULY 11. Buddy Adler died today in Hollywood of cancer. Despite our occasional differences on this picture he was a good friend, and one has too few friends in this life. I am especially sad because he was so young.

JULY 13. Bob Goldstein is no longer head of European production. He is flying to Hollywood, where he will run the studio there, succeeding Adler.

JULY 15. Excepts from a memo to Greg Bautzer, my lawyer in Hollywood.

Dear Greg:

I am very disturbed over the many delays and misadventures regarding *Cleopatra*. Everyone connected with the picture has agreed that the cost in England would be greater than the cost anywhere else, and it is doubtful that the exteriors, even built here at great cost, could ever be shot because of the weather. Skouras has been here twice, as you know, and after meetings is still adamant in his insistence that the exteriors of Rome and Alexandria be shot in England. He is supported in his view by Bob Goldstein. They are, I am sure, doing this because they feel it would be cheaper and more efficient, although everyone on the production staff takes the opposite view. Mamoulian and I have not met one person who advocates shooting exteriors of this Mediterranean nature here. We both feel it is our obligation to control the budget, and we hate to see an operation that is going to cost more and give less quality.

Another thing I am worried about is the weather here which is not very good in the fall. As a matter of fact, it has been terrible this summer and Elizabeth is so susceptible to colds and bronchitis that from the enclosed chart you will see what weather conditions are liable to be in September/October/November here and you know what the delays, due to her health, will cost this production.

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REX HARRISON AND RICHARD BURTON.

I have tried to discuss these matters with Skouras. He refuses to listen. What . really want you to understand is that Mamoulian and I are very concerned with the practical and financial problems concerned with the picture far more than the heads of the organization, who claim to be such excellent businessmen.

We are naturally trying to carry out our instructions, but they are very often contrary to the findings of professional producers or executives or directors.

Best regards and love to Dana, your son and yourself.

Walter Wanger

JULY 16. Bob Goldstein called from Hollywood to ask me to do a great favor for him: "Will you take over in my absence and run all of Europe for me?"

I said I'd do anything I could under the circumstances. Skouras, who was on the extension phone, said, "Walter, this is the greatest thing you have ever done in your life. I'll never forget it."

Within hours I started getting wires of congratulations from everybody at the studio. I'm glad to help but suspect I'll have this job for no more than a month.

ATHENS

JULY 19. To Greece to meet Skouras. Then to Egypt to check on locations.

When Skouras gets on an airplane he talks to everybody—always fingering the worry beads. If there is a pretty woman aboard he will go up to her and say, "You're very pretty. Are you married?" If the answer is yes he will say, "What a lucky man your husband is!"

CAIRO

JULY 20. When he wants to be, Skouras is one of the world's most charming men. He seems to know everyone in the Egyptian government, and they love and respect him. At a big luncheon today he announced plans to make five pictures in Egypt. Before we left he arranged for the services of 10,000 Egyptian army soldiers to play the legions of Cleopatra.

JULY 22. Extract from a letter sent by Patrick Barthropp, Ltd.:

"Thank you for your inquiry with regard to a car for Miss Taylor from 8th August, 1960, for a period of sixteen weeks. We have pleasure in reserving the same Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud that she had last year, with the same chauffeur, Mr. Peter Bowden. . . ."

NEW YORK

JULY 28. Elizabeth had refused to sign her contract, so Goldstein ordered me to go to New York to "get her" to do it.

At the Park Lane Elizabeth was lovely in a negligee, and no makeup. In the living room of their suite, she was demonstratively affectionate with Eddie.

She told me the contract was fine, gave me the delay in starting I requested, and suggested we look at Peter Finch for Caesar. She promised to sign the contract later in the afternoon but told me to tell Skouras she was "still looking it over" to keep him on edge a little while longer.

While I was having dinner at the Colony the contract was delivered to me as promised. I called Skouras instantly.

"You're a miracle man," he said. "How did you do it? I'll never forget it."

In my room that night I read the contract from Elizabeth's point of view. If the picture runs over schedule a few months, as I suspect it must, she stands to make two or three million dollars.

Some highlights of the contract:

Salary of $125,000 for 16 weeks' work.

Fifty thousand dollars per week after sixteen weeks.

Ten percent of the film's gross income.

In addition there was page after page of special conditions:

"In lieu of reimbursing the Artist for her expenses in connection with her services hereunder, the Corporation shall pay the Artist the sum of Three Thousand Dollars ($3,000.00) per week for all living expenses, including food and lodging, while she is rendering her services.

"The Corporation shall pay the cost of first-class, round-trip transportation from Los Angeles to London, or such other places as may be designated by the Corporation, for four (4) adults including the Artist and three (3) children. . . ."

LONDON

AUGUST 20. Just received a construction report on Alexandria and the other sets, which will cover eight acres. According to the report we have 142 miles of tubular steel, enough railroad ties for four miles of track, 20,000 cubic feet of timber, seven tons of nails, 300 gallons of paint—in short, enough construction material for a development of about 40 houses. The palm trees were imported from Hollywood; the fresh palm fronds are flown in from Egypt and Nice.

AUGUST 23.

MR. AND MRS. EDDIE FISHER
FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS
S.S. LEONARDO DA VINCI
EN ROUTE TO NAPLES
HAVE LARGE CORNER SUITE AT DORCHESTER AND BATHROOM DRESSING ROOM LIVING ROOM FOR YOU AND EDDIE ADJOINING TWO DOUBLE BEDROOMS AND TWO BATHROOMS AND SITTING ROOM FOR NURSE AND CHILDREN FORTY THREE POUNDS A DAY STOP CHILDRENS SUITE AS OF TWENTY FIFTH AND YOUR SUITE AS OF THIRTY FIRST AUGUST LOVE TO YOU BOTH WALTER

AUGUST 24.

LEW SCHREIBER
CENTFOX
LOS ANGELES
GUILAROFF CALLED ME TWICE FIRST TIME TO TELL ME COULDN'T GET HERE BEFORE SATURDAY AND I ADVISED HIM WE HAD ORDERED WIGS AND WERE UNDER WAY AS WE COULD NOT WAIT FOR HIM SECONDLY MADE IT CLEAR THAT HE WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED ON SET BUT COULD WORK WITH ELIZABETH AT HOTEL AND I COULD GUARANTEE HIM NOTHING REGARDING ANY LESSENING OF REGULATIONS HERE BUT THOUGHT HE SHOULD GET ON WITH MESSEL AND HAIRDRESSER STOP HE AGAIN CALLED ME NEXT DAY AND SAID HE WAS WORRIED MAYBE HE SHOULDN'T COME IF HE COULDN'T OPERATE AS HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO STOP I ASSURED HIM THAT I WOULD DO EVERYTHING I COULD PERSONALLY TO MAKE THINGS WORK BUT AGAIN MADE IT CLEAR I COULD NOT UPSET THE REGULATIONS HERE REGARDS WALTER

AUGUST 31. London newsmen and photographers swarmed like honey bees when Liz and Eddie arrived at the airport from Naples. I got them away from the crowd via a rear exit, but at the Dorchester the press set up an angry clamor. Elizabeth refused to see them or pose for pictures because of the harsh way she had been treated in London last year. Some of the newsmen told me they intended to boycott Liz and the picture. When I relayed their comments to Liz she shrugged. I must say she has a lot of courage.

SEPTEMBER 6. Sid Rogell came through London on his way to Greece. I gave him the *Cleopatra* script and told him of some of our problems. He was stopping at the Savoy, where he bumped into Darryl Zanuck, over from Paris on business. It's my guess that Rogell showed the script to Darryl, who didn't like it. Darryl apparently called Skouras to report on what he thought was wrong.

Skouras phoned me and said, "Walter, you ought to know better than to talk to a fellow like Rogell. Why do you think we relieved him of his studio duties? What did you talk to him for?"

I said I had been advised I was to look after Rogell while he was in London.

"Well, you ought to know better," said Skouras. "Just forget handling anything but *Cleopatra*."

So I am no longer head of European production.

SEPTEMBER 26. I hear Skouras is putting Rogell in charge of Europe today.

SEPTEMBER 29. A bad beginning. Sent a telegram to Tom O'Brien, head of the English motion-picture unions:

DEAR TOM SEVERAL DAYS AGO YOU ASSURED ME THAT YOU HAD IN HAND THE PROBLEM CONCERNING SIDNEY GUILAROFF'S WORK ON THE PICTURE STOP AS YOU KNOW, WE HAD TWO STOPPAGES OF WORK BY THE HAIRDRESSING DEPARTMENT YESTERDAY, OUR FIRST DAY OF SHOOTING STOP AS YOU ADVISED APPLICATION FOR WORK PERMIT HAS BEEN LODGED STOP I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED BECAUSE I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO REACH YOU NOR HAVE I HAD ANY COMMUNICATION FROM YOU EXCEPT THAT YOUR SECRETARIES ASSURED ME THAT THEY HAD GIVEN YOU MY MESSAGES STOP REPRESENTING FOX WE ARE FACING A VERY SERIOUS ECONOMIC CRISIS IF THIS MATTER IS NOT STRAIGHTENED OUT IMMEDIATELY AS YOU PROMISED STOP IT WILL FORCE THE COMPANY TO SHUT DOWN AND WHAT THE RESULTS WILL BE BEYOND THAT I DREAD TO THINK WALTER WANGER

Letter to Solly Wurtzel, associate production manager on *Cleopatra:*

Dear Solly:

Please advise me whether our insurance covers Elizabeth Taylor not reporting today on account of a sore throat.

Liz demanded her own hairdresser.

SEPTEMBER 30. Liz has a cold. We started shooting around her. Two minutes and 20 seconds of sunshine. Temperature: 45 degrees.

Since there are many scenes in the film which do not require Liz, we started on an exterior shot: Caesar (Peter Finch) and Mark Antony (Stephen Boyd) entering the city of Alexandria, peopled by thousands of extras.

The hairdressers' union still opposes letting Guilaroff work in England. Officially, it takes the position that by Fox's failure to get a work permit for Guilaroff (Goldstein's error) we are forcing Guilaroff down their throats. And by using him we are casting aspersions on the art of hairdressing as practiced in England.

Their real antagonism stems from the fact that Guilaroff didn't get along with some of the female members of the union the last time he worked in England. They vowed he would never get another work permit. Speaking for myself, I can do without Guilaroff, who considers himself an authority on everything from hair to scripts to production, probably because he is paid like an executive—$1,100 a week plus $600 a week expenses.

OCTOBER 2. Elizabeth still ill. Dr. Carl Heinz Goldman, a leading Harley Street physician, attending her.

OCTOBER 3. Two minutes and 14 seconds of sunshine today. It's bitter cold. Elizabeth has a temperature of 100 degrees and can't come to the studio for wardrobe tests.

Messel, the costume designer, is complaining about his position and authority; Guilaroff is complaining about his position; Mamoulian is complaining about the writers; Skouras called Rogell to complain about Mamoulian.

OCTOBER 11. Meeting tonight with leaders of the English motion-picture

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Stricken by near-fatal illness, Liz is carried from London hotel to ambulance.

"EDDIE PHONED BACK AND HE WAS WEEPING AND FRIGHTENED."

CLEOPATRA

unions; The subject: Sidney Guilaroff. This is ridiculous. The cold war continues, and we are all casualties.

Telegram to Sir Tom O'Brien, head of the unions:

DEAR TOM I CANNOT IMPRESS TOO STRONGLY ON YOU THE SERIOUS POSITION WE FIND OURSELVES IN THAT WITH THE RESIGNATION OF THE HAIRDRESSERS AND THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF GETTING REPLACEMENTS FROM YOUR ORGANIZATION THAT OUR CORPORATION IS BEING PUT IN AN UNTENABLE POSITION BECAUSE WE HAVE HAD TO SUSPEND OPERATIONS AND CONTINUE TO CARRY ON OUR PAYROLL AS ENORMOUS OVERHEAD STOP UNION MUST IMMEDIATELY SUPPLY US WITH SUITABLE HAIRDRESSERS OR WE WILL HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN PERMANENTLY STOP EVERY HOUR COUNTS AS THE COMPANY CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE DELAY IN FINDING SUITABLE HAIRDRESSERS STOP PLEASE CONTACT ME AT THE STUDIO OR AT HOME REGARDS

WALTER WANGER

OCTOBER 10. Went to Elizabeth's suite at the Dorchester to say good-bye to Eddie, who is going to New York for a few days. Guilaroff was there discussing Liz's hair, and Oliver Messel was attempting a fitting. Each man had assistants, and they had their assistants. It was a scene of mass confusion.

Elizabeth was in tears. She didn't want Eddie to leave. She kissed and hugged him. After he left she ran to the telephone to have him paged in the lobby. She told him on the telephone to be careful and hurry back; she said she was planning to stay up all night until he called her from California.

OCTOBER 12. Met Elizabeth at the Dorchester about the Guilaroff situation. She still had a low fever. I told her that if Guilaroff continued on the picture we would be faced with another expensive hairdressers' walkout.

"I don't want the picture to close down," she said, "but I don't want Oliver Messel to do my hair." Messel, who was designing Elizabeth's wardrobe, had said he couldn't prepare her properly as Cleopatra unless he also designed her jewelry, shoes, hairdress, wigs, etc.

OCTOBER 13. The London *Daily Mail* has a story out that Liz has not been appearing in public because she is too fat. Nonsense. The Fox press department issued a denial.

OCTOBER 14. Catastrophic. One thousand extras, but only two minutes, 15 seconds of sunshine for shooting. Liz still ill.

OCTOBER 15. Sir Tom O'Brien called and complained that the union is embarrassed by the deal I made with the hairdressers, but he is happy they are back at work. I had promised the girls a bonus if they would go back to work—anything to get on with the action.

Mamoulian called Skouras, who can't understand why we don't shut down the company and let the insurance carry the burden. Elizabeth still has a temperature.

OCTOBER 18. Trouble brewing with the insurance companies. F. G. Geddes, the insurance adjuster representing Lloyds of London, is on the set every day checking everything we are doing. Whenever anyone doesn't show up, or a horse breaks a leg, or a piece of equipment is lost or stolen, Geddes is right on it. He is savvy enough about movies to be able to make suggestions to the production department on scenes they can shoot without Liz, so the picture continues.

Received a copy of a memo to Geddes from Lord Evans, the queen's physician, who was called in as a consultant by Dr. Goldman. He traced Elizabeth's illness back to an abscess she had three weeks ago. Then she developed what seemed to be a common cold, but it was accompanied by a mild fever which persisted despite treatment with antibiotics. He cautiously diagnosed it as "a case of infection of doubtful origin," possibly Malta fever. Whatever the cause, he pronounced her unfit for work and ordered her to stay in bed.

OCTOBER 20. To the theater with Liz and Eddie to see *The Millionairess*. Liz knows that even with the extra time provided by her illness we still aren't organized. She is getting tired of the press blaming our confusion on her. She is especially irked that Skouras is using her as the scapegoat with the insurance company.

OCTOBER 21. The doctors think Elizabeth will not be ready for work until November 1. The insurance company wants us to issue suspension notices to all the other members of the cast and close down the picture.

Skouras is in town trying to see how much of our losses can be recovered by insurance. He saw some of the rushes with Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd. He doesn't think Finch has enough dignity or power to play Caesar. "I don't care for what I've seen or what I've heard," Skouras said. Mamoulian is very upset.

We are still shooting around Liz and doing everything we can, building special sets, rushing sets in and tearing them down, in order to get moving. We are not ready for Liz anyway; the costumes are not completed and the script not right.

OCTOBER 22. Big session on insurance at the 20th Century-Fox headquarters in Soho Square. The insurance company wants us to close down and recast Elizabeth; Skouras wants to collect the insurance and start over again; Rogell wants to keep going in the hope that Elizabeth will soon be well enough to work. The weather is terrible; cold, rainy and damp.

OCTOBER 24. Another meeting with all the executives at which Ernie Holding, the Fox production executive, estimated that our loss since September 29 has been $121,428 a day. The total loss to date: over $2 million.

Skouras decided to trim the budget to $5 million and readjust the shooting schedule from 95 to 75 days. The new budget and schedule are impossible—we've spent almost half the budget already. But again, Skouras won't listen.

"Make it," he said.

OCTOBER 26. Skouras claims I am responsible for the delays because I insisted on having Liz. "You've ruined us by having that girl in the picture," he said. "I wish to hell we'd done it with Joanne Woodward or Susan Hayward—we'd be making money now."

I told Skouras I thought Liz was going to be great. Then I mentioned that I had just talked with independent producer Harold Mirisch in Los Angeles, who said he had called off his deal with Liz for *Irma La Douce* and *Two for the Seesaw*, so she was free now.

"I authorize you to sign Liz for two more pictures at once," Skouras said.

Heavy fog makes shooting impossible. We had called 500 extras and could hardly find them on the set.

NOVEMBER 7. Liz was dismissed from the clinic this morning. Geddes telephoned me, very upset, saying that Liz had returned to the Dorchester Hotel without the sanction of the insurance company's doctors. I checked with Dr. Goldman, who said Liz was permitted to leave the hospital after consultation with Lord Evans and himself.

NOVEMBER 9. Mamoulian called this morning to say his dinner appointment with Liz was called off because she wasn't feeling well. I called Liz's apartment at the Dorchester. A woman's voice whispered, "Mrs. Fisher will call back later." Late in the afternoon a reporter from the *Daily Mail* called to say Liz had been taken to the clinic on a stretcher. I called Eddie at the clinic. He said Liz was under sedation, with Lord Evans, Dr. Goldman and a neurologist in attendance.

A few minutes later the *Daily Express* called to say Liz has meningitis. I called Dr. Goldman, who said she had a terrible headache but not meningitis. I called the *Express* back to deny the rumor.

Eddie phoned back, weeping and frightened. He has called Dr. Rex Kennamer, their family doctor in Beverly Hills, who is flying right over. Dr. Goldman called to say Liz is much better. "Probably an infected tooth," he said.

NOVEMBER 14. The insurance company offered Skouras $1,750,000 and promised to reinsure Liz. Skouras wants more.

NOVEMBER 18. There is nothing more we can shoot without Liz. We must con to a stop. Rouben and I went on the se and told the workers we were shutting down and would resume filming as soon as Elizabeth was well.

NOVEMBER 21. Skouras arrived today and told the press that the film will be completed. He said that Liz is the perfect Cleopatra. "We cannot abandon her just because she has been ill," he said. Skouras told me that when the picture resumes it will still be on the Eady Plan and done in London and Egypt. This seems final.

DECEMBER 9. Received our new starting date: January 3, in London. Rogell and DeCuir back from checking locations in Egypt. Their report is good.

In their anxiety to get the script finished Skouras and Goldstein asked Nunnally Johnson (who was in London) to work on it. The studio's commitment to Johnson is $140,000.

DECEMBER 28. Another wasted day.

Elizabeth showed up at the studio early this morning, but it was impossible to go on the stages: The studio failed to turn on the heat last night. Liz had to wait until the afternoon before the stage was warm enough to make tests.

The hairdressers say they will walk out if Guilaroff comes on the set, so he visits Liz at her hotel and fixes her hair for tests in her dressing room.

1961

JANUARY 3. The interplay of personalities is holding up our chances of getting the picture before the cameras. Mamoulian is unhappy with Nunnally Johnson's approach to the script, and Nunnally, who is aware of Rouben's feelings, is unhappy over that. As usual I am

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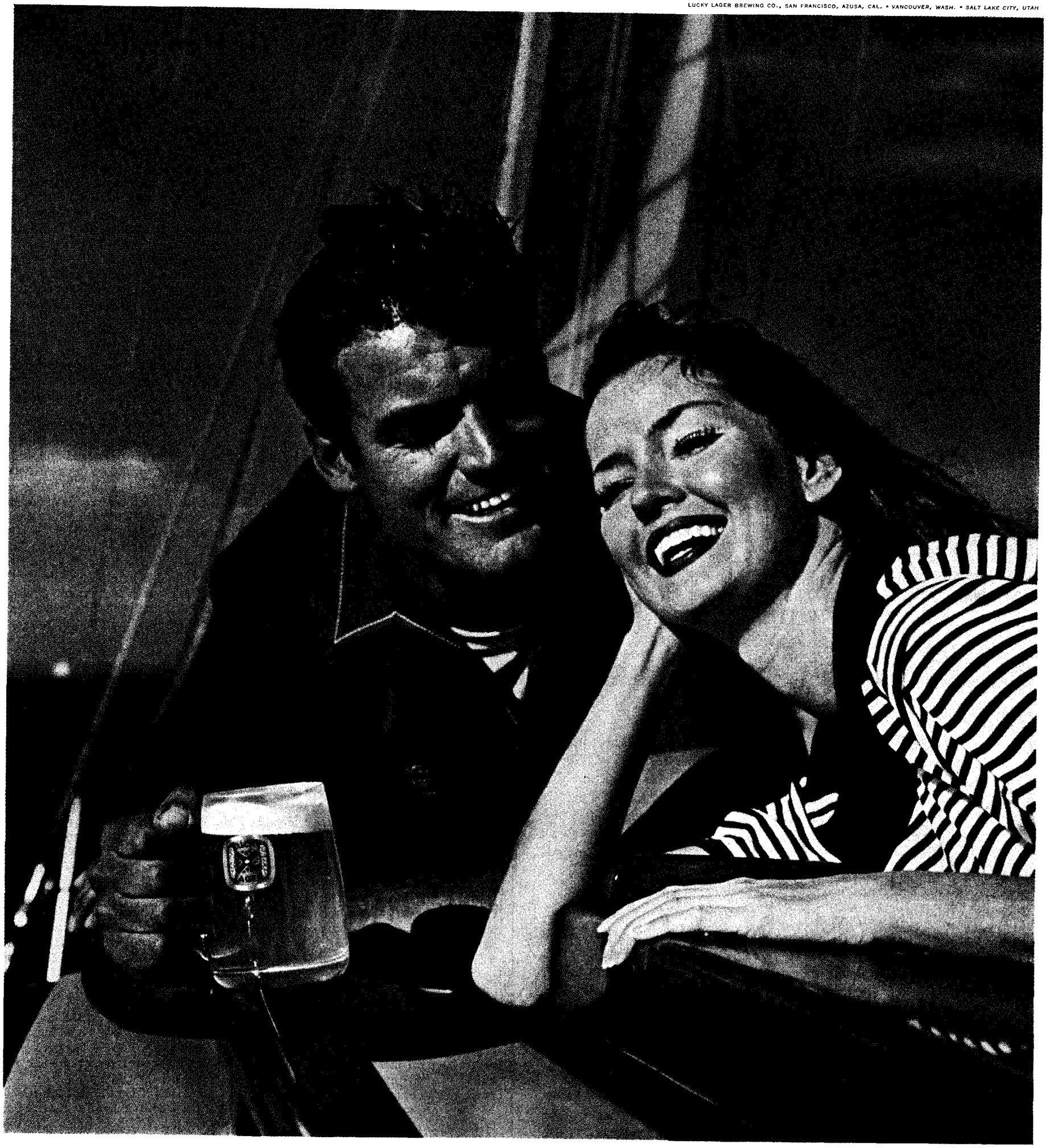

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CLEOPATRA

in the middle. Liz doesn't like the Johnson material or the old script. She and Eddie suggested Paddy Chayefsky to do a rewrite. Eddie is talking about making the film in Hollywood for the sake of Elizabeth's health.

JANUARY 4. Paddy Chayefsky sent a very interesting letter about the script, but the rewrite he proposed would require six months. We don't have the time.

Almost had the Guilaroff situation settled by promising the lady hairdressers a bonus after convincing them that Guilaroff was not arrogant. Then, as luck would have it, Guilaroff went to see Liz in her dressing room, followed by one of the lady hairdressers. Either the wind or Guilaroff slammed the door in her face. The hairdresser said it was Guilaroff. So the hassle is on full blast again.

We are not starting Monday as we should because the script is not satisfactory. Liz has just advised me she has chills and can't shoot tests tomorrow.

JANUARY 6. Went to see Liz and Eddie at the Dorchester. They live like royalty with children, dogs, cats, retainers and supplicants for favor all over the place. Famous people are always dropping in. The phone rings continuously with friends or agents calling from Hollywood or Switzerland or Rome. The order of the day is—deals. Liz is enthusiastically interested in everything, especially films and the theater. She knows enough about show business to edit *Variety*.

JANUARY 18. Rouben says he has cabled Skouras that he wants to resign. I told him he had made a mistake. If he had told me he planned this move I would not have let him do it. I think he is maneuvering for complete autonomy—a tactical error.

JANUARY 19. Skouras accepted Mamoulian's resignation. No shooting. Mamoulian's resignation and the ensuing negotiations with director-writer Joe Mankiewicz are in the papers. They are hinting that the next to resign will be Liz.

JANUARY 23. Liz phoned. Wanted to know whether she's in or out of the picture. (Am *I* in or out?)

Mamoulian is looking for support from Liz, who likes to stand up for the underdog, but it is too late. Skouras knows she will quiet down if he brings in Mankiewicz, whom she trusts.

Meanwhile our overhead piles up—around $45,000 a day. We have only about 10 minutes of film, some of it beautiful but none of it with Liz. And Liz refuses to do anything until the director hassle is settled.

JANUARY 25. Joseph L. Mankiewicz is hired as writer-director. There is already conflict between Skouras and J.L.M. over J.L.M.'s insistence that I continue as producer.

FEBRUARY 1. Mankiewicz has arrived in London with a new concept of the film, psychiatrically rooted. I believe it can lead to a great picture. J.L.M. sees Antony following desperately in Caesar's footsteps but rattling loosely in them on the battlefield, in the Senate and in Caesar's bed. Antony's conquest of Cleopatra is his only triumph over Caesar. Then he realizes he has not conquered but has been conquered—and this leads to his ultimate self-destruction.

J.L.M. sees Cleopatra as one of the first women to rule in a man's world—a woman who wanted it all and picked off the Number One and Number Two ranking men of that world in succession.

J.L.M. comes in the midst of a crisis: The cast is in open rebellion against the original script, which conceives of Cleopatra as a virgin who could be deflowered only by a godlike character. J.L.M. says he plans to abandon the original script. He has my enthusiastic OK, as well as Skouras's. But we will have to discard the 10 minutes of film already shot—all the footage made during these disastrous 10 weeks in cold, rainy England.

We must also pay off all the contract people like Peter Finch (Caesar), who will receive $150,000 for the role he couldn't complete. We are recasting the entire production, hoping to start shooting here again around March 15.

FEBRUARY 5. Screenwriter Sidney Buchman and novelist Lawrence Durrell are available to get us started replotting the story line. Durrell is to be paid $2,500 a week. J.L.M. will adapt.

FEBRUARY 9. Received a copy of budget report from Rogell. Total cost to date: $4,998,000. Estimated further cost to complete the picture: $4,866,000. The grand total is almost $10 million. I doubt that we will finish within this estimate.

FEBRUARY 14. The London *Evening Standard* reported that Fox is claiming almost $12 million from the 40 insurance companies and 90 syndicates of Lloyds' underwriters which insured us.

Liz wins a libel suit

The paper also reported that Liz had won her libel suit against the *Daily Mail* for claiming *Cleopatra* had been held up because she was overweight.

FEBRUARY 16. I have seen the first pages of Mankiewicz's outline. Excellent! He is including long passages of dialogue in his outline, but I have no idea when he will find time to write the screenplay.

Sidney Buchman has another assignment and can give us only a limited amount of time. Lawrence Durrell, a brilliant writer, seems a little baffled by the technique of screenwriting; but he is whipping along on a shooting script based on the early pages of the J.L.M. outline.

MARCH 1. At last everything is going along beautifully. The plan is to start shooting in London April 4, then to Egypt for the exteriors.

MARCH 4. Eddie called this morning, distraught over Liz, who is seriously ill. She is being attended by 11 doctors, including the queen's physician. She has staphylococcus pneumonia.

Eddie asked if I could find a portable toilet! I rushed to Harrod's, got one and hurried back to their hotel. There I learned that Lord Evans already had supplied one—reportedly the same one used by Her Majesty the Queen on tours to primitive corners of the Commonwealth

At the hotel I heard a rumor that doctors had given Liz only one hour to live unless surgery was performed to open her windpipe and ease congestion. Eddie phoned Hollywood for Dr. Kennamer, their family physician.

In the evening Liz was rushed in an ambulance, with Eddie by her side, from

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LIZ GOT MESSAGES FROM RUSSIA OFFERING AID.

the Dorchester to the London Clinic. A tracheotomy was performed. I hurried to the clinic, where I heard that Liz was in an automatic respirator, something like an iron lung, to make breathing easier.

MARCH 5. A sleepless night with the telephone. My own doctor gave me a sedative because he doesn't think Liz can survive the operation and he wants me prepared for the worst. The hospital issues health bulletins every fifteen minutes, so I am staying near my radio.

MARCH 6. There was a news report today in America that Liz had died. Skouras phoned: "My God, how did it happen?" He sounded beside himself. I told him it wasn't true and the news report had been denied.

We are all very frightened, and, it appears, so is the world. The streets around the hospital are crowded with reporters and cameramen checking everybody going in and out. People are crying; flowers and gifts and "cures" are coming in from all over the world.

J.L.M. was at the hospital from 2 to 6 A.M. when the situation was critical. I spoke to Eddie in the afternoon. He said Liz was a little better—thank heavens. I went to the hospital but was unable to see Liz. Dr. Goldman said she has a tube in her windpipe to help her breathe. The picture, of course, has been postponed.

Can't get into the hospital without being photographed and interviewed, so I found a back way. Eddie was in an awful state. Liz is being fed intravenously and receiving blood transfusions. J.L.M. said she wrote a note asking to see her mother.

MARCH 7. News about Liz is a little better. Her parents arrived, which is good.

MARCH 9. Liz nearly out of danger. Eddie fine. The messages to Liz from all over the world are unbelievable. The mail is stored in huge laundry baskets. Most of it is touching. For instance, "Six thousand of us are praying for you at the Boeing plant." Wire from a U.S. destroyer: "Hooray for you, Liz; don't give up." Calls and wires from doctors offering assistance. There are even messages from Russia.

MARCH 12. Saw Liz at the hospital. The tube is finally out of her throat. She looks marvelous, sitting up in bed drinking champagne, and is in great humor. Writer Truman Capote was there visiting.

Skouras phoned: "Do anything to make Liz happy and healthy. That's all that counts—forget the picture."

MARCH 14. Dr. Goldman says it will be August or September before Liz can go back to work. Skouras OK's pulling down $600,000 worth of sets in London and has given us a starting date during September in Italy. J.L.M. and I are going to Rome in a few days to look for locations.

MARCH 24. Sid Rogell called to say Eddie insists we film the picture in Hollywood. He wants Liz out of this bad climate and near her Hollywood doctors.

MARCH 29. There was a riot at the clinic today when Liz and Eddie left for the airport to fly to Hollywood. The door was almost torn off her Rolls-Royce, and she had to be moved to another car.

APRIL 19. Called Liz in California to congratulate her on the Oscar she won last night for *Butterfield 8*, which was big news here in London in the papers, on radio and TV. She was elated.

"My legs are still a little wobbly," she said. "I haven't walked much since we've been home."

She told me Eddie and Dr. Kennamer had to help her up on stage to receive her Oscar. She and Eddie are hunting for a home in the Beverly Hills area. Next month they are going to Las Vegas, where Eddie will play for four weeks.

Cleopatra is tentatively set to start again in Hollywood, with locations in Rome and Egypt. Liz said she was ready but still lacks Dr. Kennamer's permission to go to work.

APRIL 24. Leaving today for Hollywood—the fiasco in London is ended. We didn't make the film. We didn't even settle the hairdressers' strike. But Liz is still alive and determined to make this the greatest picture ever made. The question is: when, where and how?

HOLLYWOOD

APRIL 29. We have accomplished three things of importance in our first few days at the studio: Writer Ranald MacDougal, has been hired for $75,000 to do a new script from J.L.M.'s screenplay outline; Irene Sharaff, a top Broadway designer, has agreed to do Elizabeth's costumes, and Leon Shamroy will be cameraman.

MacDougal is a hard, fast worker, but his scenes and dialogue are not in J.L.M.'s class, and I suspect J.L.M. will write his own script eventually. Shamroy, called Shammy, is a three-time Oscar winner and a growling, cigar-smoking cynic with a wonderful sense of humor.

The order of the day is: Make *Cleopatra* in Italy and Egypt during September and October; in the winter, shoot all interiors in Los Angeles.

MAY 5. The scar on Liz's neck will be removed by plastic surgery. Dr. Kennamer says this can't be done until July.

MAY 19. J.L.M. and I have finally convinced Skouras that Richard Burton is the right man to play Mark Antony. Now it's a question of negotiations, which will probably be complicated, as he is a hit on Broadway in *Camelot*. J.L.M. to leave tomorrow for Rome and Cairo to scout locations. I remain in Hollywood to organize production and get Elizabeth's wardrobe started and the script finished.

NEW YORK

JUNE 8. Went to see *Camelot* and Richard Burton. I thought him dynamic and forceful—a perfect Mark Antony as J.L.M. conceives him. After the show I visited Burton in his dressing room. He was surrounded by fans, autograph seekers and well-wishers. A young blonde named Pat remained behind after the others had left, and Burton asked if she could join us at "21."

JUNE 30. We are to shoot *all* of *Cleopatra* in Italy! Most of the stage space in this country is taken up with TV. What's left is needed for George Stevens' *Greatest Story Ever Told*, so it was suddenly decided to get us off the lot.

Called Liz to tell her the news, and she didn't seem too happy. She is worried about getting a place to live in Rome. Eddie not enthusiastic either. He has many deals here, and is worried about Liz being so far away from her doctors.

AUGUST 4. Eddie insists that Elizabeth's personal physician, Dr. Rex Kennamer, go to Rome with them—at company expense. Dr. Kennamer's fee is $25,000 plus expenses for the six weeks he will be in Rome.

AUGUST 16. Unable to make a deal with Trevor Howard as Caesar. I called J.L.M. in Rome and we agreed on Rex Harrison. We are going after him.

ROME

AUGUST 28. Talked with a real-estate man about a villa for the Fishers. Not every palazzo owner is anxious to rent to the Fishers, because they have too many animals and too many children.

SEPTEMBER 1. Liz and Eddie arrived in Rome today with Dr. Kennamer. We had to set squadrons of police to protect Liz from the *paparazzi*—Rome's jackal-like photographers, who are the most aggressive in the world. The Fishers and the doctor went off immediately for a cruise on producer Sam Spiegel's yacht.

SEPTEMBER 2. Skouras arrived today, looked tired. Apparently the bankers are getting very tough with him. They have canceled the Stevens picture, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, without asking Skouras's opinion. I think he came to Rome to get away from them.

Before we got to Rome a deal had been made with Prince Borghese to rent his private beach at Anzio for $150,000. After we started to build the Alexandria set there we found the beach was the one where Allied troops had landed. It was still mined! The adjoining beach is the NATO firing range, which means we can't work when the big guns are blasting.

SEPTEMBER 6. The clamor here is incredible. We are getting requests from all over the world from correspondents who want to interview Liz or see the sets being constructed. At head of public relations is Giulio Ascarelli, an Italian-born American citizen, who knows all the press in Rome, Paris and London.

SEPTEMBER 7. Finally got a chance to look over Cinecittà. Although we are not the only company shooting there, we have certainly brought a circus flavor to the lot and to Rome.

In one area an army of Italian men is being drilled to fight mighty land battles. An hour away at Anzio, ships are being constructed for the naval engagement at Actium, and Cleo's royal barge is being fitted with purple sails.

And in Rome, half a mile from the real Forum, we are constructing a movie Forum larger than the original, where Caesar will welcome Cleopatra.

For months past our dance director, Hermes Pan, has been rehearsing hundreds of dancing girls for the big procession scene when Cleopatra enters Rome. A Negro ballet is on one of the sound stages rehearsing; athletes are practicing pole vaulting and swordplay on the athletic field, with archers shooting nearby; the charioteers—mostly stunt men who worked in *Ben-Hur*—are working on one of the outdoor sets.

SEPTEMBER 11. Negotiations finally concluded for Rex Harrison to play Caesar, at $10,000 a week plus expenses, a car and driver, and costar billing. Roddy McDowall, Hume Cronyn and half a dozen others signed for costarring and feature roles. Actors are arriving from all over the world every day.

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CLEOPATRA

SEPTEMBER 12. The handmaidens and the slave girls are on strike. They claim the costumes they wear in the movie are too skimpy. Franco Magli, the Italian production manager, pointed to the line of Italian male workers, ogling and cheering the girls in the picket line, and said their picketing costumes are skimpier than their movie costumes.

Liz on time for tests today, in fine spirits. But we are having problems with the costumes. Some of them were mysteriously ripped, seams torn, none of them perfect. Rogell has sent to the Coast for Courtney Haslem, the studio wardrobe chief, to come here and reorganize the costume situation. Good idea, since we have 20,000 costumes.

SEPTEMBER 13. Liz was on set before 10 A.M. An entire building had been converted for her use as a dressing-room suite. It includes an office for Eddie, a salon, a special room for her wigs, a dressing room and a makeup room with bath and shower. When Liz saw it, she said, "Isn't this a bit much?"

SEPTEMBER 14. Johnny Johnston has come up with a $14 million budget and a report that Skouras is "upset." Skouras says it shouldn't exceed $8 million. J.L.M. has told Skouras that we already are committed to more than $10 million.

SEPTEMBER 22. Liz and Eddie finally found a place to live, the Villa Papa, about seven minutes from the studio. The rent is $3,000 a month. It's a comfortable place, standing in eight acres of parklike grounds with beautiful pools and huge trees. The villa, California ranch style, has seven bedrooms, six bathrooms, a huge living room, a smaller salon and a well-appointed dining room.

The villa is ideal because the children can have one part of it to themselves. The animals—a St. Bernard, a collie, three small terriers and two Siamese cats—have the run of the place.

SEPTEMBER 23. Now it's elephant and horse trouble. The horses won't work with our elephants in the big procession. We hired the elephants from a relative of Magli, our Italian production manager. The elephants won't do what they're supposed to do, and I'm sure one of the beasts is mad. He started to pull up some stakes, and Cinecittà has told us to get the elephants out. We are dealing in England for more cooperative elephants.

SEPTEMBER 24. The first scene of the movie, to be shot tomorrow, is of Cleopatra going to the temple to pray to the goddess Isis. J.L.M. and I visited the set today, and the statue of Isis looks comic rather than imposing. We have a crew working all night remodeling it.

J.L.M. is writing in longhand every day, to get the script as near right as possible. We are waiting for the costumes to be completed and fitted. Of the 60 sets needed only one is ready. Every day that we are not before the cameras costs us $67,000 in overhead. So tomorrow—ready or not—we start the picture.

SEPTEMBER 25. Today, after years of work and headaches, we shot the first scene of *Cleopatra*, barring the early work in England, which has been junked.

SEPTEMBER 28. Elizabeth is truly queen of Rome.

Shooting stopped at 5:30 today so she could go home to dress for an appearance tonight at the Sistine Theater. She is to be awarded the *Maschera d'Argento* (Silver Mask) for her performance in *Suddenly Last Summer*. The award is the Italian equivalent of an Oscar.

Liz was wearing a silver evening gown with a neckline that plunged to the waist. The mob went wild when they saw her enter the theater. When she went on stage it took about 40 policemen to restrain the *paparazzi*.

After the ceremonies the photographers literally fought with the police to get pictures, while a mob of 2,000 screaming Italians overwhelmed Liz and Eddie. Eddie pushed Liz into a car that was parked at the curb and locked the door. When their own car came up the police made a passageway for them.

SEPTEMBER 29. Doctors and elephants.

Dr. Kennamer left for home amid reports in the Italian press—which I don't believe—that he had argued with Liz. She and Eddie gave him a beautiful gold wristwatch, engraved affectionately.

Circus owner Ennio Togni—uncle of our production man, Magli—is suing us for $100,000 because we supposedly broke his contract for supplying us with elephants. He is also claiming we slandered his pachyderms when we called them wild.

OCTOBER 1. Raining. If the rainy season is starting, we are in real trouble. Burton's wife, Sybil, has arrived with his children and brother and taken a villa. Nice family.

OCTOBER 12. Weather beautiful. Rehearsed for the procession, one of the most spectacular scenes ever to be filmed. J.L.M. is writing under pressure and can't find time to cut the script, so he is shooting a little long and will cut later.

OCTOBER 14. Big party at the Grand Hotel given by the Kirk Douglases with Liz and Eddie to celebrate the first anniversary of *Spartacus*. Richard Burton sat next to Liz.

Liz wore a clinging white gown with an ostrich-feather fringe which touched the floor. While doing a rumba with J.L.M. she stepped on some matches, which ignited. The feathers started to catch fire. One of the Italian musicians leaped off the bandstand and put out the fire with his bare hands, preventing a disaster.

OCTOBER 16. Good weather. Started the procession scene, which requires weeks to prepare and film. It calls for almost 6,000 extras, plus animals ranging from horses to painted elephants.

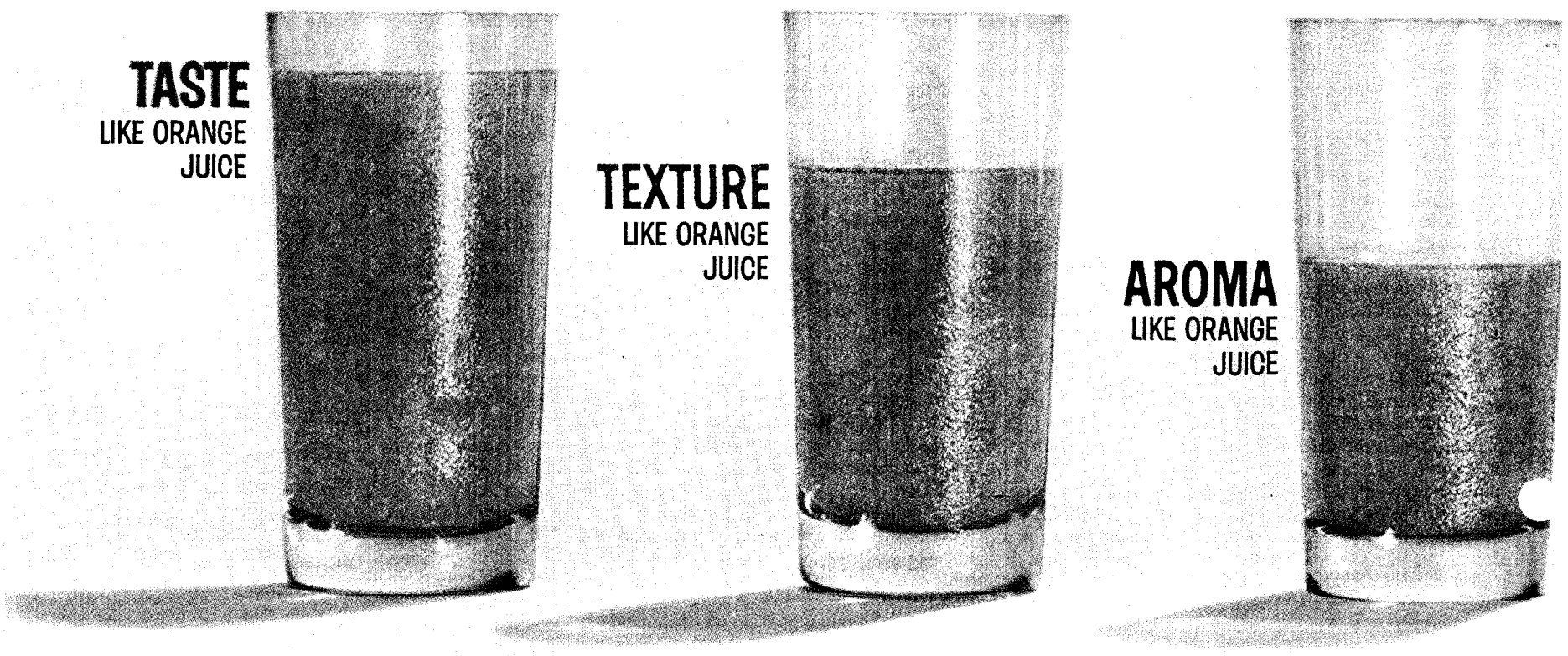
The Italian extras are enthusiastic and well organized. They are paid $10 a day and work under group leaders. By phoning a few leaders we can summon an army of extras on short notice. On the set, when they are required for a scene, a group leader holds up a large wooden stick with an identifying letter, and his extras fall in like well-trained soldiers.

Hungarian restaurant party given by Liz's agent, Kurt Frings.

Tony Martin, visiting Rome, started to sing with Eddie during dinner. The whole restaurant applauded so they went from table to table with a plate collecting tips for the waiters. They were very cute about it. Everyone enjoyed the party.

OCTOBER 19. Rain, rain, rain. No shooting. J.L.M. has finished first half of the script. It's 197 pages, and I'm excited by what I've read. It's not the budget that counts on a picture like this—it's what people see and hear on the screen.

ANNOUNCING—a delightful new



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OCTOBER 23. I sometimes feel as though I am living in a scene from *The Snake Pit*. Every time I turn around there are grinning, leering, shouting photographers—the *paparazzi*. They are like the cats of Rome, hiding on rafters, hiding under beds. Sometimes the trees surrounding Elizabeth's swimming pool are alive with photographers with long-lens cameras. Before she moved into the villa here her servants were screened but I suspect that half of them are working for magazines or newspapers.

Bitter because they are not getting the shots they want, the *paparazzi* report that Eddie is a slave to the whims of "Cleopatra," that he waits on her like a handmaiden, is her chauffeur and servant.

The American reporters who have visited us have not been much better. They all seek an "angle"—anything detrimental to the picture fits that category. Our problem is not getting people to write about us. It's getting people to leave us alone.

OCTOBER 24. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton started their scenes together, and they look great.

OCTOBER 26. The new elephants imported from Britain are jolly fellows.

Liz and Eddie on the set to watch Burton in a complicated scene in which he lifts a girl off one elephant, kisses her and puts her on another while the mob cheers.

NOVEMBER 4. Yesterday Pete Levathes, in charge of the Hollywood studio, cabled J.L.M. to say he was flipping over the rushes; they were marvelous. Today he called me from Hollywood to complain about the operation costs. We are drawing about $500,000 a week.

NOVEMBER 7. Rain. Everyone says that this is the worst weather in Rome in a century—the same story we heard in England!

NOVEMBER 11. Here is our current budget, not including overhead. I doubt we can stay inside it.

Scenario	93,285	11
Director	608,007	30
Producer & assts.	183,879	47
Producer & director's sectys.	27,233	94
Cast	2,622,700	00
Scen., Dir., Cast:	3,535,105	82
Music	88,160	00
Re-recording	68,400	00
Titles, inserts, fades	50,000	00
Projectionists	2,253	50
Editorial	78,418	31
	287,271	81
Art costs	206,274	60
Set costs	2,981,992	00
Lighting platforms	29,052	00
Striking costs	273,582	00
Miniatures	400,000	00
Spec. photographic effects	44,065	68
Dance director & staff	60,550	00
Staff	321,266	77
Extras	1,324,537	32
Standby labor & material	161,481	11
Camera	140,544	64
Sound	56,706	65
Electrical	396,051	79
Mechanical effects	135,823	00
Set dressing	527,532	84
Animals and action props	417,600	00
Women's wardrobe/men's wardrobe	1,211,900	00
Make-up & hairdressing	138,771	07
Film & lab. work	250,000	00
Stills	47,600	00
Transportation: cars, trucks	241,200	00
Talent tests	2,894	97
Insur., tax, fringe benefits	506,233	04
Location expense	510,317	85
Miscellaneous	870,033	25
Stage rentals	136,000	00
Total	$15,223,348	22

Upon adding it, I find the total incorrect. The fact that the budget does not add up is another indication of how great the confusion is.

NOVEMBER 16. Skouras and Levathes burst on the scene.

They say the limit now is $12,500,000 without overhead. I pointed out that we had already spent that much, but they seem to get comfort from listening to themselves.

Rogell has been made "head of the studio," a title Skouras bestows on anyone and everyone. Later Skouras saw J.L.M. and said, "You're in charge. You can do anything you want to do." Then he told me I was in charge.

NOVEMBER 20. To Liz and Eddie's villa for a dinner party with Skouras, Levathes and J.L.M. Liz was able to say things to Skouras that no one else dared to. Tonight she shocked him by saying, "What do you care how much *Cleopatra* costs? Fox pictures have been lousy. At least this one will be great—though expensive." He took Elizabeth's barbs and jests in what passed for good humor.

NOVEMBER 23. Letter to Spyros Skouras:

When you were here last week you complained about certain unfavorable publicity *Cleopatra* was getting. I wish to reiterate that most of this publicity comes from the Hollywood columnists that we finance to come over and who then write destructively about the film.

I have repeatedly asked that we stop sending these people over, and the only answer that I get is that another such writer is arriving November 29 at our expense. In view of our attempting to curtail expenses, it seems to me that when we are getting so much good publicity we should cease spending money to get bad publicity.

With best wishes, as always,

Walter

DECEMBER 7. Rex Harrison has been in England a few days. Returning, he found that Sid Rogell, who is active in cutting costs, had changed his dressing-room trailer and refused to pay for his limousine on the grounds that the car company jacked up the mileage. Rex's chauffeur refused to work because he hadn't been paid. Rex then called Rogell and insisted we all have a meeting in his dressing room on top of one of the sound stages.

Rex started the interview off by establishing that he was a star and Sid a production man. He said, "I treat my servants very well, and you're my servant."

After that promising start he went on to give Sid the worst lacing I have ever heard, finally stating that he wouldn't report for work until his car and trailer were back and his chauffeur paid. Rex ended by pointing his finger imperiously at Sid and saying, "You are now dismissed."

As we left the dressing room Sid said he had never before taken so much from anyone, but he admitted Rex had a point. So he arranged to return the car and trailer and pay the chauffeur.

DECEMBER 13. Eddie Fisher has been attending conferences because he plans to produce Liz's next picture. He is aware of a scene coming up calling for Cleopatra to be massaged by handmaidens and surprised us by suggesting that we shoot the scene with Liz nude. "Do it properly and artistically," he said. Liz was for it too.

J.L.M. arranged for the tightest security precautions on Stage 5, where the scene was to be filmed in Cleopatra's bath—an elaborate square of marble with statuary spouting water, and beautiful foliage. Heaters were placed all around so Liz would not be cold.

breakfast drink

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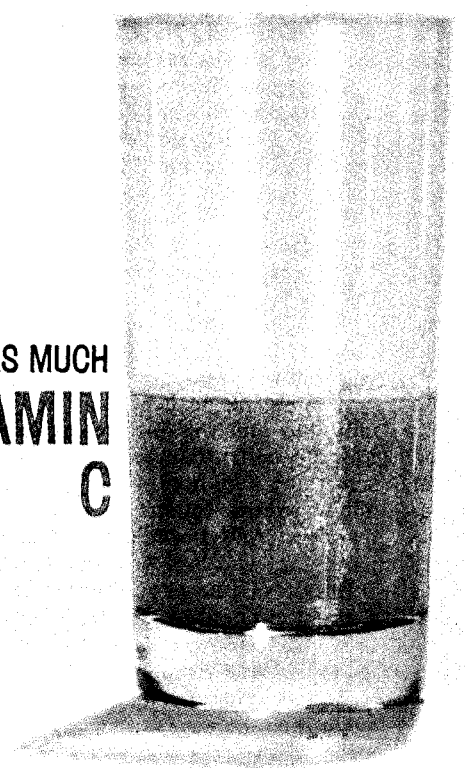

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Spyros Skouras, then president of 20th Century-Fox, chats with Liz in Rome.

WANGER: "IT IS MY BELIEF THAT LIZ

CLEOPATRA

Only the necessary crew of about 10 or 12 was allowed on the set. No visitors were allowed other than Eddie and Roddy McDowall, a close friend of Elizabeth's, who had permission to take still photographs. The only members of the cast on stage were the handmaidens who were to do the massaging.

I left when Liz came on the set in a robe, after arranging with our own still photographer to turn his negatives directly over to me. That way I would have control of the pictures so there would be no leaks to the press.

DECEMBER 15. Saw the stills of Liz in the nude, and they were as artistic as we hoped they would be. J.L.M. felt the scene came off beautifully. I gave our negatives to Eddie.

DECEMBER 19. Larry Rice, one of our chief accountants in Hollywood, arrived today to coordinate figures and estimate our budget. At least he is realistic: He figures $24 million with overhead, with no second unit and without certain locations.

DECEMBER 21. Liz is having trouble with her leg, which frightens me. She has phlebitis—an inflammation of the veins—and the doctor told me it would be dangerous if a blood clot formed.

NEW YORK

DECEMBER 23. Liz better. I'm here for Christmas. Gave a story to *Variety* and United Press International that Cleopatra will be great and gross $100 million.

DECEMBER 24. Talked with Skouras, who said there was great skepticism about my figure of $100 million.

ROME

DECEMBER 28. Went to the studio to see rushes, which were excellent. We are getting superb scenes between Liz and Rex.

DECEMBER 31. New Year's Eve. Went to a party at the Burtons', where Liz and Eddie were the guests of honor. "We spent Christmas at the villa with the children," Liz said. "It was the best I've ever had."

1962

JANUARY 5. The boy we originally cast for the role of Caesarion, Cleopatra's son by Caesar, was the son of the UPI correspondent in Rome. By the time we got around to shooting him he had grown so that alongside Elizabeth he looked like Jack Dempsey. There won't be time enough to send a boy from California, so we are looking over Italian children.

JANUARY 10. Liz ill. No shooting. Peter Levathes, who was the white hope of the Fox minority group, told me on Monday that at a board meeting in New York on Thursday he was going to be made executive vice-president of the company. At that time, he was vice-president in charge of studio operations and riding high because he had so many television programs in progress.

On Wednesday, however, he received word that all of the television shows of 20th Century-Fox had been canceled. At the board meeting he was bypassed for the new job. Skouras is still in the saddle.

Leon Shamroy, our cameraman, wants to quit. He sees no future in this production, which is constantly beset by problems. The fact is, his wife had a death in her family and had to return to the U.S., so he is lonely. This is a real problem because Leon is a key figure. I talked to him and believe I have calmed him.

JANUARY 15. Liz announced today that she and Eddie have adopted a one-year-old German orphan girl named Maria. The baby has a hip deformity. When it was discovered, friends of Elizabeth's urged her to return the child. She refused.

"She is my child," Liz said. "I want her all the more because she's ill. Maybe I can do something to help." Maria has entered a Munich clinic for the first of a series of difficult, costly operations.

It is my belief that Liz sees herself as a mother-goddess figure. Part of her function, in her mind, is to bear a child by the man she loves. Since she has had three children by Cesarean operation, it is dangerous for her to have another. So the adoption of Maria was terribly important to her and Eddie.

Elizabeth's own children, Michael, Christopher and Lisa, are with her almost constantly. Immediately after leaving the set at 6 P.M. every day she rushes home for dinner with them.

Although Elizabeth is an indulgent mother, she is very strict with her children, and they are extremely well-behaved. Whenever one of the children is sick Elizabeth spends all her time between scenes telephoning the house. At times she has stayed at home to look after the child.

9 P.M. Giulio Ascarelli called to say Louella Parsons has a front-page story in Los Angeles that Eddie and Liz are going to get a divorce. Louella didn't quote any specific source, but said she had it on good authority—the Roman press. The papers here are now printing the story, using Louella as their source. I know nothing about it. We issued a denial.

JANUARY 22. Liz and Richard Burton played their first scene together.

There comes a time during a movie when the actors become the characters they play. This merger of real personality into the personality of the role has to take place if a performance is to be truly effective. That happened today.

The scene was written by J.L.M. to alert the audience that Cleopatra and Mark Antony were attracted to each other, although they had little to say—the scene was Caesar's. The stage is thus set for the second half of the movie.

In the scene all the Roman senators are called by Caesar to a meeting in Cleopatra's villa in Rome. The senators are angry about having to meet there, but they obey Caesar's command. For the first time Mark Antony is seen not as a warrior and friend of Caesar's but as the young man who will one day take over Caesar's empire and his woman.

While other sections of the scene were being filmed I noticed Liz and Richard Burton sitting together on the sidelines, talking. Liz was radiant and elegant in a simple, yellow silk gown. Burton was wearing a Roman toga that made him look handsome, arrogant and vigorous.

When they were called they separated for a moment, then met on set in their proper places. The cameras turned. It was quiet, and you could almost feel the electricity between Liz and Burton.

JANUARY 23. Ascarelli tells me the *paparazzi* have been following Liz and Burton and claim that they meet secretly; that there is trouble between Liz and Eddie, and that Burton is the cause.

JANUARY 25. Rumors about Liz and Burton are fast becoming the talk of Rome, but I've seen nothing that confirms them in any way. Liz and Eddie seem as affectionate as ever. There are always rumors of this sort on a Richard Burton picture.

JANUARY 26. J.L.M. asked me to come to his room. "I have been sitting on a volcano all alone for too long, and I want to give you some facts you ought to know," he said. "Liz and Burton are not just *playing* Antony and Cleopatra!"

J.L.M. is close to Liz and Burton. He works with them all day, and between scenes they sit and talk with him, so I knew he was not merely repeating the gossip that has been buzzing around the Via Veneto.

I was extremely concerned. Elizabeth is the pivot on which the entire film balances. As the producer, I don't want her involved in any emotional crisis, large or small.

JANUARY 28. Eddie Fisher called to cancel lunch because he was going to take his children out for the day. He sounded relaxed and happy. He seems unaware of the rumors.

JANUARY 29. Eddie telephoned to say he is canceling his plans to go to New York for recording dates. I didn't even know he had intended to go, nor did he give any reason for the last-minute change. I didn't mention the rumors about Liz and Burton, nor did he. I suspect he hopes the situation will evaporate.

JANUARY 30. Liz told me at lunch that Eddie has changed his mind again and is going to New York. Since she is not needed here for a few days, she is going to take a short holiday in Europe.

FEBRUARY 1. Eddie Fisher on the phone three or four times. He said he had heard rumors but he can't believe them. Liz is as sweet and devoted as always. He doesn't know whether to stand by or go to New York as planned. He loves the children and doesn't want anything to happen to his marriage.

FEBRUARY 2. I don't know what to believe. Someone told me Liz was at Burton's villa. I phoned there, then discovered Liz was at home packing for a weekend with Eddie in Paris.

FEBRUARY 3. Liz and Eddie to Paris for the weekend. Burton to Naples with his brother, leaving his wife Sybil here.

FEBRUARY 5. Phoned Liz and Eddie in Paris. Told them to stay another day as we are not ready for her yet.

Ascarelli, our public-relations man, says he needs a statement or a denial about Liz and Burton because the press is driving him crazy. I told him the rumors were unfounded. There is no romance, therefore nothing to deny.

Then I asked Burton to see me. "What's up?" he asked. "Am I fired, chief?"

"No," I said, "I don't want to rock the boat. You're great in the part. But what makes you think I want you off the picture?"

"Because of the rumors," he said. "They are just as embarrassing to me as they are to you. I'm a selfish man. I don't want anything to interfere with my acting career. I'm happy with Sybil, who I know will help me in my career.

"I'm an independent man, and I can afford to quit this picture tomorrow—I'll do it rather than become involved in something I'm not proud of. I won't allow anything to hurt my career or my marriage. And I won't do anything to harm Liz, who is a wonderful person."

Burton said he was so concerned over the rumors about Liz and himself that he drove to Naples with his older brother, who is his best friend, to talk things over.

We talked for an hour and a half. Once again I felt the man's tremendous charm and sincerity—the qualities which make him a star.

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LOOKS UPON HERSELF AS A MOTHER-GODDESS FIGURE."

Unlike many matinee idols today, Burton combines the best qualities of the physical man and the thinking man. At 36 he is a solid citizen, independently wealthy, thanks to wise investments, including part ownership of a Swiss bank. He takes his career, and, by his own code, his family responsibilities, very seriously.

He is very worldly, well informed and well read. He can recite poetry from Dylan Thomas to Keats by the hour. In addition he is a rugged male. Unlike some actors, who appeal to the mother instinct in women, Burton typifies the ideal lover, with the same kind of appeal that made Clark Gable a big masculine star. He does not hesitate to put women in their place. On the other hand he can turn on an avalanche of charm.

He has no illusions about his own characteristics. "We Welsh are a strange people," he told me once. "That's how the word 'welshing' came into being."

I suddenly realized what there was about Burton that appealed to Liz. There are not many men like him around. Liz, who had known Burton as a friend for many years, met him again when she was tired and confused after her near-brush with death in London and after the boredom of her convalescence in California. She was, I think, at a crossroads in her life: She had to choose between two very different men. For some years Liz had little enthusiasm for continuing her acting career; but Eddie presented a picture of an attractive business partnership in which she would act and produce. On the other hand, Burton offered Liz the possibility of broadening her artistic horizons.

Burton versus Fisher

Burton is a serious artist whose ability is widely recognized. When he talks about the theater and art, Liz—despite her Oscar—is the student. With Eddie she is the teacher. Eddie is boyish and enthusiastic, whereas Burton is the epitome of the European male, sophisticated, self-assured and forceful in his opinions.

I have a great affection for Eddie. I like his enormous enthusiasm and his ambitions for himself and Liz. But I guess Liz recognizes that her marriage to Eddie lacks the excitement of her union with Mike Todd.

My interview with Burton ended on a serious note: We agreed that his quitting the picture would not solve anything. The only solution was avoiding any basis for the rumors. We parted, Burton saying he was going to see Liz at her villa.

FEBRUARY 7. Jack Brodsky, our American publicity chief, told me he can't go into any café along the Via Veneto without Crushenko, chief of the *paparazzi*, sliding up to him and saying, "Mr. Brodsky, just give me one negative of Burton and Miss Taylor and I'll give you 100,000 lire ($160). It doesn't have to be salacious as long as I can say it's a shot that was stolen from the picture."

FEBRUARY 10. Arrived on set at 9:45 and found Liz in tears because she wasn't awakened on time for a call this morning. An oversight by someone at her villa.

J.L.M. was very sympathetic and gentle. Everything was serene on set. Liz and Burton seemed to have come to some sort of understanding.

FEBRUARY 12. Liz did the big scene in front of Alexander's tomb in which Cleopatra tells Caesar she is going to have his baby. Eddie told me proudly that he and Liz studied the part together all day yesterday. Everything seems fine between them. Eddie said he is going to Switzerland to see the house he and Liz bought at Gstaad, a plush Alpine resort.

FEBRUARY 14. This morning Liz was on set, charming and cooperative as usual. But this afternoon she seemed upset. I asked J.L.M. if he knew what was troubling her. He said he had heard Eddie had phoned Sybil Burton before taking off for Switzerland. Later in the afternoon J.L.M. had two telephone calls from Eddie, who is in Florence. Then he talked with Sybil Burton, who has suddenly announced she is going to the U.S.

FEBRUARY 16. Everyone is concerned about the gossip which is the talk of Rome. All sorts of fantastic stories about Liz and Burton have been appearing in the local newspapers, most of them libelous even under Roman law, which is easygoing. I asked Burton what we could do about the stories. "I'll put an end to the gossip," he promised.

8 P.M. Dick Hanley, Elizabeth's secretary, called me after dinner to say Liz will be unable to work tomorrow.

FEBRUARY 17. How the press can blow up a minor episode into a front-page story! This morning's papers said Liz tried to break through a glass door in her villa last night and had to be restrained. When I talked to J.L.M. he said he didn't believe it but perhaps we should go out to the villa.

We arrived at the house at 11:30 and were told that Liz was in her bedroom being treated by a physician. Hanley said she was fine, but tired, and suggested lunch. It was a ghastly meal of beer, bully beef and piccalilli.

While we were having coffee Liz came downstairs looking pale but lovely in a long, gray-blue Dior nightgown with short sleeves. The papers had been wrong again. Liz went into the living room for a short talk with J.L.M., who soon came out and said he was going back to the hotel to write. I stayed to talk with Liz.

For the next few hours, I sat and listened to Liz. She was perfectly calm and reasonable, but she was upset about her life and future. She said, "I feel dreadful. Sybil is such a wonderful woman."

I said something corny about the tides of life and how hard it is to swim against them. "Funny you should say that," said Elizabeth. "Richard calls me Ocean."

Elizabeth said she hated all the trouble. . . . Mike Todd was the great love of her life. . . . She really loves Eddie, but now she is confused.

I had no time to evaluate what she said. I realized only that this personal situation could have a disastrous effect on the progress of our film. I tried to comfort Liz by saying how much we all love her—there isn't anything we wouldn't do for her. "You'll get everything you want," I assured her.

Chances are I was boring her with my square lectures when she really wanted to be left alone. About 5 P.M. she said she needed rest. She went upstairs to her bedroom, and I went into the salon to talk with the group there, including Dick Hanley, Roddy McDowall and hairdresser Vivian Zavits.

After a few minutes someone suggested I go upstairs to see how Liz was feeling. She was in bed looking sleepy and said she had taken some sleeping pills.

I suggested Liz have something to eat before going to sleep and went downstairs to get some food. Zavits brought sandwiches and milk upstairs with me. She looked at Liz, who had fallen asleep, and said, "She's taken pills."

The next thing I knew, someone in the house suddenly panicked and sent for an ambulance. This must have tipped off one of the spies on the household staff, because the *paparazzi* were waiting in full force when the ambulance screamed to a stop at the Salvator Mundi Hospital.

It was such a minor incident, however, that I went back to my hotel to await a call from the doctor. He soon telephoned to say there was nothing wrong with Liz.

Meanwhile the story went out that Liz had attempted suicide. My telephone rang all night with press people calling from all over the world. I told them the story was ridiculous. I gave out a story that the bully beef we had for lunch had upset me and it must have upset Liz too.

FEBRUARY 18. Eddie, who had stopped in Milan with car trouble, telephoned the villa and found Liz was in the hospital. He called me and said he was returning to Rome instantly by plane. His return gave the press more ammunition.

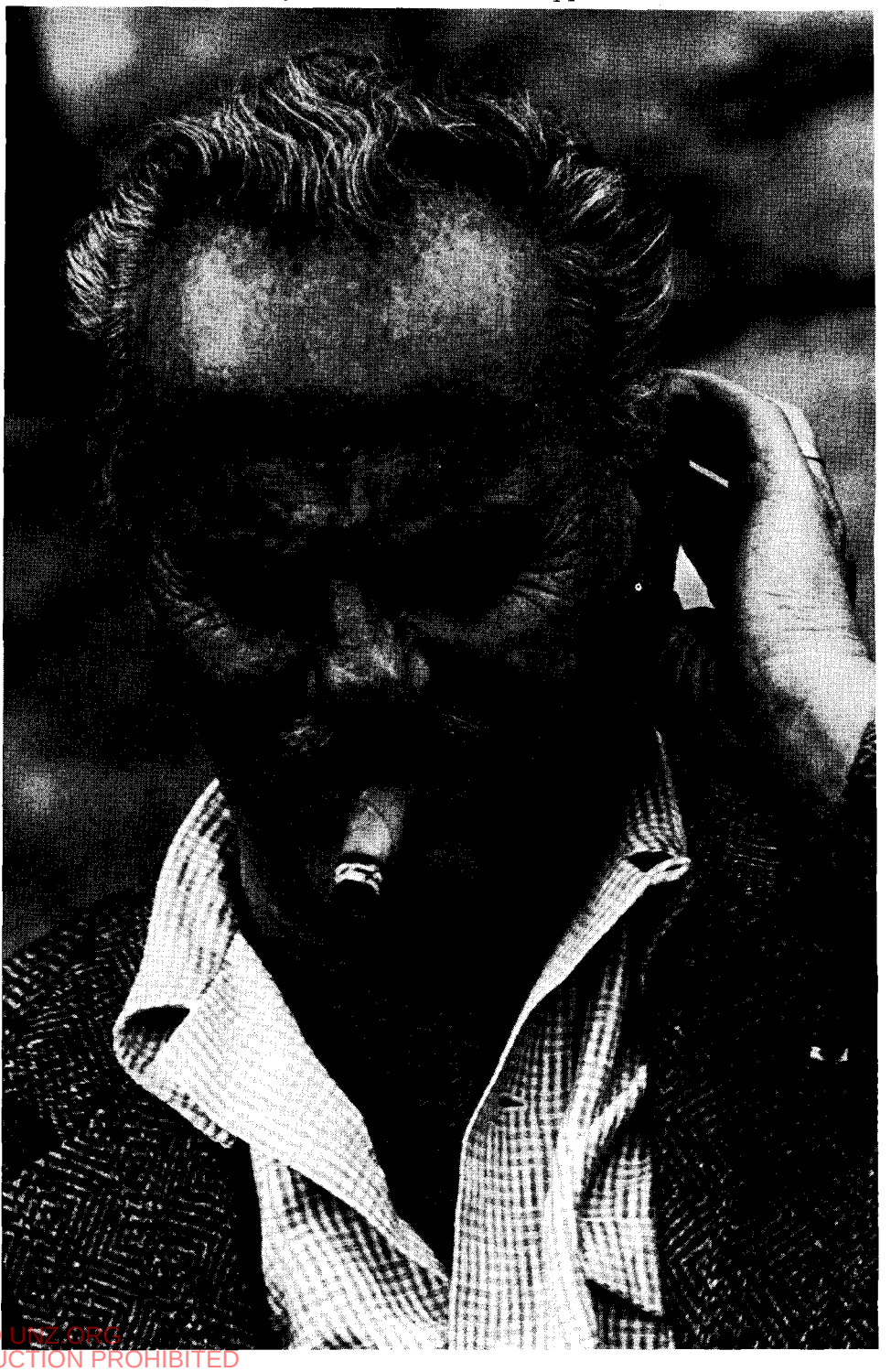
I telephoned Liz, who was delighted that Eddie was coming to the hospital, though she insisted she was feeling fine and had only taken a few Seconals.

10:15. Picked up Eddie at the airport. He was with Bob Abrams, his close friend, ex-Army buddy and business associate, and Milton Blackstone, his manager. We drove to Abrams's apartment. Eddie called the hospital. He was told Liz was fine but Dr. Pennington had left orders no one was to see her.

Burton telephoned from Paris to say he was returning to Rome. I told him to stay away from the hospital as I did not want to give the press anything further to build up a story.

FEBRUARY 19. Eddie Fisher called Liz, who wants him to take her from the hospital. Meanwhile Burton flew in from

Darryl Zanuck, biggest single shareholder in Fox, stepped into Skouras's seat.



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Paris. He was met at the airport by his press agent, Chris Hoffa, who said the Roman press wanted a statement.

Our own publicity people had refused to give out a statement or denial, because that would enable the world press to write a story: "Richard Burton (or Liz Taylor or Eddie Fisher) today denied that . . ." and then go on to recount the gossip. If the press just ran the rumors they could be sued for libel, which is why there has been no big story to date.

Without consulting us, however, Burton and Hoffa worked out a statement:

"For the past several days uncontrolled rumors have been growing about Elizabeth and myself. Statements attributed to me have been distorted out of proportion, and a series of coincidences has lent plausability to a situation which has become damaging to Elizabeth.

"Mr. Fisher, who has business interests of his own, merely went out of town to attend to them for a few days.

"My foster father, Philip Burton, has been quite ill in New York, and my wife, Sybil, flew there to be with him, since my schedule does not permit me to be there. He is very dear to both of us.

"Elizabeth and I have been close friends for over twelve years. I have known her since she was a child star and would certainly never do anything to hurt her personally or professionally. In answer to these rumors my normal inclination would be simply to say, 'No comment,' but I feel that in this case things should be explained to protect Elizabeth."

We tried to get Burton to deny that he had made this vague, even damaging statement. He did so, but it was too late. It was the first real news peg the press had to print the rumors, and they took full advantage of it.

Then Burton's press agent said Burton *had* issued the statement despite the denial, which added more fuel to the fire.

FEBRUARY 20. The romance is a front-page story all over the world. Reporters are flocking like vultures to Rome from all over the continent.

Burton on set—very gay, cocky, with a glass of beer in hand. We talked for a few moments, and I realized a strange thing has happened to this canny Welshman. When he came to this picture some months ago he was a well-known star, but not famous; his salary was good but not huge. Suddenly his name has become a household word. When he went to Paris last weekend he was greeted by a horde of journalists. He was followed constantly. Everyone wanted to interview him. On his return here he was greeted by the press again. His salary for his next movie has skyrocketed. The romance has changed his life, but I don't think he realizes how deeply involved he is.

FEBRUARY 21. Liz sent word to me that she will not work until she meets with Burton at one o'clock today. She wants to reach an understanding before they meet on set.

Pat, the blonde I met with Burton in New York, suddenly showed up on the set today. Another complication.

After lunch Liz came on set saying she was not feeling well. "My heart feels as though it is hemorrhaging," she told me—a medically inaccurate but descriptive phrase.

FEBRUARY 22. When I returned home from the studio today I found that Eddie had been calling me frantically. "Liz has palpitations of the heart," he said. Just nerves, I'm sure—as in London.

FEBRUARY 23. Our offices in New York and Hollywood are hysterical over the publicity the "romance" has been getting. They refer to it as a "cancer" and say it will destroy us all.

I have more to worry about than the "romance." Our company on location is like an invading army. We disturb the Roman economy by hiring so many artisans and extras. We monopolize the Roman press because of the excitement generated by our picture. We are lionized by sophisticated Roman society because we have the glamour of Hollywood and big money. The top goal of a visit by a V.I.P. is no longer an audience with the Pope—it is an invitation to visit our set.

But the problem of keeping up morale concerns me. Some of our crew came to Rome from the studio in Hollywood with only a few days' notice. They told family and friends they would return in weeks, which proceeded to stretch into months. Babies were being born at home; marriages threatened to go on the rocks; people were homesick and ill. Mail delivery has become as important to us as to troops in the trenches.

And there are the personal problems brought about by the tension of too-close association. Our job, plus the language barrier, keeps us in our own little ghetto. The doors of all the dressing rooms and offices are always open, with people dropping in at any time to relax. The forced intimacy has taken its toll in arguments, gossip and shattered friendships. Tempers have frayed, then snapped. Key people have threatened to quit. I have to spend more and more of my day soothing, cajoling, flattering.

FEBRUARY 25. 9:15 A.M. J.L.M. called. Although it's Sunday he's hard at work. He said Liz and Eddie came to see him last night. They wanted to go to Paris on the 27th to celebrate her birthday.

I said, "Fine," but reminded him we wanted to finish all the shooting involving Liz without delay. With Liz finished on the picture, some of the pressure from Hollywood and New York would be eased. Liz is not insured. If anything happened to her now the company's investment would be lost.

FEBRUARY 26. Liz worked today with Rex in the scene in Antony's quarters. A good day's work—five and three quarter pages of script—which is remarkable considering that filming two pages in a day is good progress. J.L.M. is in bad shape, though, overloaded with work.

FEBRUARY 27. This is the day for birthdays: my wife (Joan Bennett), Liz, J.L.M.'s sister Erne Stenbuck and my step-daughter Melinda.

8:30 P.M. Picked up Kurt and Ketti Frings to go to Eddie's birthday party for Liz—she is 30 today. The party was in the Borgia Room of the Hostaria del' Orso, the most famous night spot in Rome. Eddie obviously planned it to show the world everything was all right between him and Liz. His gifts to her were a large diamond ring and an antique mirror. There were music and dancing, and Elizabeth tried to keep the party moving. Th champagne flowed.

FEBRUARY 28. Now the Italian newspapers report Roddy McDowall is having a romance with Sybil Burton. Such utter nonsense!

Writer Randy MacDougal flew in from Hollywood to help J.L.M. with the continuity of the script. J.L.M. delighted. I

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left them together at the art department, looking over drawings of the battles of Moongate and Actium, which have yet to be written.

Ran two hours and 18 minutes of *Cleopatra* film with Randy. What is on the screen makes all the heartache and tension and anxiety worthwhile. Burton, Liz and Rex Harrison are magnificent. No matter what her personal problems, once Liz gets before a camera she's a disciplined and professional actress.

MARCH 1. St. David's Day, the great Welsh holiday. Burton, who had been out all night pub-crawling and celebrating, arrived on set at seven A.M. and promptly went to sleep. We couldn't wake him for his scenes, which caused a delay in shooting. He offered to pay for the delay.

Eddie phoned in to say that Dr. Pennington ordered Liz to stay at home because her legs are swollen and in terrible shape. Phlebitis again.

MARCH 4. Rex Harrison, ill, called for the doctor. The clinic is thriving.

MARCH 5. Today we filmed the bath scene. Cleopatra comes in to see Antony, who is in the bath with three handmaidens pouring water and sponging him down while he banters with them. When Cleopatra enters, the handmaidens take off, and Antony comes out of the bath looking very masculine in a toga. They commence a beautiful love scene.

Liz living the part?

J.L.M.'s dialogue had Cleopatra telling how she will feel if Antony leaves her. "Love can stab the heart," she says. It was hard to tell whether Liz and Burton were reading lines or living the parts.

Burton's friend Pat was sitting on the sidelines staring. I was afraid Liz might get upset. We don't like visitors on the set anyway, so I asked Pat to leave.

MARCH 6. Liz late this morning because of illness. She went right into a continuation of yesterday's love scene, with Burton's Pat on the sidelines again. Yesterday I told Burton's secretary to keep Pat off the set, but to no avail. So I asked her to leave again.

MARCH 8. The papers today had a story that Burton would never marry Liz. He was quoted as saying he has no intention of divorcing Sybil.

The timing was perfect—we were filming the scene in which Cleopatra finds that Antony has deserted her. She enters his bedroom, takes a dagger and rips all his clothes. Then she slashes the draperies. She ends up cutting the bed to ribbons and collapses on it, sobbing.

It was a difficult, strenuous scene, but Liz did it all in only a few takes. She really went wild, lashing out in such frenzy that she banged her hand. We had to send for Dr. Pennington.

MARCH 9. Another heartbreaking day. Elizabeth is in the hospital for X rays of her hand and cannot work until Monday. She was too violent in yesterday's scene.

Eddie Fisher called, upset over a story of Louella Parsons' saying he and Liz will dissolve their marriage as soon as a property settlement is worked out, which is why Kurt Frings is in town. Not true—Kurt is her agent, not her lawyer. The Rome newspapers, using Louella as a source, are headlining the story.

The A.P. bureau in Rome has requests from all over the world for stories on Burton and Taylor. They say it is the biggest story ever handled from here, barring the death of a Pope.

Sid Rogell came back from a session with the accountant with news that the picture will have cost $27 million by July 1.

MARCH 11. Although it had been agreed that there would be no more secret meetings, this morning Skouras, Sid Rogell and Leon Shamroy were in Doc Merman's room instead of mine, where we were all supposed to meet.

J.L.M. was with me when they came down to my room. He sailed into them for meeting without us. Doc Merman and Sid Rogell said they weren't discussing the picture.

"Why do you boys say that?" said Skouras. "You know we were."

Then we were told that minority-stockholder suits were being filed against the company. The minority group was charging negligence—Fox had lost between $60 and $75 million in the past two years, according to rumor, and Skouras was disturbed.

Skouras berated me for insisting on having Burton, who he said is responsible for "all the trouble." I protested that Burton would emerge as a big star when *Cleopatra* was released.

"He will never be a big box-office star!" said Skouras.

I said I would like to put that statement down in my diary, which I did—in Skouras's presence. Someday he'll have to admit he was wrong.

MARCH 12. Skouras is here with Otto Koegel, who has been chief legal counsel for Fox for the past 30 years. We looked at two hours and 40 minutes of the picture. They are wildly enthusiastic and say Burton is superb, as are Liz and Rex. Burton bought us drinks at lunch, and Skouras offered him two more pictures.

MARCH 15. Liz ill with a cold. I bought her some books. Liz reads everything: memoirs, historical novels, plays, the current best sellers—at least one book every two days.

Then I went out to the villa to see how she was feeling. One of the servants directed me to the bedroom—the most beautiful room in the villa, with a white carpet three inches thick. Liz and Eddie were in bed reading, the spread covered with magazines and papers. They seemed happy as two birds in a nest.

I gave Liz a fairly detailed report on the progress of the picture and an idea of the work still to be done. I have always regarded Liz as a partner in the enterprise. She has sound ideas about script and dialogue and a remarkable insight into production problems. It is at meetings like these that I feel close to Liz.

We are both deeply convinced that *Cleopatra* could be great, and we're determined that it *will* be great, regardless of weather, illness or emotional upheavals.

MARCH 19. Eddie Fisher to New York for recording sessions. I think he is ill-advised to leave now.

MARCH 20. Looked at rushes. Was overjoyed with the action and quality. When I went on set to tell J.L.M. of my enthusiasm he said Liz hadn't slept the night before and told him she was not up to working today. Eddie's departure has obviously upset her. I called Dr. Pennington and sent Liz to her dressing room.

At ten tonight Dr. Pennington said that Liz cut her eye on one of the glass spangles used in her eye makeup. He doubts if she can work tomorrow.

MARCH 22. Rex Harrison married Rachel Roberts, a marvelous British actress, in Genoa today. We gave them permission to honeymoon for a few days.

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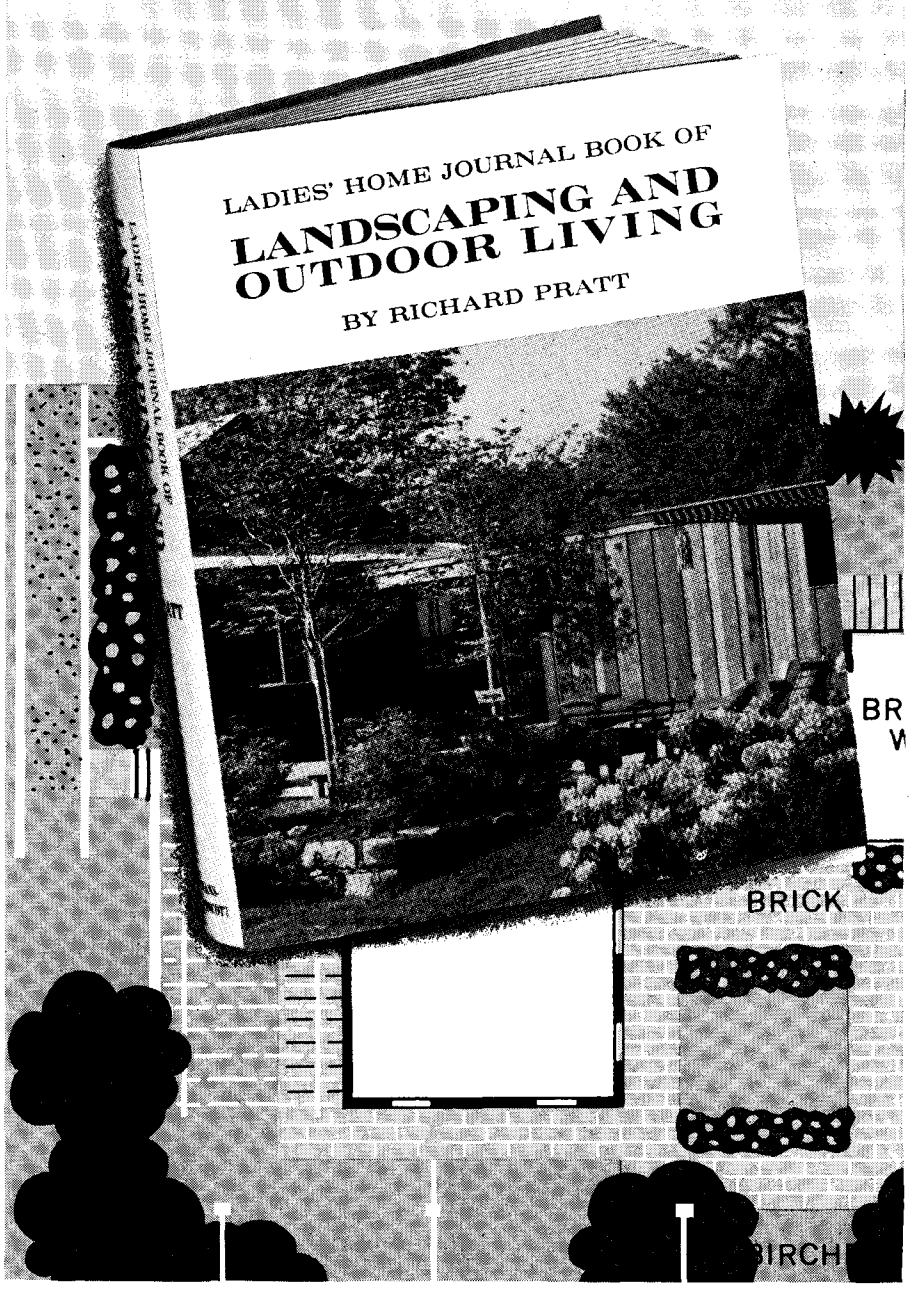

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SHULTON

CLEOPATRA

Since Eddie left three days ago, much of the tension has been relieved. Burton seems to have a good effect on Elizabeth's work. Now she's on set ahead of time and stays around after her scenes are finished. She knows her lines letter-perfect. Most of her scenes are with Burton, and he insists on rehearsals on their own time so that the scenes will play perfectly in front of the camera.

Skouras called to say he plans to send Liz and Burton letters requesting them to be more circumspect in their behavior.

"You're not acting in the best interests of the picture to send such a letter," I told Skouras. Just when I thought I had saved the day, Burton called me. He was furious. He already had Skouras's letter.

I telephoned Otto Koegel, chief legal counsel for Fox, in New York, and told him he had better withdraw the letter to Burton if we wanted the picture finished: "And don't send one to Liz."

MARCH 23. Liz told me if she gets the same letter that Burton received she will quit the picture. "I won't take that kind of nonsense," she said. Happily, the letter was never sent to her.

Hugh French, Burton's agent, had dinner with Burton and Elizabeth. He told me that he wants to make another picture deal for them to work together. He realizes that Burton is now a top personality, thanks to the publicity given the "romance," and he intends to capitalize on it.

MARCH 26. The Milan newsweekly, *Gente*, published a photo of Liz and Burton kissing on the *Cleopatra* set. They were wearing three-quarter-length bathrobes over their costumes. From the fuzziness of the pictures it was obvious that they had been taken by a *paparazzo* with a telephoto lens.

The ingenuity of the *paparazzi* is equalled only by their nerve. They have even invaded our publicity department. One of our employees, who visited sets frequently, always wore her hair in high coiffure. We soon discovered that she had a small camera concealed in her hairdo. Undoubtedly that's how some of the pictures were sneaked.

Today we hired nine plainclothes police to prevent the *paparazzi* from snatching any more candid photos on set; we have probably given one or two *paparazzi* steady jobs.

MARCH 29. Eddie Fisher is reported in the hospital in New York with a nervous breakdown. Liz called the hospital and found he had the flu, but the "breakdown" story is getting a big play, with Burton emerging as "the other man." All the European newspapers are sending photographers and reporters here.

MARCH 30. When the day's shooting was over, Liz and Burton told me they are so annoyed with the *paparazzi* chasing them every minute of the day that tonight they are going out to chase the *paparazzi*.

MARCH 31. Liz and Burton "found" the *paparazzi*. This morning's newspapers are full of pictures of them walking arm-in-arm down the Via Veneto, Elizabeth smiling and chic in a leopard-skin coat and cloche hat. The papers report, "They held hands, danced and kissed many times." There are no pictures of them kissing, however.

Despite their late night they were on set this morning for the Bacchus scene. Liz wears a figure-hugging green gown with a low neckline and a slit skirt. Burton wears a Roman toga. They eat, drink and are merry with a rollicking cast of hundreds of seductive slave girls who dance around them while they gorge themselves on boar's heads, whole sides of beef, jugs of wine and grapes and fruit.

APRIL 2. First warm Sunday of the year. Burton and Liz went on a picnic with Elizabeth's children. The *paparazzi* went along, too, as uninvited guests.

APRIL 3. Without mentioning Elizabeth's name outright a Vatican radio commentator condemned the "caprices of adult children" which he described as "an insult to the nobility of the heart which millions of married couples judge to be a beautiful and holy thing." The Fox offices in New York and Hollywood are wild.

This kind of criticism can hurt the picture as well as Elizabeth, so I went on set to see her about putting out a statement. She said she had been in touch with Louis Nizer, her lawyer in New York. He is to issue a statement saying, "Elizabeth and Eddie Fisher announced that they have mutually agreed to part. Divorce proceedings will be instituted soon."

Perhaps now we can all concentrate on our principal project—finishing a great motion picture.

APRIL 5. Received the script for the battle of Actium and J.L.M.'s scenes for the Throne Room. New York wants us to finish with Elizabeth by May 15 if possible. Every day she works costs us $10,000, and every week she is given $3,000 for expenses.

Doing remarkably well

Up until today we have filmed 802 scenes and 213 pages of script. Considering that we are on location and at the mercy of the miserable weather, we are doing very well. And considering that J.L.M. is writing as he goes along, and directing with a badly coordinated production management, we are doing remarkably well. We have more than half the picture in the can.

APRIL 6. The Italian press front-paged a story quoting the usual anonymous but authoritative source claiming that Burton and Taylor are *not* having an affair. They say J.L.M. is the man in the case. He got Burton, they say, to take Elizabeth out to cover up. Just before Burton began work today he shuffled up to J.L.M., cocked his head to one side and mumbled moronically, "Do I have to go out with her again tonight?"

Brodsky, the publicity chief, came on the set to ask J.L.M. if he had any comment about the story. "Yes," said J.L.M. "Actually, the truth is that Mr. Burton and I are in love—and Miss Taylor is being used as a cover-up."

APRIL 9. Tried to get Elizabeth to issue a statement to deflate the campaign against her, which is mounting rapidly. She said she'd think it over.

APRIL 10. A very good day. Shot Caesar's entrance into Rome—a beautiful segment which came off just as well as we had hoped. Rex was wonderful. The only sour note came from Burton, who doesn't like riding a skittish horse.

Another blast today: the American papers have said that we are employing call girls as extras. Skouras on the telephone in great agitation. We had thousands of extras, and it is possible that a call girl was among them.

Tried again to get Elizabeth to make some kind of statement to counteract the bad press. *Paris Match*, *News of the World*, *France Soir* and many other European papers are attacking her violently.

APRIL 11. This was to be our first day at Torre Astura, but we couldn't get Caesar's galley into the water because of rough seas. We have an Italian admiral and six Italian naval captains commanding our fleet.

APRIL 12. The Vatican City weekly, *Osservatore Della Domenica*, published an open letter from a reader which was an unmistakable attack on Elizabeth. Beginning with sneers at her marriages, it went on to condemn her for adopting a child.

A few hours after the letter appeared, Liz met Richard for dinner in the dining room of the Grand Hotel. She was wearing a tight-bodiced, black-silk ballerina dress and looking radiant as always. She seemed gay and brave. Later in the evening they joined comedian Mike Nichols at a night club, where Liz suddenly broke into tears. Fleeing from the club she was hounded outside by the jackal pack of *paparazzi*.

The pressures on Liz are enormous, and I am amazed by her stamina. The only place where she has any security is on the sound stage, where the crew adores her. She is our star. They resent this invasion of her private life.

APRIL 13. Began filming one of the most dramatic sequences in the movie and one of the most dramatic real-life scenes I have ever witnessed. Again the parallel between the life of Cleopatra and the life of Elizabeth Taylor is incredible.

The sequence, filmed in the Forum, has Cleopatra making her entrance into Rome. She sits with Caesarion on top of a huge black sphinx figure on wheels, drawn by 300 gold-covered slaves. The entrance into Rome was Cleopatra's big gamble: If the Romans accepted her with an ovation she had won Caesar. If they refused to accept her she had lost Caesar and possibly her life too.

There were almost 7,000 Roman extras in front of the Forum. All of them presumably had read the Vatican paper's letter criticizing Liz. The script called for these Roman extras to accept Cleopatra. But what would be their attitude toward the woman who played Cleopatra?

Liz was on edge before the scene. Irene Sharaff, Liz's designer, told me later that she had never seen her so nervous before. Then J.L.M. called "Action!"

Liz appeared, riding high on top of the sphinx. The crowd shouted as one, "*Baci, baci!*" ("Kisses, kisses.")

I saw the sense of relief flood through Liz's body as the slave girls, handmaidens, senators, guards and thousands of others applauded her—personally.

Eddie Fisher telephoned from New York, very upset about the Vatican newspaper's blast. "What can we do?" he asked me. "Very little," I said. "Forget it."

APRIL 13. Received a six-page letter from Skouras, who was extremely upset about the unfavorable publicity Liz and Burton are getting. He quoted at length from attacks in American newspaper columns and editorials.

Practically all the newspapers in New York, he said, carried the letter that appeared in the *Domenica* under headlines such as VATICAN PAPER LASHES LIZ. He was unaware the letter was from a reader; not an official pronouncement.

Despite all the hysteria in New York, I was not disturbed. This is a hypocritical age; men can have more than one love at a time, but women are castigated for the same behavior. I believe that Elizabeth

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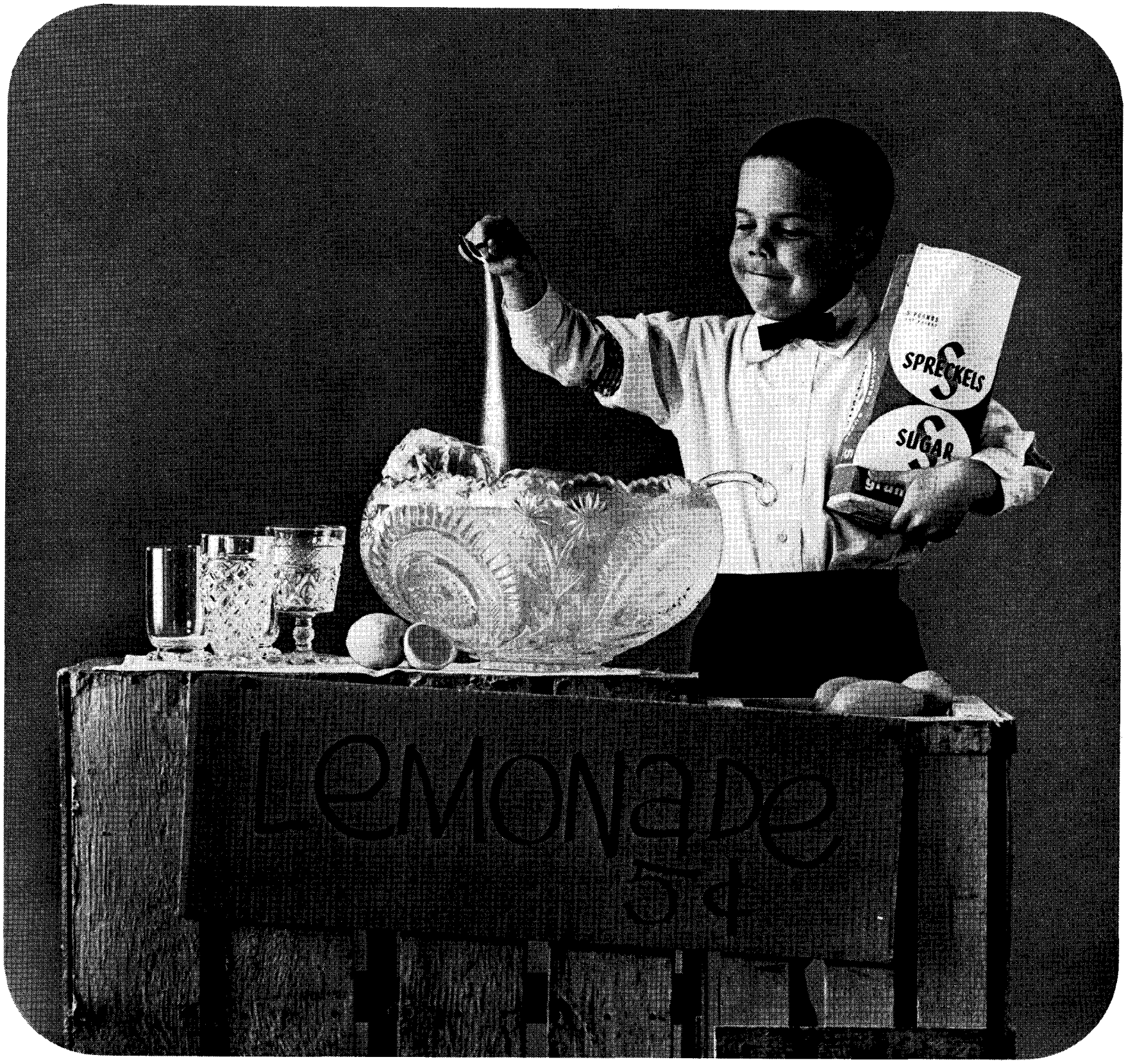

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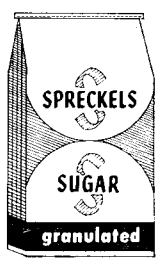

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is in a very difficult situation, with very deep feelings toward two men.

APRIL 14. Saturday. Although she had the day off, Liz agreed to work today in the big Forum scene. Doc Merman arranged for 7,000 extras. Soon after Liz appeared on set there was a brisk wind. Caesar's toga flapped around his legs like wings. Then a sandstorm came up. The shooting was canceled. J.L.M. told a visiting editor, "That wind cost us $200,000."

I saw Richard after lunch. I told him his private life was none of our business as long as he kept it private. "And stop going to the Via Veneto and those cheap joints," I said. Burton was furious. "Those places aren't cheap; they are very expensive," he roared.

APRIL 17. Shooting delayed during the morning for one hour because of loud mewing noises. Italian workmen hurriedly tore the set apart, found a cat and some kittens under the stage, just out of reach. The mother cat was lured out with liver bits, but the blind kittens remained howling under the set. It took another half hour to get them. At our normal hourly cost the cat and her five kittens added $17,000 to the budget.

APRIL 21. Elizabeth and Burton, who had promised to stay out of the public eye for a few days, skipped off to Porto Santo Stefano for an Easter holiday. Result: They were in the papers today photographed sitting on the rocks overlooking the Tyrrhenian Sea, sharing kisses and a bag of oranges.

APRIL 23. Sybil Burton is in town. She called me at the hotel, quite upset, and said she wanted to reach her husband. I sent my car to drive her to the Grand Hotel for dinner. Then I phoned our press department, asking that Liz and Burton be found and told Sybil was in Rome.

Sybil was very upset all during dinner. When we were through talking she went to her villa, leaving me to reflect on what a remarkable woman she is. Sybil is a worldly, poised woman—and Richard and family come first with her.

Midnight. "Liz is in the hospital and will be unable to work tomorrow." The caller was Dick Hanley, her secretary. He explained that Liz came home by car from Santo Stefano alone, with a black eye and badly bruised nose. Hanley and Bianca, the housekeeper, took her to the hospital at 11:30.

APRIL 24. Dr. Pennington says Elizabeth's bruises won't disappear for three weeks. Elizabeth told me her chauffeur stopped the car suddenly and she fell forward and hit her nose.

APRIL 25. The Rome police are investigating the hospitalization of Liz.

We had a meeting today to discuss plans for the battle of Actium, but spent most of our time trying to handle the press situation. We decided to release the story which Liz told me: that she hit her face during the ride back from Santo Stefano—alone.

APRIL 26. Talked with Colonel Waters of NATO regarding the firing of those big NATO guns at Torre Astura. We are scheduled to work there tomorrow. He said there would be no firing. Three hours later he phoned back to say the guns *will* be firing. We can't go to another setup, because Liz's face is too bruised to be photographed.

APRIL 27. The front page again. Burton and his wife went to the airport to meet their children. The *paparazzi* found them.

MAY 2. Hanley says Liz looks better but still has a black eye and a swollen nose. J.L.M., ill with a temperature and a strep throat, must remain in bed two days.

MAY 3. Elizabeth sent for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor, who arrived today. Sheilah Graham, the Hollywood columnist, also arrived. Burton gave her an exclusive story. Asked if he were going to marry Elizabeth, he gave a resounding "No."

"He was casual and unconcerned about it in his debonair British way, admitting frankly that he is enjoying all the publicity," Sheilah wrote.

Burton candidly admitted that the publicity had hard cash value—his agent is now asking $500,000 per picture for him instead of $250,000 because of his new image as a great lover.

"Maybe I should give Elizabeth Taylor ten percent," Burton joked.

MAY 4. Had a long telephone chat with Mrs. Taylor about Liz and her problems. The Taylors are very fond of the children and Eddie. They hope their presence in Rome will be a steadying influence on Liz. I hope so, too.

MAY 5. Elizabeth's housekeeper sold a gossipy story to one of the local magazines. I should say Liz's *ex*-housekeeper sold a story.

MAY 8. Continued to film the procession scene—one of the most fantastic ever conceived. When the procession took place, historically, the world was Caesar's. Cleopatra was determined to have Caesar, therefore the world.

In making her entrance into Rome, Cleopatra could as easily be stoned by the mob as cheered. To capture Caesar she must capture the mob.

The question faced by J.L.M. is the same question Cleopatra must have asked: What can surprise and seduce Caesar and the Romans?

The scene he wrote is, to my mind, the most exciting ever filmed. As outlined by J.L.M., the scene opens on a mass of people charging toward the Arch of Rome. Suddenly there is a chilling blast of 50 trumpeters mounted on matched Arabian horses that explode through the crowd. The spectators scramble back. The trumpeters crisscross in a Cossack manner and station themselves along the road. On their heels charge eight chariots drawn by matching teams. Beside each charioteer there is a bowman. They shoot arrows skyward. Trailing from the arrows are long, colored streamers—pink, cerise, yellow, orange, vermilion. These arch into the sky, and as they descend we see through them a group of dancers using streamer poles. By the deft handling of these poles they shoot the streamers 30 feet into the air.

As the dancers flash by we see their streamers shoot skyward like flames. Then Watusi tribesmen, charging in a savage manner, 12 of them carrying staffs from which pours yellow smoke. As they stab from side to side the smoke plumes trail from the staffs. Behind them six men suddenly raise a golden backdrop of sparkling silk butterfly wings. Bursting through them into the yellow smoke comes the savage dance of these strange people.

The next section is introduced by green smoke, which is made by 12 men carrying baskets of sealed pottery. They smash these smoke-filled bombs to the street, and green smoke rises. A group of 16 men in green costumes run forward, stick spears in the street and vault into the air, over camera. Camera tilts up at the top of their vault and from the ends of their spears bombs of multicolored paper are ejected and burst into a falling cascade.

There is a great deal more. At last Cleopatra appears and, lifting her veil, bows to Caesar. Pandemonium. Cleopatra has won the Roman people. She looks proudly up at Caesar—and winks.

MAY 9. Skouras arrived in Rome yesterday in time for the procession scene. I had a big luncheon on set both to celebrate the scene and to get a favorable turnout for Elizabeth. The attendance was impressive: His Royal Highness the prince of Hesse and his son, an artist who lives on the island of Ischia; Prince and Princess Ahrenberg (she was Peggy Bancroft and is one of the most beautiful women in Paris); Count and Countess von Bismarck (she is the widow of Harrison Williams); Princess Aldobrandini; Countess Volpi and the Duke of Carracule; Prince and Princess Pignatelli; the Pallavicinis and the Crespis. Obviously the publicity has not caused us to be shunned by Roman society.

MAY 10. At 7:50 Liz phoned to say she was ill. Another cold. It was impossible to arrange an exterior call.

MAY 11. 1:30 A.M. Dr. Pennington says Liz is still ill and unable to report for work today. He recommends she stay in bed 24 hours.

9:30. Arrived at the studio and found J.L.M. unhappy. Rex unhappy. The schedule is all fouled up again. Same old story.

MAY 12. Skouras wants some film to show at the next stockholders' meeting in New York. He also wants a wire from me committing myself to a completion date for the picture.

Liz has swollen eyes

MAY 17. Dick Hanley called to say Liz cannot work today because she has swollen eyes. I heard that Elizabeth had an argument with her parents. Her father apparently spoke harshly to her, and Liz was so upset she spent the night crying.

At the stockholders' meeting in New York, Skouras ran almost four hours of film clips (none from *Cleopatra*), followed by the news that last year's loss from operations was $22,532,084.

He disclosed that the budget for Cleopatra will be around $30 million and said, "It will be the biggest-grossing picture of all time," as I have always said it would be.

At these happy tidings the stockholders broke into relieved applause and shortly afterward re-elected Skouras president of the company. There was one small group that tried to elect Liz as a board member.

MAY 18. Today at long last we began the mausoleum sequence, which ends with the death of Cleopatra—the end of the film. But the movie is being shot out of continuity, so we still have major work to do, including the battle scenes of Moongate, Tarsus and Actium. We estimate about 10 days of work before the death scene is completed.

MAY 20. Received many press calls—there's a rumor that Skouras soon will be out of 20th Century-Fox.

MAY 21. Liz and Burton did the fight scene in the mausoleum today—and my heart was in my mouth. The scene calls for Cleopatra to slap Mark Antony, who then knocks her down. Normally we would use Elizabeth's double for the action in which Cleopatra falls, but Liz insisted on doing the scene herself. She suffers from a bad back, and I kept thinking of it. But Liz, who has great courage, did the scene several times, including the fall. I was mightily relieved when we got through the day.

MAY 24. 8:30 A.M. Roddy McDowall unable to work because of a broken tooth. Since Roddy is a necessary part of each day's shooting I visited Dr. Hruska, the Pope's dentist, and talked his assistant into coming onto the set this morning with all his equipment. The near-crisis was averted.

A congresswoman is getting headlines suggesting that Liz not be allowed to return to the United States.

MAY 25. The film of the slapping scene was fogged somehow while being flown to the States for processing and will have to be reshot. I hate to tell Liz she'll have to go through that fight again.

MAY 26. The death scene was filmed. We used a real asp although it was impossible to remove its deadly venom. As a precaution we had a trainer from Africa on the set all the time.

In the movie the asp is seen in a basket of figs just before Cleopatra's hand reaches in. Later, after Cleo's death, the asp is seen gliding across the floor. The scene is the last in the movie, but we were shooting it out of continuity.

I was upset to learn that one of our publicity people sent a wire to Levathes saying, "We have made it; the last scene was filmed."

I explained to Levathes that we still had many scenes in which Liz was important, suggested that he come over himself and take charge since he has the authority as head of the studio.

JUNE 1. Levathes, Koegel and Joseph Moskowitz of 20th Century-Fox arrived this morning—the Three Wise Men. Pete said he was going to read me an excerpt from the minutes of a meeting of the executive committee of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation held May 31. It directed the Three Wise Men to proceed to Rome and take the following action:

A. Inform Mr. Walter Wanger that no further payments of salary or expenses will be made to his company.

B. Inform Mr. Joseph Mankiewicz, director of the production, that the executive committee has determined (1) that payments of compensation and expenses to Miss Taylor must terminate not later than June 9, 1962; (2) that all photography on *Cleopatra* must terminate not later than June 30, 1962, and (3) that no moneys will be made available in Italy after June 30, 1962, for the production.

When Levathes finished with the announcement Koegel said that despite my contract I was not to cut and edit the film. Levathes corrected him and said I did have the right to do that.

I told Koegel I wouldn't accept this ultimatum. The picture is the only important thing, and I would do everything in my power to finish it properly.

JUNE 2. Slept about three hours, then up and off to Naples at 8:15. Took the speedboat to Ischia to look over locations where the sea-battle sequences and the arrival of Cleopatra's barge will be filmed.

Ischia, a lovely island, is a major tourist attraction. We will be filming there next week at the height of the tourist season. Logistics requirements enormous. Everything—the heavy equipment, generators, Todd AO cameras, light—has to be brought into port by boat. We had to get permission from the local government to rebuild some of the town's bridges; we had to arrange with the Police Department to police the harbor,

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This is the smoothest on the market.
new attractive price

BLENDED WHISKEY
Milder, smoother than any other blend.
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"LIZ WAS SO ANGRY THAT SHE WANTED TO QUIT."

CLEOPATRA

which is jammed by pleasure boats. For our big scenes the harbor must be empty.

JUNE 3. Returned from Ischia and went right into meetings with the Three Wise Men, Moskowitz, Levathes and Koegel.

All they are concerned about is: When is the picture going to be over? How much more money do you need? They have canceled filming of Pharsalia, scheduled for tomorrow.

JUNE 4. Had a long battle over a memorandum of understanding which the Wise Men wanted me, Doc Merman, Sid Rogell and J.L.M. to sign.

Merman refused to sign it and walked out of the room. J.L.M. walked out, too, after telling the Wise Men what he thought of them and their procedures.

Rogell signed, and I signed.

MEMORANDUM OF UNDERSTANDING

To: Mr. Walter Wanger.

From: Messrs. Levathes, Moskowitz and Koegel.

We have informed you and others on the *Cleopatra* production of the provisions of a decision taken by the executive committee of 20th Century-Fox May 31, 1962, relating to *Cleopatra*.

We have discussed this decision with you and the urgent reasons for it and have explained that we had no authority to negotiate changes from it. You have at the same time approached the matter realistically and have indicated to us the following program and schedule of completion dates which can be adhered to in the absence of acts of God or conditions over which there can be no control:

1) Not later than June 19, 1962, Miss Taylor's services will not be required and will be terminated.

2) Not later than July 5, 1962, all first-unit photography (other than in Egypt) will be completed.

3) On completion of first-unit photography in Italy (not later than July 5, 1962) a first unit will immediately proceed to Egypt and commence first-unit photography there which will end not later than six (6) shooting days after arrival in Egypt. First-unit personnel from the U.S. will return home from Egypt on completion of first-unit photography.

4) Second-unit photography in Italy (Ischia) will end not later than July 10, 1962, and United States-based personnel will proceed directly to the United States from Ischia (Naples). The second unit might take longer.

5) Second-unit photography in Egypt will end not later than four (4) days after first-unit photography is completed in Egypt, as indicated in (3) above.

6) A daily report shall be made of the progress of the program and schedule.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding before we explain the program and schedule to the executive committee by telephone, it seems desirable that you should initial the second copy of this memorandum handed to you, and return to us.

We shall recommend to the executive committee the approval of the program and schedule and our belief that you will adhere to it.

Peter Levathes
Joseph Moskowitz
Otto Koegel

JUNE 6. Unable to shoot today because NATO was firing big guns at Torre Astura, where we had scheduled a location. The Three Wise Men have left. They still don't realize that this picture can be their only salvation, and the studio's.

JUNE 9. Liz unable to work because she has to have work on two infected teeth. Eddie Fisher called from New York. Said he was happy—but he didn't sound it. Saw my doctor, who told me my blood pressure is up, which puts a strain on my heart. "Take it easy," he advised.

Levathes telephoned from Hollywood to say he had fired Marilyn Monroe. He considers himself a big hero.

JUNE 10. Columnist Earl Wilson called from New York to check on a story that I had been removed as producer of *Cleopatra*. I pointed out, "It is a problem of cutting costs, nothing else."

JUNE 12. News of my being "fired" is in today's papers. Liz was so angry she wanted to quit. J.L.M. and I persuaded her to work on for the good of the picture.

ISCHIA

JUNE 13. Arrived here by boat today just as Richard and Liz flew in on a helicopter. The island is at its summer-paradise best, the surroundings idyllic.

JUNE 14. First day of shooting held up. Liz is ill and can't work. Rogell called from Rome and suggested we stop shooting since we have the ending filmed.

JUNE 20. Haven't heard a word from the executives in New York or Hollywood since they left here. Although I am off salary and theoretically without any real authority, I am remaining with the picture and functioning as producer. I don't think the executives know what they are doing.

We are still up in the air about the battle scenes at Pharsalia and the additional scenes with Liz at the mausoleum. Meanwhile J.L.M. is shooting the sea battle of Actium—one of the most important battles in the picture.

JUNE 23. For five years I have waited to see what I saw today—Cleopatra's barge arriving at Tarsus. The scene was right out of Plutarch: "Cleopatra came sailing up the River Cydnus in a barge with gilded stern and outsized sails of purple, while oars of gold beat time to the music of flutes, fifes and harps."

The barge, which cost $277,000 to build, was resplendent as it sailed by, clouds of incense rising from burners, the rigging garlanded with flowers. Thirty-five handmaidens on the prow of the barge threw out coins for swimmers to dive after, while 40 strewed the water with flower petals.

This is Liz's last day on the picture, according to executive order of the studio. The press wanted a story, but we said it was *not* Liz's last day, that we expected to use her in other scenes.

JUNE 25. My lawyer, Greg Bautzer, says I am to remain on the job as producer. He will get Fox to issue an announcement to that effect.

JUNE 26. Skouras has resigned as Fox president to become board chairman. James Aubrey, president of CBS-TV, and Darryl Zanuck are mentioned as possibilities to take over the presidency. Darryl, an old friend of mine, is the company's largest single stockholder.

Although I have spent much of my time the past few years fighting with Skouras I was sorry to learn he was resigning. I had always considered him to be one of the best showmen in the business. He could have done a good job of selling *Cleopatra* and had some novel ideas of getting guarantees before it opens.

JUNE 28. Hume Cronyn finished his final scene as Sosigenes today. He was in full costume on the pier. He called to J.L.M., "Is that all, Joe?"

"Yes, Hume," J.L.M. said.

Hume yelled to his wife, Jessica Tandy, who was on the sidelines, "Jessie, we'll go home." With that he leaped off the pier into the water 25 feet below.

JULY 9. Liz wants to go to Egypt with the company, but Doc Merman says definitely not. If she goes to Egypt he says she might be killed because she once made a large contribution to Israel charities.

JULY 11. Woke up tired on my 68th birthday. Felt better after a visit with my doctor, who said I was in good health. I am one of the few people on the film who hasn't been sick a day.

Four dollars a soldier

ALEXANDRIA

JULY 15. Settled in at the Hotel Salamlek-Montazah, one of Farouk's old palaces. One reason we decided to come to Egypt was the government's promise that we could have 5,000 Egyptian soldiers at $1 per man per day. When Doc Merman arrived here a general tried to raise the price to $4 a soldier. Doc now hopes to use local townspeople as extras in the battle sequence.

JULY 21. Doc Merman arranged with a local agent to deliver extras to the location at Edkou for $4 a head. For today's scene we needed about 5,000 extras, including 1,500 light-skinned Egyptians who were to be Romans.

The agent imported 750 students from the universities at Alexandria. When they arrived on location today the local people rioted—guns, clubs and rocks. The locals refused to work with the Alexandrians.

JULY 24. Today we finished the location shooting with the first unit, which meant that most of us were finished with the picture. We returned in the evening to Alexandria and the San Stephano Hotel for a party for the cast and crew.

The wine and the occasion stirred a surprising amount of sentiment. I was glad that the picture was over, but sorry, too. It had been four hard years, but while the picture was being made it was my life. Everyone was called on to make a speech. Most of them were like Oscar acceptance speeches—an interminable list of credits and thanks.

I made a speech, too; in which I thanked everyone in the cast and crew from the bottom of my heart. It was a corny speech, but I meant every word of it.

EPILOGUE

NEW YORK

MARCH 7, 1963. It would be pleasant to say that the trials and tribulations which characterized the making of *Cleopatra* ended when I made my farewell speech in Egypt. It would also be pleasant to say that fame and fortune made our sufferings worthwhile. The truth is something else again.

A few weeks after we finished in Egypt, Darryl Zanuck was made president of 20th Century-Fox. He promptly terminated J.L.M.'s services as director because, Zanuck said, Joe demanded full control over *Cleopatra*, a right Zanuck felt must be reserved for himself as president of the studio. He blamed J.L.M. for the high cost of the film.

When the smoke of charge and countercharge cleared in February, Zanuck reinstated J.L.M. to rewrite and direct our additional scenes. J.L.M. did complete the filming in Spain of the Philippi and Pharsalia battle scenes—the same episodes which brought about our crises in Rome last June, when the old management killed the scenes. I am delighted at this vindication of our original script.

This belated acceptance of our original program has caused an estimated $2 million to be added to our towering budget. The total cost of *Cleopatra* is now approximately $37 million.

But more than 50 theaters have already guaranteed Fox more than $15 million on the picture—the largest advance exhibition contracts in entertainment history. It looks as if the picture will perform the miracle of making a big profit.

In a recent interview Darryl Zanuck told the *Wall Street Journal* that Fox would break even with a gross of approximately $62 million. He said he didn't believe it "impossible" for the film to gross $100 million worldwide in its initial run—the estimate I made in December, 1961, before the film was finished.

Meanwhile, what of the people who made the movie? Spyros Skouras, who once ruled Fox with an iron hand, still sits at a big desk in Fox's 56th Street offices—but only on Zanuck's tolerance. At least for the time being.

Eddie Fisher has resumed his career and is successful again on records and in nightclubs. He still loves Liz, just as I am sure she loves him.

Elizabeth and Burton went to London to make *The V.I.P's*, a modest-budget film in which they are partners, and which M-G-M is rushing to completion to capitalize on their publicity.

People ask me why studios tolerate the special problems that arise through dealing with such special people as Liz. The answer to that was best expressed by director Billy Wilder. After finishing a Marilyn Monroe picture that was plagued by Marilyn's illnesses and lateness, he said: "I have a healthy aunt in Vienna who would come to the set on time, know her lines and always be ready. But no one would pay to see her at the box office."

During the time *Cleopatra* was in production I watched Liz mature as an actress as well as a woman. I have nothing but admiration for the way she stood up under fire for her personal and professional beliefs. Despite unprecedented personal criticism she has emerged as the most important star in pictures today.

When Elizabeth and I began *Cleopatra* we hoped it would be a great motion picture. I feel that we have achieved our goal. I believe there will never be another motion picture like *Cleopatra*, just as there never will be another woman like her—or Elizabeth. THE END

During filming in Rome Liz triggered near-riot when she arrived at theater in daring gown to accept film award.

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I knew Mr. Armour; I knew his family. But what he was really like, why all those things happened, I can never know.

Exterior: with figure

Illustration by David Passalacqua

By JOHN O'HARA

As the years, the decades, go by it is not so remarkable that the most interesting member of the Armour family should turn out to be Harry Armour. Mr. Henry W. Armour, himself. His wife and his children all had a shot at being interesting, and they all did behave or misbehave in ways that had one or another member of the family always being talked about. If it wasn't Kevin, it was Mary Margaret; if it wasn't Mary Margaret, it was Rose Ann; and if it wasn't one of the children, it was Mrs. Armour, one of the first women in town to have her own car, and the first woman in the county to be involved in a fatal motor accident. It is strange, then, for me to say now that in my younger days my principal recollection of Harry Armour was of a man who was always going for walks, but whom I seldom saw walking. He would stand in front of someone's house, apparently admiring the rosebushes, or I would see him watching the telephone linemen at work, his hands clasped behind his back while he stood at a nonconversational distance from the workmen. As it happens, I often rode horseback with Harry Armour, but I do not think of him as a riding companion. I think of him as a man who could stand and look at nothing by the hour, and that, of course, is a visual record that I wish to correct.

I say it is not so remarkable that this man should turn out to be interesting. And why do I say that about a man who seemed almost lifeless? Well, in view of what has happened to his family, he becomes interesting either because of his influence on their lives or because he had no influence whatever. One's first guess, and the once-prevalent one, would be that Harry Armour had no influence.

He looked like a butler, or at least like a non-comic butler in a serious play. He was, of course, smooth-shaven, *clean*-shaven at all times. His skin had a polish rather than a shine, and, though he was not a thin man, the skin was tight over the cheekbones and the bridge of his nose and the jawline. His lower lip protruded slightly because the upper lip was pulled in and down. He was fairly tall, perhaps five foot ten, and broad-shouldered, but he had the appearance of solidity rather than of muscular strength. His clothes were exquisitely tailored, of somber materials, and you could be sure that he was not a man who put on his jacket and waistcoat in a single operation, and that he made sure his pocket flaps and lapels were lying flat before he put on his overcoat. He would have his gloves on before he left the house, and his hat on in the vestibule. He wore a starched linen collar that was called, I think, a Dorset; it was a turnover, perhaps two inches high, showing none of the knot of the necktie. He went on wearing Dorsets long after even the oldest men gave them up.

Dressed for the street, he would go for one of those walks of his, but I cannot remember how he walked—short steps or long, fast or slow. The logical conclusion is that he walked very slowly, since I never saw him on foot more than five or six blocks from his house, and whenever I saw

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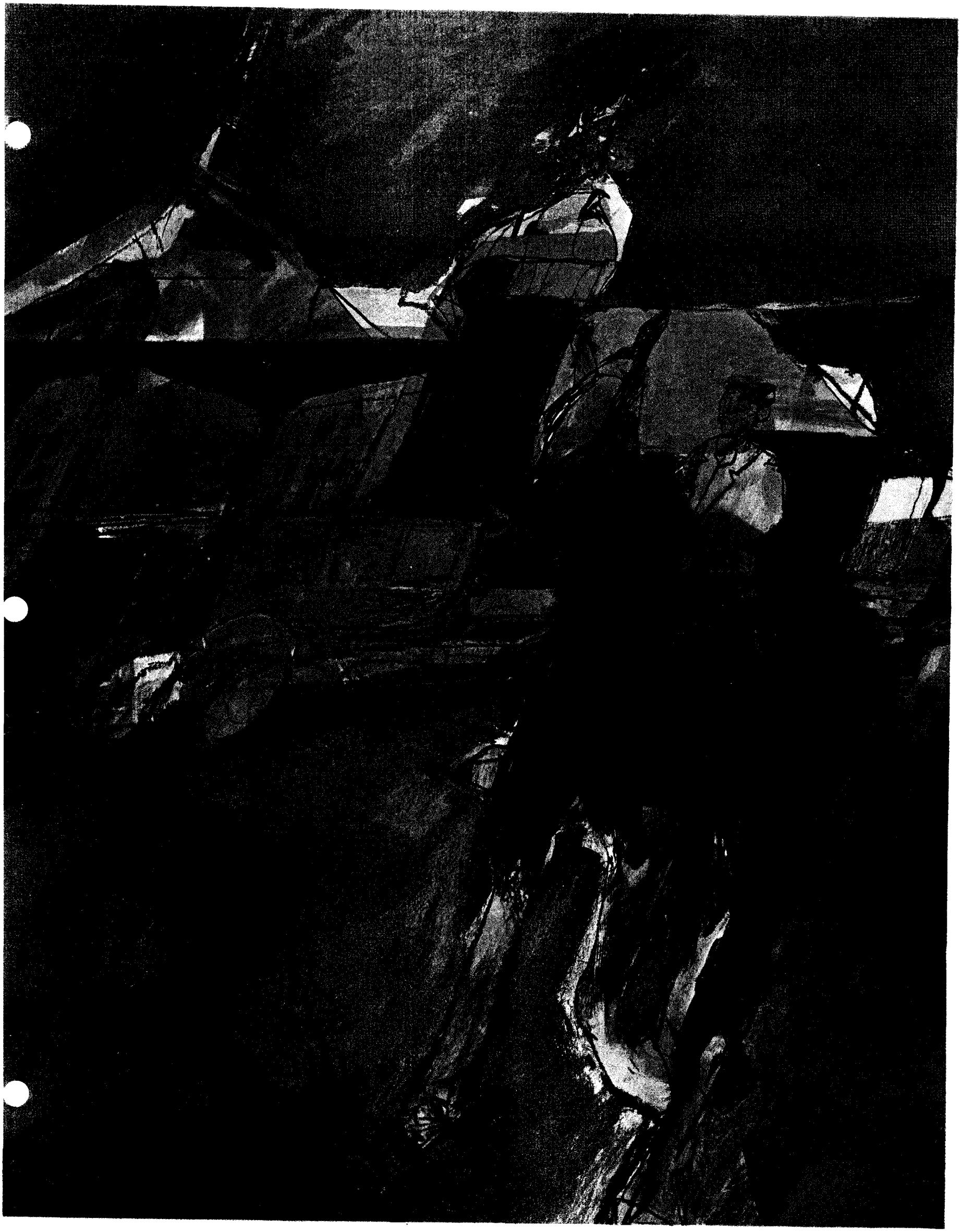

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him he was standing still and *maybe* admiring a rosebush, *maybe* fascinated by the digging of a sewer, but more likely, I thought, totally unaware of the beauties of the petals or the efficiency of the laborers.

It is a curious thing about the old-fashioned small town, where everyone was supposed to know all about everyone else, that there were so many people whose privacy was impenetrable. It was known about Harry Armour, for instance, that he and a brother had owned some mineral rights which they sold to the big coal company for a great deal of money. Mrs. Armour, with money of her own, also got her money from coal mining. But, having established themselves in their large new house on Lantenengo Street, the Armours made no further effort to get into society, and in my generation there were those who believed that the Armours got their money from meat packing. Such was not the case, as I knew because my father was an usher at Harry Armour's wedding, had known Harry Armour all their lives, and hardly ever spoke to him. If I had had a little active curiosity I might have found out a lot of things about Harry Armour, but my father died when I was nineteen, and I never knew what went on between the two extremely reticent men. We were Catholics, and so were the Armours, and I guess that when Harry Armour was choosing his ushers he picked my father because he was a doctor, handsome, a bit of a dude, a member of the Gibbsville Club and of the Gibbsville Assembly, and a North-of-the-Mountain boy like Armour himself. I do not believe that there was ever any feeling of friendship between the two; on the other hand, Mrs. Armour had a younger brother, who died before I was born, for whom my father expressed what amounted to affection. "Ray Reilly was the best of *that* lot," he said.

One day, when I was about twelve or thirteen, I was told that I was wanted on the telephone. I naturally expected that the call was from one of my contemporaries, but when I said "Hello," the voice at the other end of the wire said, "James, this is Mr. Armour. Would you like to go riding with me?"

The Armour son, Kevin, had a high-pitched, through-the-nose voice. His father had bought him a good saddle horse, but Kevin was afraid of horses, and I knew it was not he calling. Nor was it the kind of practical joke that my friends would think up. "What did you say, Mr. Armour?" I said.

"Riding. Would you care to go riding with me tomorrow?" said Harry Armour. "You could stop for me at our house, four o'clock, after school."

"Yes, thank you," I said.

"Fine, fine. Good-bye," he said.

To my surprise, my father was not at all surprised. "You be polite to Mr. Armour," my father said. "He's not a very good rider. Don't show off."

"Why does he want *me* to ride with him?"

"Because his horse needs the exercise," was my father's oblique answer.

"And Kevin is afraid of horses," said my mother. "He dreads it."

The next day I arrived at the Armours' house around four o'clock. They had a combination stable and garage: one box stall, an open stall and room for three cars. It was a handsome brick building, a simpler version of the main house, with a cupola and a golden horse for a weather vane. Mr. Armour, smoking a cigar, was looking up at the weather vane when I rode up the driveway. "Hello, James," he said. He turned and spoke to the chauffeur-groom. "Jerry, bring my horse out."

Jerry led the chestnut, already saddled, and stood at the horse's head while Mr. Armour mounted. He did two or three wrong things that revealed his lack of experience with horses, but once he was in the saddle he smiled, and I had never seen him smile. "All right, where shall we go?" he said.

"Anywhere," I said. "I don't care."

"Out to the Run?" he said.

"All right," I said.

"Where do you usually ride to?"

"Oh—all over," I said. "Sometimes out to the Run. But you haven't been riding much, have you, Mr. Armour?"

"Not lately, not since I used to ride with your father."

"Then maybe we'd better not go all the way to the Run," I said. "There and back is pretty far for the first day. You'll get sore."

"Sore? Oh, you mean in the seat," he said.

I was slightly embarrassed to be making any kind of reference to the rear of a man who was the father of one of my contemporaries. "Maybe halfway would be better," I said.

"Yes, I think you're right," he said. "Thanks for reminding me."

He was not a good rider and never would be one. He asked me, on our rides during that winter and spring, to correct him when he did things wrong, and I

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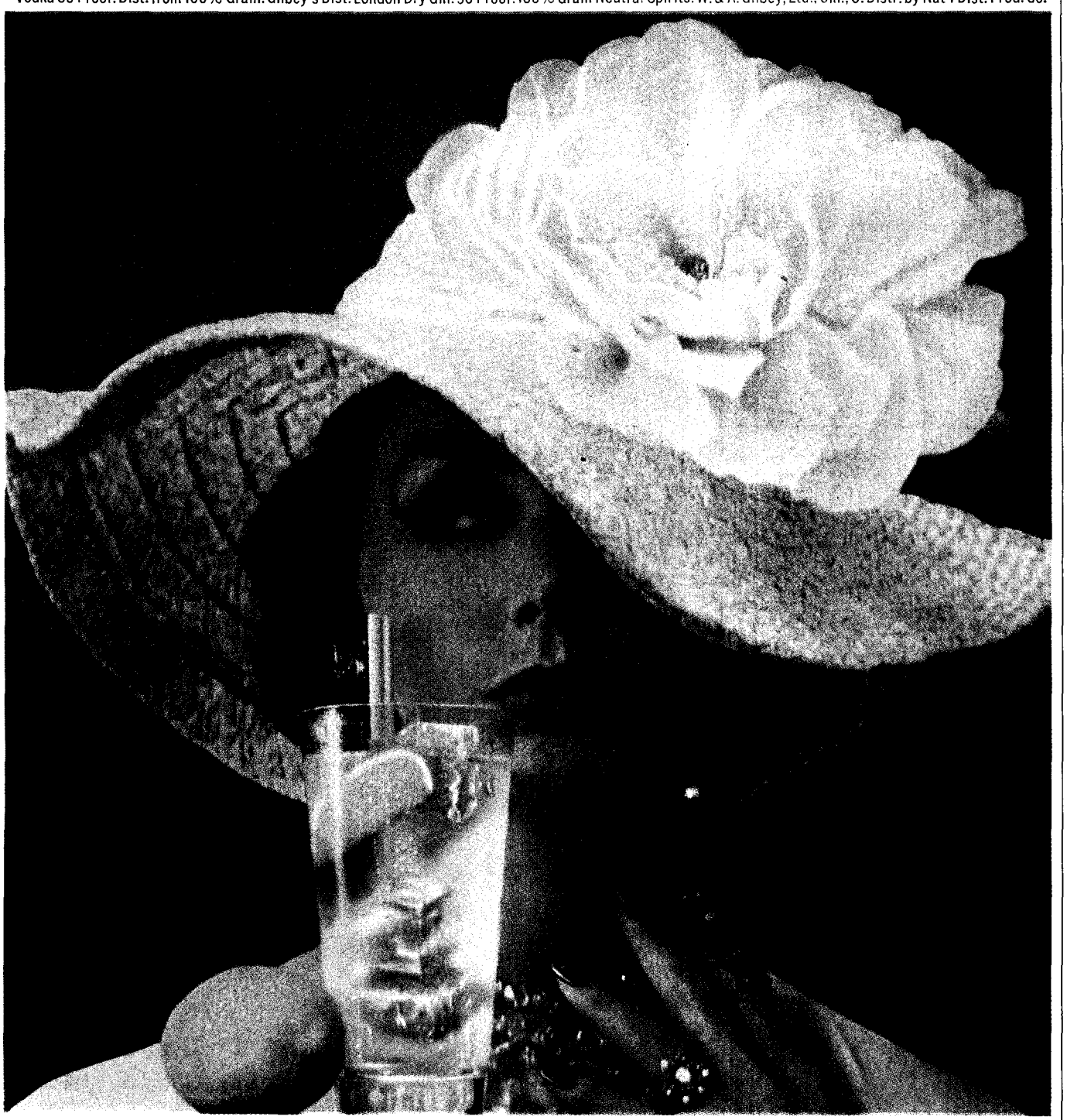

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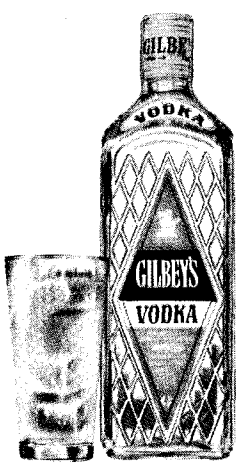

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made a lot of suggestions that he adopted. But you cannot be taught to ride well any more than you can be taught to dance well. It has to be there. Someone must have told him that a rider should fix his sight between the horse's ears, and it is true that when you are learning to jump horses, that is one of the things they tell you. But we were not jumping our horses—thank God!—and yet Mr. Armour always rode with his eyes staring at that point between his horse's ears. As soon as he was in the saddle he always tightened up and stayed that way throughout the ride. I never suspected that he was afraid of the horse; it was not the tension of fear. It was determination to stay on the horse's back for five or ten miles while he and the animal got their exercise. I taught him, for instance, to post to the trot, and watching him do it I was reminded of the pistons in an automobile engine. In the six or seven months that we rode together we never galloped and we seldom cantered, although the chestnut had a nice, free canter. I will say this for Mr. Armour: Although he held a tight rein, he was not cruel with the curb or with his spurs. In the beginning he carried a bone-handle crop with a silver ferrule. It was brand-new, like his tweed jacket and checked breeches and boots and derby, all from Wanamaker's London Shop in Philadelphia, expensive and faultless. I knew to the dollar what he had paid for everything, because I had priced them all, hopefully. He wore a stock—so did I—which on him was a continuance of his Dorset collars. I tried to think of some way to get him to stop carrying the crop; four reins were enough in the hands of a man who rode so tight. Then one afternoon he dropped it, and I rode back and picked it off the ground without dismounting. "It sure is a nice-looking crop," I said, overacting a little.

"Would you like to have it, James? I'll give it to you. It's yours."

"Honestly? You mean it?" I said.

"Make you a present of it," he said. "I don't see why I carry it anyway. I'd never use it."

"Well, thanks. Thank you very much," I said.

Our conversations, such as they were, always took place on the way home. My mare had a good fast walk, faster than the Armour chestnut, and sometimes Armour would have to go into a slow trot to keep up with me, a fact which did not help conversation. In the winter months we usually were riding in the dark on the homeward half and were safer riding single-file, and that, too, was a conversation deterrent. But in the spring months we did a little talking. As a matter of loyalty we refrained from any mention of his son, the obvious person to talk about. The next logical person was my father, but what can a boy say about his father to a man whom the father sometimes cut dead, sometimes merely nodded to? But in the only conversation that I remember clearly we touched upon both his son and my father. "Are you going to study medicine?" said Mr. Armour.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think so."

"But you ought to. Think how proud your father would be," he said. "He wants you to, doesn't he?"

"Oh, sure. But I'd rather be something else."

"What?"

"A writer," I said.

"A writer? Of what? Of stories? Books?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose there's good money in that, if you make the grade. But nobody in your family was ever a writer."

"Not that I know of."

"Then why do you think you could be one? How would you go about it?"

"Don't ask *me*," I said.

"Well, you'll probably change your mind."

"What does Kevin want to be?"

"Kevin? He never told me. He may turn out to be a gentleman of leisure, but I hope not. It's better to be doing something."

That was one of our last rides together. The Armours went away for the summer, to their cottage in Ventnor, and when the fall came I went away to school. So many new things entered my life, things and people, that I scarcely ever thought of Mr. Armour. It certainly never occurred to me to ask about him. I may have seen him at the late Mass when I was home on vacation, but we had no conversation. In fact, it was two or maybe three years later, when the Armours had a birthday party for Kevin, that I next visited their house and learned that they had sold the chestnut. After I finished prep school, and my father died and I went to work on a

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EXTERIOR: WITH FIGURE

newspaper, I would sometimes see Mr. Armour on one of his walks, and by that time he had become, to our crowd, somewhat of a character.

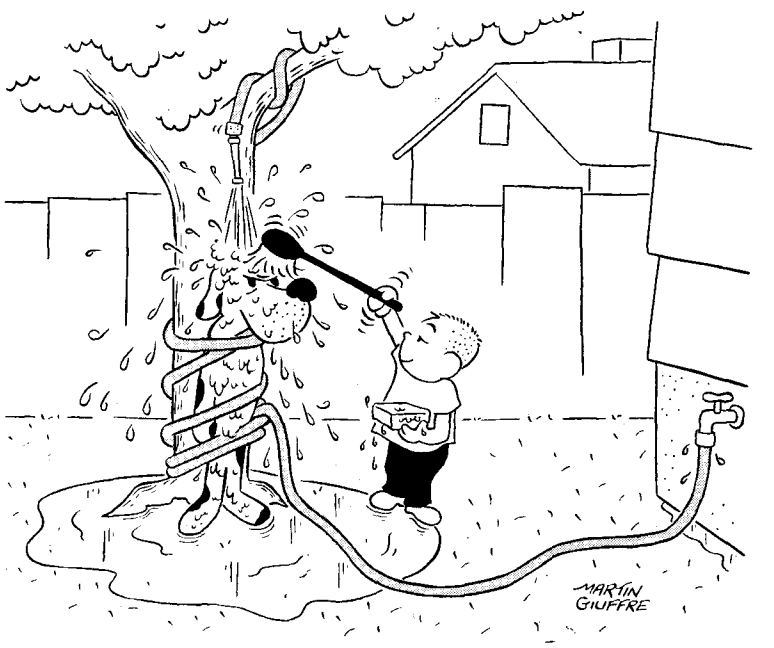
We had various characters. The drinking judge. The drinking mother of one of the girls in our crowd. The lecherous father of a boy and girl. A retired Army colonel who wrote unprintable—though not obscene—insulting letters to the newspapers. A retired Navy commander, another drinker, who suddenly appeared at my house one day to give me all his old tennis balls, which were stamped with a fouled anchor. A man who was related to quite a few of our crowd, who had locomotor ataxia and was half blind but attended most of the club dances. An awesomely respectable lawyer, married, and his schoolteacher lady friend. Among our group the first names or titles or our nicknames for the characters became synonymous with special weaknesses, such as alcoholism and lechery or physical handicaps. The commander, for instance, never knew this, but when we began to have drinking parties we always, at some point during the evening, recited:

Here's to the commander:
He's true-blue.
He's a drunkard,
Through and through.
So fill him up a bumper
And celebrate the day.
If he doesn't go to heaven
He'll go the other way.
So it's drink, chucka-chuck, chucka-chuck;
So it's drink, chucka-chuck, chucka-chuck.

He had taught us the toast, and if we saw him on the street one of us was sure to say, "Chucka-chuck." I don't think there was any meanness in these criticisms of our elders, although there was plenty of scorn in our laughter at the lecherous father of the boy and girl, and a Goddard—the name of the pious lawyer—was in our code language a hypocrite. Sometime during this period Mr. Armour became a character, but his name did not become symbolic of anything. In an extremely dull way he was unique.

Things were happening to members of his family. Mrs. Armour had her automobile accident, skidding into a man on a motorcycle. No charge was preferred against her, but it was generally believed that some money changed hands. Then Kevin, practically in secret, developed into an expert shot, and from the age of sixteen he was high gun at county and state matches. He had never displayed any other signs of coordination, and this accomplishment astonished us. He was sought after by older men, and he spent so much time in their company that he grew bored with us, his contemporaries. He was winning a lot of money on bets, and at eighteen he was a heavy drinker. He managed to get admitted to the University of Virginia, and there, with his guns and his Wills-Ste. Claire, he remained for two full—very full, as we used to say—years. His family had no control over him, although they did not try very hard or very long. They threatened, but only threatened, to stop his allowance, and his reply was to win $1,500 in a live-bird match. If he had not been so stupid, so totally lacking in a sense of humor, he would have been insufferable; but when Bob Reynolds, the kidder in our group, asked Kevin who was buried in Grant's Tomb, Kevin thought a moment and caught on. "You trying to razz me?" he said. He was not easily distracted, and he therefore played a competent game of bridge and a safe game of poker. One of the girls in our crowd was madly in love with him and made no bones about it, but when Kevin was away on a shooting trip she would call the rest of us until she found someone to take her out. She was much higher than he in the social scheme, but he would not marry her because she was not a Catholic. I doubt that Kevin could have explained what was meant by the Immaculate Conception, but he was a staunch Catholic. At Mass he would take out his beads, and I know he was saying his Hail Mary's because I could see his lips moving, but I do not think he prayed. He thought he was praying.

The praying one in the Armour family was Rose Ann, three years younger than Kevin and a colleen specimen; creamy-white skin, blue eyes, black hair, a voluptuous little figure. She was ebullient, a laugher at parties, but in church she read her Missal and was acutely attentive to the ritual at the altar, oblivious of the people in her pew and of the other worshipers. There could be no doubt that she was devout. Still it came as almost as big a surprise to me as to our Protestant friends when Rose Ann became a novice in a convent in upstate New York. Mrs.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Armour wept on my mother's shoulder, and I gathered that they were not tears of joy. Apparently Mrs. Armour would have been willing to donate her other daughter, Mary Margaret, who had the misfortune to look exactly like Mr. Armour, to the service of the Lord. Mary Margaret already had the appearance of a young mother superior, but Rose Ann was *pretty*. It was a scandal in reverse, so to speak, and the only really amusing thing about it for me was to listen to several of the Protestant girls who said they wished they could become nuns. "They cut off all your hair," I told them, thereby discouraging some vocations.

Then one day Mr. and Mrs. Armour quietly left town, and nothing was heard from them for three or four weeks. Neither Mary Margaret nor Kevin volunteered any information, but it was reported that Mr. and Mrs. Armour had gone abroad and that they were accompanied by Rose Ann. My mother was in on the secret, and I suppose my father was too, but not until the whole town had the story did my mother reveal any of it to me. Something—I was not told what—had occurred at the convent, a couple of weeks before Rose Ann was to take the veil. Mr. and Mrs. Armour were sent for, and they made their sudden arrangements to have Rose Ann go abroad with them.

Mr. Armour stayed in Europe a couple of months, then returned home alone. Mrs. Armour remained with Rose Ann for about a year; then she too returned alone. Meanwhile no one had a word from Rose Ann, not even a postcard to indicate her whereabouts. Meanwhile, too, Mr. Armour had resumed his walks, his starings at nothing, which for him were so normal that in this unusual situation he seemed to be hastening the restoration of usual, normal conditions. He had returned, and because of his unapproachability and the neighbors' tact during a delicate period he had considerably reduced the inquisitiveness of the neighbors when Mrs. Armour came home. They had gotten used to seeing Mr. Armour around, and some of their curiosity was dispelled or simply evaporated.

Betty Allen, a friend of Rose Ann's, telephoned Mrs. Armour to say she was going abroad and would like to have Rose Ann's European address. It was a bold move, but Mrs. Armour gave her the address. "I'm sure she'd love to see you," said Mrs. Armour. "She had a nervous breakdown a year ago, you know, but she's fine now. Living with this French family about forty kilometers outside of Paris. Her appearance has changed. She's put on much too much weight, but there'll be time to do something about that after she gets her health back. I'll tell her to expect to hear from you."

Betty went to see Rose Ann, and her report was contained in a long letter which I read. Betty was genuinely fond of Rose Ann, and the accuracy and incompleteness of her account of her visit had to be judged on a basis of friendship. Nevertheless it was, I recall, a sad letter. Rose Ann had indeed changed in more ways than in her appearance. She was stout, said Betty, and during the three days of Betty's visit Rose Ann ate enormous meals and drank a great deal of wine—without, Betty added, getting tight. Rose Ann wanted to know all about the boys and girls in the old crowd, and she surprised Betty by recalling things that had happened to us when we were small children. But she was hazy or completely wrong on things that had happened more recently, even where they concerned members of her own family. She had Kevin, for instance, in love with a Philadelphia girl whom Kevin had never had a date with. Then, when Rose Ann calmly spoke of Mary Margaret as her dead sister, Betty had to fight back the tears. On the last day of Betty's visit they went for a walk together, and at one point Rose Ann led Betty to a barn. "I didn't want to frighten you," said Rose Ann. "But we were being followed. It's all right now. He's gone."

Betty spoke good French and was able to form a judgment of the middle-aged couple at whose house Rose Ann was a paying guest. They were childless. The husband owned a garage, the wife had been a trained nurse, and Rose Ann was not the first paying guest that had been sent to them by Rose Ann's doctor. The doctor came out from Paris once a fortnight and had a meal with Rose Ann and the couple; then he would chat with Rose Ann while the couple were doing the dishes.

They were a decent, hard-working couple, frankly pleased to have the extra money from their paying guest, equally frank about their impersonal attitude toward Rose Ann as a commercial proposition. It was not for them, they told Betty, to provide anything but peace and quiet,

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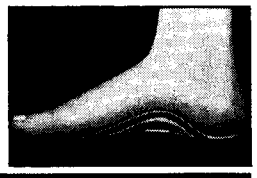

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a clean room, and good plain food. They referred to Rose Ann as a *malade à domicile*.

When Betty returned home she went to see Mrs. Armour, and I learned about their conversation from Betty herself. "You may have thought I should have told you about Rose Ann," said Mrs. Armour. "I didn't, for a reason. I wanted her to see you just as you are, and I didn't want you to go there all self-conscious, making forced conversation. I wanted you to be your natural self, or she'd have noticed the difference right away."

"It was a shock, though, Mrs. Armour."

"Yes; I'm sorry," said Mrs. Armour. "But I wouldn't have given her address to anyone but you."

"I hope my visit did some good."

Mrs. Armour shook her head. "Who knows? She never even mentioned your visit the next time the doctor went to see her."

"I met Doctor Claverie, you know," said Betty. "He was awfully nice."

"I know you did, and he said the same thing about you."

"It was amazing how much he knew. I mean, the questions he asked me, you might have thought he was there all the time I was with Rose Ann."

"Like her thinking she was being followed?"

"And the kind of things she remembered and didn't remember."

"He is an amazing man," said Mrs. Armour. "I just hope he's the right man. She never goes to church, and I should have thought he'd encourage her to go. Such a deeply religious girl. I know I always turn to the church when I have something troubling me."

Betty changed the subject. "When are you going to see Rose Ann again?"

"When Doctor Claverie lets me. Whenever he sends for me. I have no idea when that will be."

It was about a year later that the French psychiatrist sent for Mr. and Mrs. Armour. Rose Ann was dead, drowned in a canoeing accident in one of those narrow, swift, deep little streams that the French call rivers. They brought her body home for burial, and my mother and I were kept busy explaining to our Protestant friends that the church was satisfied that Rose Ann had not committed suicide; otherwise there would have been no Requiem Mass. I was not exactly telling a lie, but I did not believe what I was saying. The church, which was large, was nearly half filled with the young and the no-longer-young. What is sadder than the death of an unhappy young girl? I did not go along with those of my friends who said that Rose Ann was better off. Why, there is some hope even for a girl whose lungs are filled with water. I was an honorary pallbearer, and I cried all through the Mass and the blessing of the body. At our house, after the burial, my mother said to me, "Were you in *love* with Rose Ann?"

"No! God damn it, *no!*" I shouted.

There was something in my profane outburst that my mother took personally, and she slapped my face. Well, she was right. I was protesting against her lack of understanding. My mother was old enough to forget that Rose Ann was us, the young. "Don't you *dare* speak to me that way," said my mother.

"I'm sorry for swearing," I said.

I have no recollection of even *seeing* Mr. Armour at the church, at the cemetery, or at lunch at his house after the funeral. He was there, of course; it is just that I have no recollection of him, although I must have shaken hands with him at least once and probably muttered some words of condolence. This failure of my memory was not caused by my grief, but rather by his failure to say or do or look anything that would make me remember him. On the other hand, I do remember that on the very next afternoon I saw him standing at a street corner three blocks past his house. He appeared to be reading the collection sign on a mailbox—a box that he must have passed a thousand times. He was wearing overcoat and scarf, and he had no letter in his gloved hand.

Mary Margaret Armour, whom we sometimes referred to as Horse Face, kept her sister's death alive much too long. I, we, wanted to have Rose Ann as a secret sorrow. We would not forget her, but we did not want to be reminded of her whenever three or more of us got together. Mary Margaret refused to cooperate. At a bridge party, two months after Rose Ann's funeral, Mary Margaret announced that she had had the nicest letter from some teacher of Rose Ann's and wanted to read it to us all. "Very nice," a few of us said, when she finished reading it.

"Well, *I* thought so," said Mary Margaret, implying that we had failed to appreciate the letter. A few weeks later, at another party, she announced that she had had another letter, from someone else.

"Oh, for God's sake, Mary Margaret," said Betty Allen.

"What?" said Mary Margaret.

"Do you *have* to?"

"No, I don't have to. And I don't have to stay here, either. *You*, Betty Allen—I know all the horrible things you said about Rose Ann."

No one said a word. Sixteen young people at four bridge tables sat in indignant silence. It was a lot of silence. Mary Margaret looked around, saw no relief or assistance, and again turned on Betty Allen. "I could kill you."

The hostess, Nan Brown, stood up. "Mary Margaret, I'm terribly sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave. You're being very unfair to Betty, and ——"

"Ask me to leave? That's a laugh. I wouldn't stay in this house another minute. . . . Kevin Armour, are you coming with me?"

"Nan, do you want me to go, too?" said Kevin.

"No, of course not," said Nan Brown.

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"That's the kind of brother I have. Lily-livered son of a bitch. *Stay!*"

Betty Allen stood up. "I started this, Nan, and I'm very sorry. I'll apologize to Mary Margaret if she'll apologize to me. Then we can forget the whole damn ——"

"I don't want your apology and I'm not going to forget one single word," said Mary Margaret. She left.

"I'm sorry, everybody," said Nan Brown. "Maybe I could get mother to take her hand."

"Whoever is dummy at the other tables can sit in for Mary Margaret," someone suggested. "It'll slow things up, but. . . ."

Play was resumed, and for the rest of the evening the score was kept for Mary Margaret, in her name, and on the final count it turned out that she had won second prize, a small silver ashtray with the figure of a Scottie in the center. I don't know if anyone else thought of it, but I wanted to inquire if the dog was supposed to be a bitch. However, I kept quiet.

"Will you give this to Mary Margaret?" said Nan Brown to Kevin.

"I will not. Give it to the third. Who was third?"

"Third? Why, third was none other than Mr. James Malloy," said Nan.

"I'll take it," I said. "I always wanted a Scottie."

"You knew it all along," someone said. "When you were my partner you got set four tricks, doubled and redoubled, and that's part of Mary Margaret's score."

"Well, I wanted that Scottie," I said. "Not to mention the fact that you, you dumb bastard, you left me in that bid and never even mentioned your hearts."

Some rough kidding always took place in our bridge games, but on this occasion it was urgent and nervous; we all knew that Mary Margaret Armour could be extremely unpleasant, in the best of circumstances.

She stayed away from the country club and declined all invitations—which I must say were extended halfheartedly after her behavior at Nan Brown's. Through political pull she got a very minor job in the courthouse, and I would occasionally see her in the speakeasies and roadhouses, drinking with politicians and county detectives and semipro athletes, all men who considered two fifty-dollar bills a fortune. More than once, when she spoke to me, I caught her making a face at me and whispering something to her companions. She would have started trouble for me, but her companions happened to be men who liked to see their names in print, favorably, and my job had me covering some politics, some sports, and general assignments. Often, very late at night, I would see her driving her Chrysler convertible home alone, going like hell and unmistakably stewed. She was sore at the world, and nobody liked her much either.

The Armours, mother and children, took turns in getting talked about, but I moved to New York, and the doings of Mrs. Armour and Kevin and Mary Margaret were of no interest to me at that distance. Mrs. Armour had an operation for cataracts. Mary Margaret eloped with a county detective, then had the marriage annulled. Kevin was sued for breach of promise by a switchboard operator in a Reading hotel. The case was settled out of court for five hundred, a thousand, maybe two thousand dollars. Such items were conveyed to me from time to time and between times I heard nothing. It became a custom, very nearly a tradition

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that the only information concerning the Armours that was passed on to the Gibbsville colony in New York was bad news. To break the monotony I once asked how Kevin was getting along with his shooting. Had he won the state championship? Oh? I hadn't heard about that? Hadn't anyone told me that Kevin had had to give up shooting because of an abscess in his ear? And that the real reason was not an abscess in his ear, but that he had been barred from competition because he had grown careless with guns? At a match near Allentown he had accidentally blown a hole in the ground with a 16-gauge pump gun that had one live shell left in the magazine; at another match he accidentally killed a valuable pointer.

If there was any good news of Mary Margaret it was not made known to me.

There are, most definitely, such things as hard-luck people, hard-luck families; at least it is a working thesis that misfortune is repeatedly attracted to certain families like the Armours. At first the incidence of misfortune is looked upon as a phenomenon; then it becomes a wry joke; and then, self-protectively, we hesitate to bring up the family name for fear of hearing one more bit of evidence that bad luck begets bad luck; that we too, once started on a run of bad luck, may have to endure not only a single disaster but a lifetime of it. As something of a mystic and very much of an overprotesting enemy of superstition, I deliberately deprived myself of information about the Armours, and years went by, twenty years, thirty years, during which I created a practical noncuriosity about them. I did not know which of them were alive, which dead.

Then one day last winter I read a small item in a newspaper that I bought on the train from New York to Washington. It stated that Kevin Armour had been sentenced to prison for defrauding some woman who had entrusted him with $15,000 worth of securities. In Washington I was meeting a boyhood friend, and by this time I was so insulated against the Armour bad luck that I mentioned the newspaper article. "Yes, they finally caught up with Kevin," said my friend. "This time they really nailed him."

"Have they any money left?" I said.

"Who?"

"The Armours," I said.

"The Armours? There aren't any more Armours. Kevin's the last. Mrs. Armour died ten or fifteen years ago. Mary Margaret not long after. The sauce did it to her, although I will say it took a lot of it."

"And old Henry W.?" I said.

"Lived to be eighty-four. He died last year in a veterans' home."

"Veteran of what?"

"The Spanish-American War, I think. Yes, it must have been. Anyway, that's where he died."

My friend in those few sentences had wiped out the Armour family, and, if I had once been afraid of them and their bad luck, I was afraid no longer. My friend and I talked a little about them, their individual personalities, their money, their scale of living, and we exchanged the usual commonplaces about the evanescence of wealth. I did not want to spend much time talking about the Armours; I wanted to think about them, and I have done so.

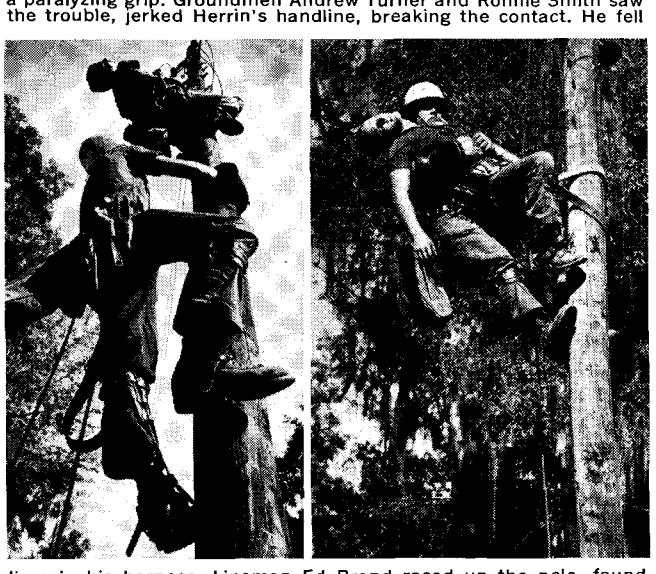
I had not seen any of them in more than thirty years, consequently had only an out-of-date recollection of the physical appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Armour and Kevin and Mary Margaret. They had traveled many miles—no matter where—and lived through three decades, more or less, and I had to invent the grossness that would have come into the faces of Kevin and Mary Margaret when youth was gone, the ravages to the faces of Harry Armour and his wife when old age set in. It was not much of a pastime; they refused to hold still for my fanciful portraits of them, kept returning to the mental photographs I retained from the days when I had known them well.

I discovered that I had learned, by 1930, all that I wanted to know about the Armours, perhaps all of value that there was to know. Mrs. Armour, a flighty, silly woman who had killed a man with her motorcar, was no less flighty for having had bad eyesight. Mary Margaret, trying to trade on the tragic death of her pretty sister, was not much different from the self-indulgent lush that she made herself into. Kevin, submissive to a faith that his lazy mind would not accord the respect of curiosity, would at twenty-five have stolen from a woman if he had needed the money. And even poor Rose Ann, for whom I had once wept ("Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children"?), had got only as far as laughter would take her.

And Harry Armour. Henry W. Armour himself. Harry Armour. Henry W. Armour. Mr. Armour. He was—what? A man who stood and looked at nothing? I do not know. I wish I knew. I want to know, and I never can know. I wish, I wish I knew. THE END

"This is Elias Herrin, Jr. Here, he and fellow workers re-enact his near tragedy of a year ago. Atop a pole, apprentice Herrin had removed his gloves, leaned back to rest. Suddenly he lost his balance. One hand

contacted a guy wire, the other a 110-volt line. The shock held him in a paralyzing grip. Groundmen Andrew Turner and Ronnie Smith saw the trouble, jerked Herrin's handline, breaking the contact. He fell

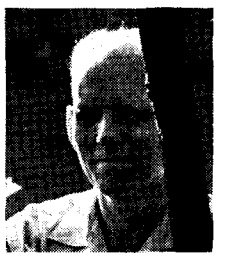


limp in his harness. Lineman Ed Brand raced up the pole, found Herrin's pulse apparently stopped. He immediately started pole-top

resuscitation. In two minutes, Herrin was breathing again. Brand brought him down. They continued resuscitation on the ground. Later, after a 2-hour examination, a doctor pronounced Herrin out of danger—thanks to his companions' thorough safety training."

"Up a pole-without a pulse!"

Wausau Story



by PETE J. GIBSON, *Manager, Okefenoke Rural Electric Membership Corporation, Nahunta, Georgia*

"It's our job to supply electric power to small communities and individual customers wherever they may be in our nine-county territory. In sparsely populated country like this, our men are often at work far from medical aid. This combination of high voltage and isolation makes safety training an absolute essential.

"Every day I'm thankful that we have the assistance of Employers Mutuals in this vital part of our business. It has helped our men to become safety-conscious, to observe precautions, to avoid hazards and to act quickly and properly in emergencies."

The coordinated activities of Georgia State Safety and Job Training Instructor, A. P. Cofer, and Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer, R. C. Pitts, are part of a formal safety program. The work of these men and others like them has helped Employers Mutuals provide electric systems throughout the nation with the most effective safety-training techniques and materials. The result is a record of success in loss prevention and savings on premiums. And it's another reason why Employers Mutuals are called "good people to do business with."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau, one of America's largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation, also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including auto. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wis.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

145 Offices Coast to Coast

"Good people to do business with"

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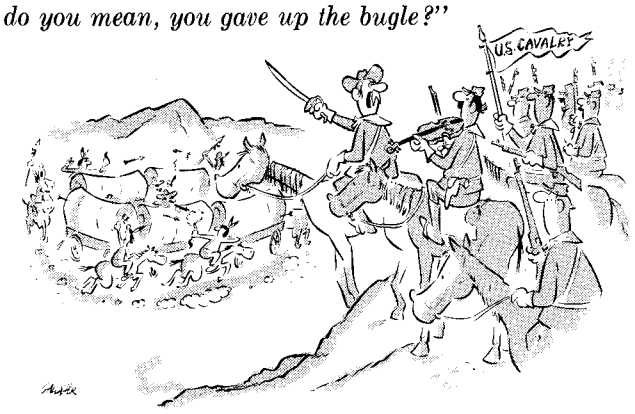
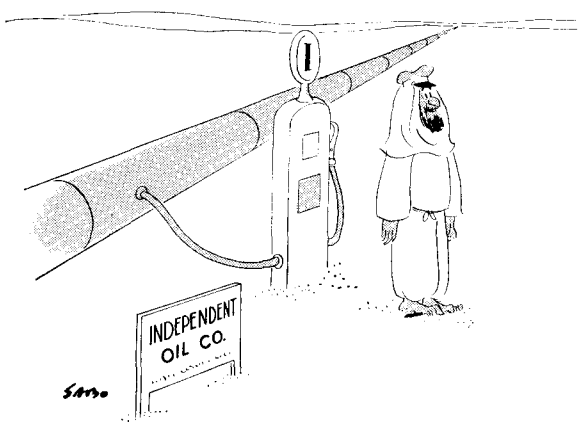
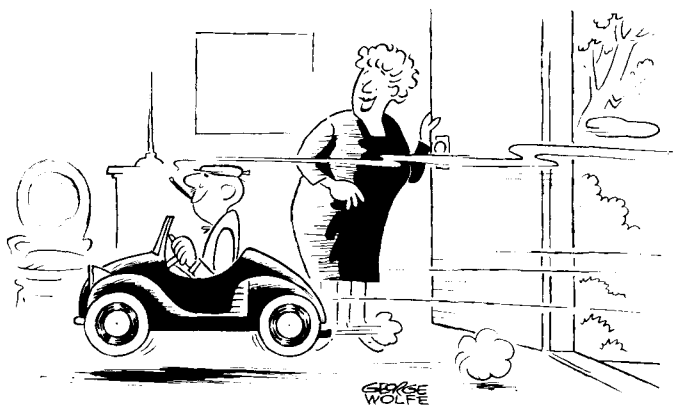
post scripts

"What do you mean, you gave up the bugle?"







"Murray—you got the raise!"

"Which way is the bar car?"

"That man standing in my rose bed—
put an arrow through him."

DREARILY WE ROLL ALONG

On buses, trains or in the air
My seat companions sit and stare,
Or make the dullest observations
About their kids or operations.
We're not the sparkly girls and lads
You hear about or see in ads.
I do not like the looks of it—
This bleak, continual lack of wit.
The dud (obnoxious thought) could be
My seat companions' seatmate—me.

IRENE WARSAW

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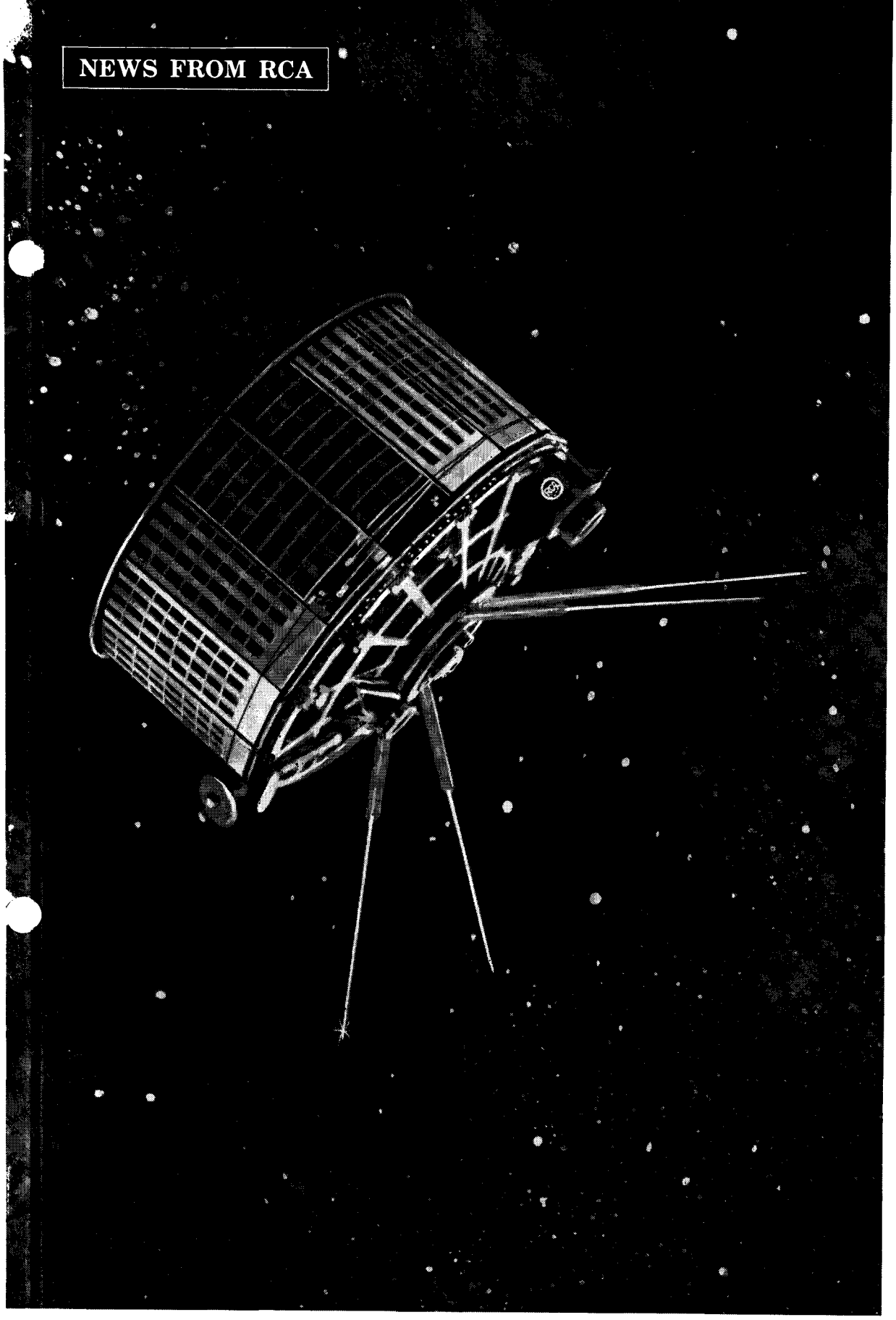

Now, weather satellites built for NASA by RCA make it safer for you to leave your umbrella home

Designing and building TIROS "Weather Eye" satellites for National Aeronautics and Space Administration, like developing Color TV, is just another one of hundreds of electronic advances perfected for your benefit at RCA.

Three years ago, meteorologists first saw the large-scale cloud patterns that cover the earth. They came from the RCA TV camera on TIROS I, the world's first weather satellite.

Five more TIROS satellites have rocketed into orbit since, giving continuous pictures of cloud patterns and weather phenomena. U.S. Weather Bureau meteorologists can now study weather as it develops. Weather forecasts become more accurate as experts see the birth and growth of storms, and provide warnings before the storms strike. Result: It is easy to lessen the havoc caused by unannounced hurricanes. It is easier to know whether or not to take your umbrella to the office.

The TIROS satellites, their TV cameras, and most of their subsystems were designed and built by RCA under contract to NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center. Ground stations are equipped with RCA communications instruments and systems, computer and control devices—all operated by RCA personnel.

How you benefit: At RCA, advanced research centers solve problems as important as advance weather warnings, or battling viral diseases. RCA manufacturing divisions carry these scientific findings into reality. Result: finer products and services wherever you see the RCA name and trademark.

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WITHOUT HEAT OR FREEZING, FOOD STAYS FRESH FOR YEARS WHEN SPRAYED WITH ATOMIC RAYS.

NEATEST TRICK SINCE CANNING

By EDWARD NANAS

A few weeks ago a Boston housewife walked into her pantry and took a sirloin steak off a shelf. Through the clear plastic wrapper she could see that it was red and juicy, even though it had never been inside a refrigerator or freezer. She had, in fact, bought it at a sale six months before. She removed the wrapper, added salt and pepper and popped it under the broiler. A few minutes later it was ready—and it was delicious.

At about the same time, two campers from Denver, who had been trout fishing in the Rocky Mountain region for several weeks, decided to change their diet. One of them took six plastic-wrapped lamb chops out of his pack and broiled them on a portable grid over an open fire. They, too, were delicious.

Skeptics may call these scenes far-fetched. Unrefrigerated meat cannot be kept for one month, let alone six, without driving everyone out of the house. But a new food-preserving process makes it possible to keep uncooked meat for more than two years at room temperature.

The new technology is food irradiation. While the housewife cannot yet walk into her supermarket and buy a radiation-preserved steak, the day is not far off.

Before reaching the marketplace, however, irradiation must overcome several obstacles. One is the mistaken notion that irradiation has something to do with atomic fallout. The other is the food industry's huge capital investment in other methods of preservation.

One by one the scientific hurdles are being cleared, mainly through the efforts of the Army and the Atomic Energy Commission. But it remains for the $80-billion-a-year food industry to pick up the ball and run with it.

"Radiation gives us the first really new and revolutionary preservation process since the discovery of thermal canning over 150 years ago," says Dr. Samuel A. Goldblith, professor of food science and technology at M.I.T., who has been working on this project since 1946.

While most of the research effort has been quiet, there was big cause for celebration among irradiated-food experts last February. Then, the Food and Drug Administration cleared its first irradiated food petition—for bacon.

"This is the shot in the arm we've been waiting for," said Dr. Dale H. Sieling, scientific director of the Quartermaster Research and Engineering Command at Natick, Massachusetts.

"It doesn't mean that commercial meat packers will be rushing to get irradiated bacon on the market. They don't see any economic advantage as yet. But our petition for bacon now gives the entire field a reference standard by which other products can be cleared."

Taste panel at Quartermaster Lab savors irradiated slices of bacon.

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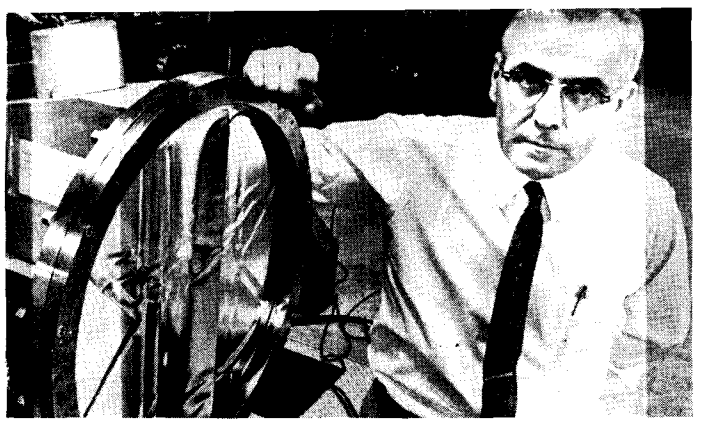

F. D. Schaller shows electron gun he will aim at food.

FALSE FEARS OF IRRADIATED FOOD SPREAD WHEN LABORATORY MICE SICKENED.

The list of foods successfully preserved by radiation ranges from soup to nuts, meat to potatoes. At M.I.T. I have eaten 30-day-old irradiated clams that tasted better than fresh ones. At the Army's Natick radiation center WAC Major Sarah Niblack serves up delicious samples of irradiated pork, bacon, chicken and beef which have been kept for more than a year at room temperature.

In Seattle, at the University of Washington, the irradiated menu consists of flounder and crab meat. At the Davis campus of the University of California a wide variety of fruits and vegetables is getting the radiation treatment. Shrimp is Louisiana State's irradiated specialty.

All the evidence gathered in more than 10 years of intensive research points to one positive conclusion: Irradiated foods are safe and nutritious.

Passing the taste test

In taste, foods preserved by radiation have proven capable of holding their own in hundreds of critical comparisons with fresh and frozen control samples. The Army, for example, says that chicken fried after being held in storage more than a year at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, has been termed "as good or better" than nonirradiated frozen chicken.

From the time he first dried a carcass in the sun and found it reasonably edible, man has never stopped trying to find new and better ways to keep his food from spoiling. Some of his preservation efforts have had political as well as gastronomic importance. Ships sent in search of spices discovered new continents. Canning was developed in a crash effort to feed Napoleon's army.

When Roentgen and Becquerel, around the turn of the century, began to learn the nature of X rays and gamma rays, it became apparent that these rays could kill bacteria. But it wasn't until the close of World War II that radiation sources like cobalt-60 and electron-generating machines became available in sufficient number and at low enough cost to permit serious consideration of radiation as a means of destroying the microorganisms which spoil food.

Unlike canned or chemically treated food, an irradiated product is essentially fresh after storage. It doesn't have to be reconstituted or thawed. And research has proved there is absolutely no danger to the consumer of contamination or of radiation poisoning.

"When we irradiate a food," says Dr. Edward S. Josephson, noted biochemist and associate director of the Army's irradiation program, "there is no more residual radiation in the end product than there is any heat remaining in the canned food on your grocer's shelf. Like the high temperatures used in canning, the rays do their work and move on."

Doctor Josephson's office at the Army's new food-irradiation center in Natick is just a few yards away from the largest cobalt-60 source in the free world (1.3 million curies). When not in use, the radioactive cobalt gives off its eerie blue-purple glow at the bottom of a 25-foot-deep pool of water. It is accessible only through a labyrinth of concrete walls more than eight feet thick. In the same building a 65-foot-long electron gun known as a linear accelerator is being built under the direction of Ferdinand D. Schaller, who will aim the "gun" when it is used to irradiate food. Food packages are now loaded into large aluminum gondolas by technicians working outside the cobalt-60 radiation cell. The gondolas are swung from an overhead trolley conveyor. In the control room, a button is pressed. Via closed-circuit television, the technician in charge watches the rods of cobalt-60 rise out of the deep pool. A second button sets the trolley in motion and the loaded gondolas move through the labyrinth into the radiation cell.

The food remains in the presence of the cobalt-60 until it has absorbed a calculated dose. This may take minutes or hours. The food is irradiated inside its container—a tin-plated steel can, plastic envelope, or bushel basket.

Doses generally are measured in rads. More than a million rads (one Mrad) is considered a sterilizing dose; that is, it completely destroys or neutralizes the bacteria in the food. The food will then stay fresh as long as the package remains unopened. "Even after irradiated food is removed from its sterile package, the spoilage rate is slow," Doctor Sieling points out. Pasteurization doses—below one Mrad—can destroy enough bacteria to keep fish and vegetables fresh 10 times longer than normal.

Low-dose radiation can also keep mold off strawberries during transcontinental shipment. It can prevent potatoes and onions from sprouting for a year and a half in storage. Irradiated bread can be kept for more than two months. Wines can be pasteurized and "aged" in a matter of minutes.

In terms of potential savings to the civilian economy, this extended shelf life should be worth the effort needed to achieve it. Today one of every five acres of fruits and vegetables grown in the United States is never consumed because it spoils before it can reach market. Result: The consumer must pay a higher price for surviving produce.

For the meat industry, too, radiation might save money, mainly because it lowers refrigeration costs. True, irradiated meats have been continually plagued by off-flavors and odors. Yet "these problems have largely been licked within the past year," Doctor Josephson claims. "We have found that low-temperature irradiation, putting antioxidants such as vitamin C into meat, and inactivating the enzymes . . . all help to eliminate off-flavors and odors."

Research into food irradiation got its first major push a decade ago. A few laboratories had established its potential on a theoretical basis. But there were many problems, including the peculiar off-flavors—"wet dog hair" or "burnt feathers," as some described them—that developed in certain foods, especially red meats. No one had determined the optimum dose levels for specific foods. More important, it had not yet been proved that irradiated foods were wholesome enough for human consumption.

In August, 1953, an initial allotment of $660,000 was approved for a food-irradiation research program under the Army Quartermaster Corps. (Since that time QMC has spent close to $20 million.)

The surgeon general set up a research program and the QMC began handing out contracts to industry and university labs. Commercial food interests were eager to participate. Many firms accepted no-cost-to-the-government contracts. The program soon moved into high gear.

Then in 1958 heart lesions were found in mice being fed irradiated food at the University of Illinois. Elsewhere, laboratory animals turned up with thyroid, reproductive and vision problems. Irradiated food was blamed. Newspapers were quick to play up the terror aspects. Further investigation and experimentation proved, however, that the health problems were caused by nutritional inadequacies in the animals' total diet, not irradiation. But bad publicity, no matter how undeserved, is difficult to overcome.

Congress saved program

The Army threatened to abandon its entire radiation research effort. Only action by members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy induced the Army brass to go ahead with the program.

The effects of the irradiated-food scare of 1958 are still being felt. When the Army said it was going to cancel out, commercial activity in the field dried up almost overnight.

Not one of 20 major food companies queried now has anything approaching a comprehensive irradiation program. Few have any program at all. Swift and Company maintains several small Army contracts for the improvement of irradiated beef. So does the American Meat Institute. Quaker Oats Company is working on batters and breadings for irradiated foods. And that's about it.

General Foods, though formerly active, is now doing little in food irradiation. "The increased advantages don't seem to warrant the added costs as yet," says Dr. Bernard Dauber, director of nutrition. "We have a big investment in frozen foods." Libby, McNeill and Libby, one of the first to look into radiation preservation, no longer has any active program at all.

The biggest hurdle of all remains the 1958 Food Additives Amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. It treats radiation as a food additive and also requires a careful determination of whether specific irradiated foods have acquired any toxic or injurious substances or have become nutritionally inadequate.

So far, in 10 years of study involving more than 350,000 laboratory animals fed irradiated diets through several generations, there has been no evidence of toxicity. Destruction of nutrients—even at far higher sterilization doses than would be necessary for food processing—is no greater than that caused by other methods of food preservation.

Yet the Food and Drug Administration has chosen to review each item individually, and at various dose levels. This means that before a petition for approval can be submitted, a fantastic number of experiments must be run.

Along with the FDA problem, the cost problem remains. The Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University made a study three years ago which indicated that irradiation could be economically competitive with other methods of preservation by 1965. Sterilizing meats, they said, would run between one and six cents per pound. This compares with eight tenths of a cent to five cents per pound for canning and two to three and one half cents for freezing.

Next year the Atomic Energy Commission expects to have a mobile irradiator on the road to demonstrate the economics of preserving fruit and vegetables. The Department of Interior is building a ton-an-hour fish irradiation plant in Gloucester, Massachusetts, which it plans to have in operation by next year.

The Canadians have moved more boldly, clearing irradiated potatoes in the fall of 1960. Results have been excellent, and there has been no adverse comment from the public. The Russians have reported a similar program.

Yet, when the AEC originally asked for two mobile irradiators, the Budget Bureau refused to allocate the needed $2.3 million. Once again Congress had to step in to restore the funds. "We don't like to see a program as important as this one placed on a stop-and-go basis," says Rep. Melvin Price of Illinois.

Most experts agree that irradiated foods will be a part of the American diet within 10 years. Refrigerators will continue to be a popular piece of kitchen furniture, and it is doubtful that anything will take the place of ice cubes in the Scotch and soda. But when it comes to steaks and chops, oranges and lemons, "atom fresh" could become the slogan of tomorrow. THE END

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Leopold, attorney Darrow and Loeb before sensational 1924 murder trial.

As a boy, he committed "The Crime of the Century"

The rehabilitation of Nathan Leopold

By Leonard Lyons

We crossed the lobby of the hotel and walked down to the patio. The lights had been turned on in the swimming pool and the gardens, and one giant beam streamed down across the beach and into the surf.

The man carefully described each garden plant. I mentioned the noise of the crickets, and he pointed out that they were not crickets but birds—a rare species whose name he supplied. He also corrected me about some tiny insects I had thought were gnats. They were of a breed peculiar to that locale, he said; he was working on a lighting system which he believed would lure them to destruction.

He glanced at the starlit sky over San Juan and said, "There's the Orion Belt." Sometimes, he added—the way a Californian boasts about the view of Catalina on a clear day—you could also see the Southern Cross.

We returned to the lobby, where the man and his wife exchanged casual greetings with the leaders of the San Juan, Puerto Rico, community. Then we moved on to the blackjack tables, where the couple held a brief, whispered conversation. The man always asks his wife how much he should risk. This night she suggested a loss limit of $20. I proposed a combine and handed him a $10 bill as my share. He mounted a stool at the blackjack table while his wife and I took seats in a corner of the room.

"He's worked out a mathematical system for playing blackjack." She smiled. "You know him, the big math expert."

In a few minutes he was back, looking sheepish. "Lost," he reported. I gave him another $10 bill, to which he added his own $10. Then he went back to pit his training in mathematics against a stonefaced dealer.

A baldish man on the stool next to my friend suddenly dismounted and signaled for me to come to an isolated section of the casino. He was a newspaperman I've known for years.

"Someone tipped me to a story," he said, "but it's not really for me." He paused to light a cigarette. "Leopold. You know—Leopold and Loeb?" I nodded. "He's here, right here in Puerto Rico. He's married to a local girl, and he's become a respected member of the community. But he's never given an interview to anybody."

Nathan Leopold, he continued, walked his dog every night in the Santurce section of the city, usually on a course past the synagogue. I thanked my colleague for his generous gesture, and he returned to his seat at the blackjack table.

My partner cashed in his chips and came toward me, beaming: "Here's your $20. Won it back." He took his wife's arm, and we left.

He was Nathan F. Leopold.

It has now been almost 40 years since the "Loeb-Leopold case" shocked the nation. "The Thrill Killers," as they were

Leopold, shown with inmate before release, served 33 years for crime.

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called, were two boys from wealthy, prominent Chicago families who callously murdered a 14-year-old boy named Bobby Franks for no apparent reason other than to try a new experience. Leopold and his friend, Richard Loeb, had been fortunate in obtaining the famous Clarence Darrow as their attorney. In a classic defense, he had saved them from a death sentence on the grounds of insanity, but they were sent to prison for "life plus 99 years." Loeb was slashed to death in a prison fight in 1936, Leopold was finally paroled on March 13, 1958, after serving 33 years, six months and two days. After obtaining permission from his parole board, he moved to Puerto Rico and became a social worker.

I had first met the Leopolds at a cocktail party in San Juan. I had known they would be there, although they did not catch my name during the introductions. "If we had heard your full name," Mrs. Leopold told me later, "Nate and I would have left immediately."

Nathan Leopold, now 59, did not look at all the way I pictured him. He reminded me of a trim version of Sam Spiegel, the film producer. His flat, Midwestern accent was strongly reminiscent of Jack Benny, who is also from Illinois.

The lawyer who had brought me to the party began discussing one of his clients who was out on parole. "My parole will be up soon," Leopold said. He glanced at his wristwatch. "It will be over in a hundred days, twelve hours and fifty-two minutes."

As soon as the parole was over he planned to leave on a trip, first spending some time in Nigeria and later going to Rome, Paris, Athens and Warsaw. There would be no language barrier for him; he is proficient in 27 languages. I asked him how he came to learn Polish. "For two and a half years I shared a cell with a murderer who was Polish," he said.

At the University of Puerto Rico he teaches math—in Spanish. And he has written his master's thesis in Spanish; grammatical errors were corrected by a classmate who in turn took French lessons from Leopold.

Wanted to be a doctor

He'd chosen the master's degree as a compromise. "I really wanted to become a doctor," he said, "but I'd be sixty-two by the time I could start practicing medicine. I couldn't afford that much time—not with two coronaries *and* diabetes."

Leopold had originally planned to be a lawyer. "I was about to transfer to Harvard Law School," he said. The plan exploded, of course, with his arrest.

Another plan had been a journey to India to study with a venerable wise man. But when he finally left the U.S.—nearly 34 years later—the voyage was not to India but to Castañer, a hospital and academy three hours by car from San Juan—high in the hills where the sugarcane flowers look like a cloud of lilacs.

Castañer is operated by the Brethren Service Commission of the Church of the Brethren. "It's a Protestant sect, numbering about two hundred thousand," Leopold told me. "It's ideologically related to the Mennonites."

Andrew Cordier, former undersecretary of the United Nations, is a member of the Brethren. In Jamaica, some years earlier, Cordier had met Leopold's brother, who discussed the possibility of a parolee's finding a haven by working at a Brethren project. Cordier had mentioned Castañer.

"Two factors appeared to me to be paramount," Leopold wrote about his decision to seek employment there. It was a place "where I could be most useful and where I should cause the least embarrassment to my family and have the best opportunity of avoiding publicity. Only if I could stay out of the limelight would it be possible for me to have anything approximating a normal life. And with what few years of life that remain to me I wanted to do what little I could to be useful."

In applying for parole Leopold reminded the board that biologically, not one cell in his body was the same, 33 years later, as when he committed the crime. He had described himself as an "insufferable creature" then, "a creature I hope I have long since ceased to be." All he could do, he wrote, was continue to try to atone in his daily life for the crime he had committed as a boy.

At Castañer, he felt, he would "have the opportunity to drop quietly from sight, to live modestly and to bring finally to an end the tragic story that began in 1924."

I visited Castañer with Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, who was warm in his praise of Leopold's work. "I know what he's doing," he said "and, believe me, he's more than earning his way."

It was at the governor's request that Leopold had come to work for the Department of Social Welfare. Because of his teaching experience at Stateville Penitentiary, near Joliet, Illinois, he had gotten the instructor's job at the University of Puerto Rico. "My total salary," Leopold volunteered, "is $5,200 a year."

Mrs. Leopold is a successful florist, and sometimes, when there is a rush of business and messengers are unavailable, her husband delivers the flowers himself. He declines all tips, explaining that he's related to the boss.

Our hostess at the cocktail party signaled to me that I was wanted on the telephone. My wife had just arrived in San Juan and was calling to report that she would wait for me at the hotel.

I returned to the terrace as the lawyer was describing a case involving a front-page crime. I mentioned a chance meeting with Lucky Luciano in Naples when my wife and two elder sons were with me.

"What went through my mind," I said, "was, 'What does Emily Post say about introducing your wife and sons to the most notorious criminal in the world?'"

Leopold, in feigned disappointment, said: "I thought *I* was."

The hour now was late, and the cocktail party was ending. While Leopold was getting his jacket I asked his wife, "What do you suppose would have happened if your husband hadn't become involved in that—that case in Chicago?"

His parole over, Leopold and wife Trudi, whom he wed in 1961, plan European trip. Their permanent home will remain Puerto Rico, where he is a teacher.

"Then today," she said, "Nate would be just a rich corporation lawyer."

He had given no newspaper interviews since his parole from Joliet Prison.

"Nor will I—ever," he added.

In fact, his wife had been extremely concerned when she learned that I was a columnist and had made me promise to write nothing until his parole was granted.

Leopold met his wife in Puerto Rico at a Passover *seder*, the traditional dinner-service celebrating the exodus from Egypt. Trudi Leopold, née Gertrude Feldman, had moved from Baltimore to San Juan in the 1940's. She met and married a Puerto Rican doctor, García de Quevedo. When they discovered that his heart ailment was hopeless they decided that she must prepare for the day when she would have to support herself.

She went to New York and studied at the School of Floral Design, and after her husband died she started her florist's business. She operates it now out of one wing of the Leopolds' apartment.

Their home is comfortable, bright and pleasant—although not of the standards of Chicago's Gold Coast, where Nathan Leopold was raised. In the library are framed photos of Richard Loeb and the young lady to whom Leopold had been affianced when the "crime of the century" was committed. This was the girl to whom Leopold's family had objected because she was not of German extraction and therefore not of what they considered the elite.

Trudi Leopold said that her sister-in-law had spoken of the inadvisability of keeping such photos in their home.

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"Nate wants it," Trudi said, shrugging. "They *were* part of his life. And—let's face it—Nate after all is complex."

This complex nature, which deters him from tearing up the photo of Richard Loeb, perhaps made him regard such a decision as a sign of strength—a sort of cruel honesty with himself, preventing him from trying to put out of his mind, cheaply, a past he cannot afford to forget.

In his book *Life Plus 99 Years* Nathan Leopold described his reaction at witnessing the last, dying moment of Richard Loeb on an operating table in prison. "Strange as it may sound," Leopold wrote, "he had been my best pal . . . also the greatest enemy I have ever had. For my friendship with him had cost me—my life. It was he who had originated the idea of committing the crime, he who had planned it, he who had largely carried it out. It was he who had insisted on doing what we eventually did.

"But that doesn't, in my eyes, at least, alter the truth of the first statement. Every human being, I suppose, is an infinitely complex mixture."

Richard Loeb, he wrote, was a man whose "charm was magnetic—maybe mesmeric is the better word. In the crime he didn't have a scruple of any kind. He was just amoral."

Loeb, for instance, had even lied about his grades at school. But Leopold wrote, "I just liked the guy so darn much, admired him so darned much, that my mind automatically closed to anything unpleasant about him."

His complex, mysterious regard for Richard Loeb had resulted in tragic consequences for many. But, despite remorse and repentance, the memory could not be banished by something as easy as the destruction of a photograph.

In the center of Leopold's living room is a framed photo of attorney Clarence Darrow. In the foyer is a photo of Elmer Gertz, who was Leopold's lawyer in the parole proceedings and in the still-pending suit against 20th Century-Fox over the film version of *Compulsion*, the novel based on the Loeb-Leopold case. The suit sets forth a novel theory—not that the film invaded his privacy but that every man has a property right in his own life story and that *Compulsion* deprived him of this right.

Leopold is now writing a book about his life in Puerto Rico, *Reach for a Halo*. He thinks it should make a good story: "Like a man who, after 33 years of blindness, suddenly is able to see again."

He showed me his scrapbook. It contains a photo of a boy whose age was almost that of the slain Bobby Franks. The youngster is the son of a prisoner who had shared a cell with Leopold in Joliet. Leopold puts aside a sum regularly for a fund to assure that the boy will have a college education.

The album also contains his wedding photos. Leopold said that when they decided to marry he had asked Trudi if she would like him to change his name. One of his brothers, in fact, had altered his name because he felt it might impair the future of his children, but Trudi rejected this suggestion. "I will be Mrs. Nathan F. Leopold," she said firmly.

Leopold has no desire to settle in Chicago again, or in New York. "The only place where I want to see snow again is on a TV screen," he says. "Puerto Rico is my home."

The Leopolds plan to return permanently to San Juan after their trip. He had applied for a Fulbright fellowship so that he could attain his coveted doctorate, but his application had been rejected.

His other ambition was a graduate fellowship from the National Science Foundation. In this application he had to submit his scholastic record at the University of Chicago. He supplied a tentative answer—seven "A's" and three "B's"—pending confirmation from Chicago. In due time the university sent a transcript of his record. He had remembered the grades perfectly, after 40 years.

He took the seven-hour examination, which consisted of a general aptitude test, and an examination in his special field, sociology.

But the National Science Foundation also turned him down. He did manage to make the honorable-mention list. He believes that "my academic and professional standing and my score on the competitive exams were good enough to justify allocation of a fellowship, but my age killed it."

One night we dined with the Leopolds and one of the guests was a San Juan specialist in physical medicine. The doctor inquired about Leopold's work as an X-ray laboratory technician, and they talked in professional terms. Then somehow the conversation veered to the news story about Sherri Finkbine, the mother who had flown to Scandinavia for an abortion because she feared that the thalidomide she had taken would produce a crippled child.

Leopold said she was absolutely right and argued for the futility of condemning an unborn infant to life as a cripple. The doctor was unconvinced. "Don't you believe in euthanasia?" Leopold asked.

"No. I believe in life," the doctor said.

"But in this age of the bomb?" Leopold asked. "I wouldn't want to survive."

The doctor pointed to Leopold's cigarette: "Then why do you smoke?"

Leopold leaned back in his chair. "Suppose I could live X number of years smoking," he said, "and *exist* X number of years plus eight by not smoking. I prefer just X number of years."

The doctor discussed the rate of increase in life-span. Once, he said, the life-span of man had been 33 years. Leopold's comment was: "Christ died at thirty-three."

"Yes," the doctor said, "but not from smoking."

The next afternoon, while my wife and I were packing for our trip back to New York, Trudi Leopold called to say goodbye and to report, "Nate has finally given up smoking."

Two weeks later I had occasion to return to Puerto Rico for a long weekend, and the Leopolds joined me for dinner. We studied the menu and talked about determining which items would be deemed kosher. I mentioned a visit I'd once made to an opium den in Bangkok. I had declined an invitation to sample the opium by blurting the first excuse I could think of: "It's not kosher."

"Don't you subscribe to the theory about sampling every experience at least once?" Leopold asked. I shook my head. "Someday," he said, "when I know you better, I'll tell you a story about that."

The next day he volunteered to drive me to my appointment at the home of cellist Pablo Casals. It was a pleasant and stimulating afternoon. Leopold tried to speak to the *maestro* in Casals's native Catalán—which is not one of the languages he has mastered. And during the talk about music Leopold described the excavation crew that used pneumatic drills outside his bedroom window. "The sound of the drill is atonal," he said, "sort of like seven-tone scales."

During the drive back to San Juan I noticed the squatters' settlements and expressed curiosity about them. "I'll take you to 'Buenos Aires,'" he said, and turned off the main highway. "Buenos Aires" is a collection of shacks built from makeshift material. Governor Muñoz is trying to eliminate these eyesores, he said, not by quick condemnation but by offering the squatters an opportunity to move into new municipal low-cost housing projects.

Leopold's work, as an employee of the Social Welfare Department, brings him regularly into these squalid sectors. It was Governor Muñoz who had waived, in his favor, the law preventing persons with criminal records from being employed by the Puerto Rican Government.

Leopold drove slowly through the unpaved streets and stopped in front of one shack. A young man, about 19, came out to greet him warmly and respectfully. The youngster's sister also appeared and greeted him in Spanish. A wizened, gray-haired woman joined them.

The young man, said Leopold, is completing preparatory work for medical school. His sister is studying to be a nurse. And the wizened woman also is attending school. It was a remarkable example of the progress this island is making. Leopold waved good-bye to them and headed the car back to the city.

Trudi spoke of this close-knit family, then said that one of her cousins—an eye specialist from Michigan—was on the island and had invited them for dinner. They asked me to join them, as this would be the last night of my stay.

I heard Trudi say that this would be her husband's first meeting with the eye doctor, and I suggested: "When you introduce Nate and me to your cousin, don't tell him which one of us is which."

The doctor was waiting for them in the lobby. Trudi said: "I'd like you to meet Leonard Lyons and my husband, Nathan Leopold." The doctor smiled, hesitated as he looked at both of us, and seemed puzzled. "You decide," I said.

His eyes appraised us both. Then he grinned and extended his hand to me. "You're Nathan Leopold," he said.

Later we talked to a man in the bar at my hotel, who was complaining about his many problems. After a number of drinks with us, he turned to the nondescript couple with me and said, "I hope you never know such troubles."

When we were alone again, I mentioned that these two meetings were, in a way, confirmation of the fact that he had attained the anonymity he desired. Yes, said Leopold, he had thought of that. But in his eyes you could see that even if the world forgets he will always live with the memory of his past. THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

"Reseeding?"

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A tiny flicker of Soviet freedom is snuffed out in

Mr. K's turn toward Stalinism

By Eldon Griffiths

A dour politician turns art critic. Khrushchev on tour of an exhibition.

The bushy-haired composer shambles into the room and sits down at his grand piano. A blank manuscript lies before him, and he kneads his musician's hands in readiness to start work on a new cantata. Suddenly a nagging thought assails him. He reaches for the telephone, dials a number and says:

"Hello. . . . Is that the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party?... Will you give me an 'A'?"

Played in a Roman nightclub and cartooned in one of Italy's biggest newspapers, this skit on the Soviets' current efforts to keep their artists in tune drew a noisy protest from the Italian Communist Party. But not against the skit. Against Nikita Khrushchev. Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, condemned Khrushchev's interference with artistic freedom. "Tolerance is essential in cultural matters," he said. "Nobody can impose on an artist how to write a poem, how to create music, how to paint."

What worried Togliatti—and every other Communist leader in Western Europe—was the evidence that the Soviets may be shifting back toward Stalinism. The Kremlin's attitude toward the arts is the best barometer of the political atmosphere inside the Soviet Union—and this year that atmosphere has deteriorated. The cultural "thaw" which Khrushchev has permitted, even encouraged, is coming to an end. Is it going to be replaced by a new Ice Age?

This question, on which Khrushchev has summoned his all-powerful Central Committee this month, is of vital concern to every American. For a return to police-state methods inside Russia would almost certainly be the harbinger of a more aggressive Soviet policy in the rest of the world. It could presage the abandonment of "peaceful coexistence," the end of any prospect of a truce between East and West. A return to Stalinism might even signal the downfall of Khrushchev. All the giant forces of the Soviet Union—the armies, the steel plants, the missiles—might fall once again into the hands of some implacable dictator who believes, with Mao Tse-tung, that the road to Communism lies through war.

It may seem hard to believe that a crackdown on poets and painters could signify such earthshaking changes. Yet that is the nature of Communist totalitarianism. Everything the Communists do—every book they publish, every bridge they build, every battalion they move—reflects the party line. And if the "line" shifts in one area—in the arts, for example—it is only a matter of time before it shifts everywhere else: in the factories, on the farms, in Berlin.

The party line on cultural questions is now shifting rapidly away from the comparative "liberalism" of the last five years. The Kremlin is reasserting its power to decide how its painters shall paint, what its writers shall write. "The press and radio, literature, painting, music, the cinema and the theater are sharp ideological weapons of our party," said Khrushchev in a recent speech. "In all questions of creative art, the Central Committee demands from everybody unswerving obedience to the party line."

The main objective of the new drive against Russia's intellectuals is "the eradication of the Western influences" that have made such sweeping inroads into Soviet cultural life over the last decade. The party is forever complaining about the blue jeans and ponytail hairdos worn by Russian teen-agers, the "infiltration" of such authors as Hemingway and J. D. Salinger, the subversion of Soviet youth by "lascivious" foreign films. Now it is taking action to drive away what *Pravda* calls "this capitalist spawn."

Every orchestra in Moscow's big hotels has been ordered to stop playing progressive Western jazz. The twist is out—it's back to the polka for young couples. Recently a Picasso exhibition was canceled on the grounds that the pictures were "inappropriate," and a collection by Fernand Léger was shipped back to Paris. Boris Iogansson, president of the Soviet Academy of Art, pleaded for a sense of proportion: "The battle with foreign ideology need not be a striving to throw overboard as much as possible of the achievements of modern Western art." Iogansson has now been replaced by Viktor Serov, a neo-Stalinist.

Along with these attacks on "bourgeois decadence," the Communist party is mounting an offensive against what it calls "subjectivism," meaning the individual's desire to paint or write what he likes instead of what the party demands. "Sometimes," said Leonid Ilyichev at a Moscow literary luncheon, "men of letters say, 'Let us create as we wish; do not restrict us.' This is swollen subjectivism, arbitrariness." Last month Ilyichev withdrew from circulation a satirical movie called *On Your Doorstep* because it poked fun at wartime Moscow. *Guardpost*, another film which showed young people "without any clear purpose in life," was refused a license for distribution. Soon afterward the leader of the biggest Soviet republic warned wallpaper manufacturers to stop "befouling" Russian homes with "abstract" patterns. Russia's best-known composer, Dmitri Shostakovitch, was ordered to alter a passage of his choral 13th symphony because it depicts a group of women complaining about the hardships of Soviet womanhood. Evgeny Evtushenko, the angry young man of Soviet poetry, had to rewrite several passages in his "controversial" poems, to apologize for his "political infantilism" and to cancel a visit to Princeton until he becomes "ideologically mature."

This new persecution of cultural life in Russia officially began one day last December when Khrushchev visited the Manege in downtown Moscow. Inside the museum, where the czar once kept his horses, 300 painters were waiting to attend him as he inspected their handiwork. They were pleased, even relieved, to see him, because Khrushchev alone could settle a raging dispute that had split Moscow's art colony.

On one side were the "social realists" whose works bear the official imprimatur of the Communist party. For a generation they have glorified the achievements of the Soviet state in posterlike paintings of hero workers and peasant girls "laboring joyfully." The social realists' technique is strictly photographic—with just enough heroic retouching to make sure that

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nothing darkens the image of the happy Communist fatherland.

Opposing these producers of official Marxist art are the new "abstractionists." They reject photographic likenesses and try to capture the "inner meaning" of things, as most Western painters have been trying for decades. Today in Russia, too, the abstractionists' splashes of color are bold, far-out, bizarre.

The essential difference between the social realists and the abstractionists involves not their technique but their "message." The social realists are propagandists who paint for one purpose only—to sell Communism to the masses. The abstractionists believe in art for its own sake. The only message they have is that talent, like life itself, must seek self-expression—in any way it can.

There was the kernel of the dispute that Nikita Khrushchev was to settle at the Manege. Should art in the Soviet Union be dedicated exclusively to the service of the Communist Party? Or should it be allowed to develop in competitive freedom? The question involved much more than a quarrel among painters. It affected every writer and poet, every playwright, composer and sculptor in the Communist world. At heart, it involved a contest as far-reaching as the war of ideas between the East and West: Are men made to serve the state—or is the state the servant of man?

Stage-managed by Kozlov

Khrushchev may not have seen the dispute in such philosophical terms as he marched into the first of the Manege's galleries. But many of the artists, as well as most of the high-ranking Communist Party officials who accompanied him, understood that a great deal rested on the outcome of his inspection. The exhibition had been stage-managed by no less a person than Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov, the rather stolid functionary whom Khrushchev has acknowledged as his successor (but who recently fell seriously ill). At Kozlov's orders, a truck from the Ministry of Culture had collected some of the most far-out abstractionist paintings from an obscure little gallery whose existence had never before been officially recognized. Apparently Kozlov and his supporters surmised that their premier, whose views on modern art rather resemble those of the average coal miner, would be infuriated when he saw such paintings on display in the capital's most honored showcase.

Flanked by his son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei, Khrushchev paced in silence along the rows of abstract "landscapes." In front of a still-life painting by a young Georgian he shook his head in bewilderment. "This is a mess," he said. "It's hard to understand what it's supposed to be. . . .

"I will probably be told," Khrushchev grumbled as he moved along the gallery, "that I have not reached the stage where I can understand such works. That is the usual argument of our opponents in culture. [A friend] told me recently that when his daughter got married, she was given a picture of what was supposed to be a lemon. It consisted of some messy yellow lines which looked, if you will excuse me, as if some child had done its business while its mother was away and then spread it around with his hands."

The coarseness of this sally provoked widely contrasting responses among Khrushchev's companions. Ilyichev grinned. Adzhubei visibly winced. Several of the social realists clapped their hands in delight. The rest stayed grimly silent. At the back of the crowd one of those present took out a pencil and started to take notes of the extraordinary diatribe that followed. (A copy of these notes recently reached London, and they have been copyrighted by Melvin Lasky, editor of the cultural journal, *Encounter*.)

In front of a group of "formalist" pictures, Viktor Serov, one of the social realists, drew Khrushchev's attention to *The Geologists* by Pavel Nikonov. It showed a group of prospectors in a biblical desert, with the figures done in El Greco style. "Some connoisseurs," said Serov, his voice heavy with sarcasm, "claim that this picture is programmatic"—meaning in accordance with the Communist party program.

"They are blotches," snapped Khrushchev. "Pictures should inspire a person . . . but this one shows one jackass riding on top of another."

Soon afterward the official party went upstairs to view a set of more advanced "abstractions." Khrushchev stamped his foot. He thumped his fist into the palm of his hand. He kept on shouting "Dog dung!" One picture in particular roused the old man's ire—a large canvas of unidentifiable patterns. "What's the good of this?" Khrushchev shouted. "To cover urinals with?" To the painter, N. Zheltovsky, he said: "You're a nice-looking lad, but how could you paint something like this? We should take down your pants and set you in a clump of nettles until you understand your mistakes."

And with that the 69-year-old premier marched to the door. "You've gone out of your minds," he called out to the artists. "But you won't get away with it. Gentlemen, we are declaring war."

The war that Khrushchev declared is now raging throughout Russia. But it is not a simple struggle of the party versus painters and poets. It is a struggle between two kinds of Communists. On one side are the neo-Stalinists, who insist that the Communist Party requires total uniformity in every aspect of Russian life. Their approach was clearly stated at a recent congress of party-lining musicians: "Talent is national property. All Soviet artists must devote their gifts wholly to the service of the party in forming the Man of the Communist Future." Opposing this are the "liberals," who believe that there can be diversity within the Communist world. Their view was put forward by Semyon Krisanov, author of the poem *Seven Days of the Week:* "Is lack of tolerance for novelty, for the unexpected . . . really necessary to Communism? I think not."

Since Stalin died a decade ago, the liberals have enjoyed a period of comparative immunity from ideological restrictions. There has been no cultural freedom in the Western sense of the word. But once Stalin's terror was removed, all their pent-up longing for a freer life burst forth in a variety of exciting new plays and novels, poems, paintings and music. This cultural explosion began with the publication, the year after Stalin's death, of Ilya Ehrenburg's novel, *The Thaw*, which contrasts the humble lives of simple villagers with the lives of rich party hacks. Not even Ehrenburg would call *The Thaw* great literature, but it had what one Moscow critic called a "thermonuclear impact." It gave its name to this "Period of the Thaw."

Once Ehrenburg had broken the ice, hundreds of other authors began to pour into the publishing houses and literary magazines the works they had produced—but had not dared to publish—during Stalin's day. One major theme seemed common to them all—disgust at the yawning divide between Communist promises and the drab realities of Soviet life. One young poet who used the pseudonym "Tertz" protested angrily: "Yes, we live under Communism, but it is no closer to our hopes than the Middle Ages were to the Christian ideal."

Another, whose works appeared in an anonymous volume, wrote:

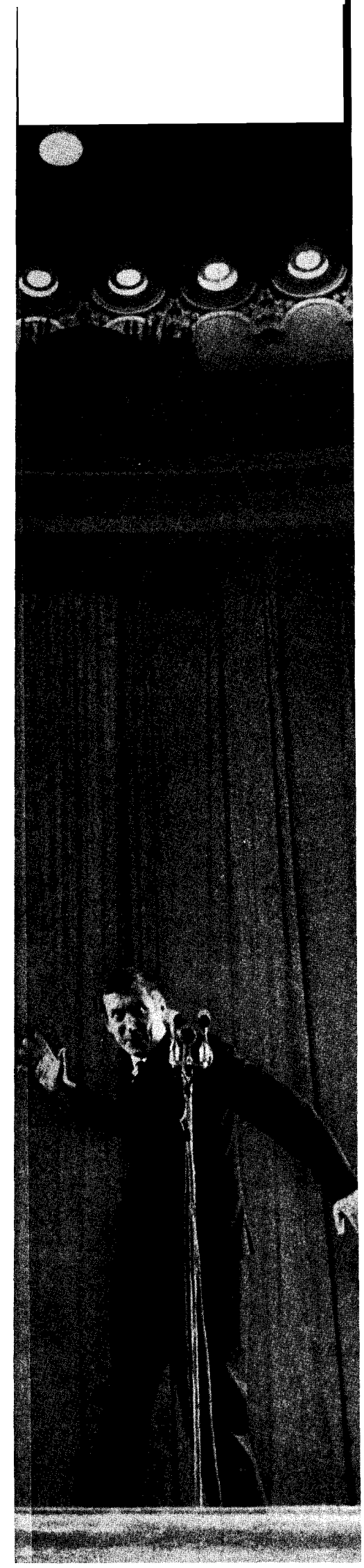
Propaganda,
Everything is propaganda,
Our whole world is propaganda.

One of the few who boldly rushed into print under his own name was Alexander Yesinin-Volpin. He announced, in *A Leaf of Spring*, "Only one objective is clear, an unreasonable objective—freedom." If this is denied, he added, "one either takes up Voltaire or the ax and the bomb." Soon, Yesinin-Volpin found himself in jail. He consoled himself with the thought that if he was shot, at least he "would not by mistake be buried at the same cemetery with Communists."

Gradually, as Soviet editors found that they could print at least some of the "new writing" without attracting the party's wrath, a whole new literature of social protest burst into print. In *The Levers* Alexander Yesinin showed how the dead hand of Soviet bureaucracy could turn the most decent people into heartless instruments of oppression. In *The Fall of Ivan Chuprov* Vladimir Tendryakov told how the chairman of a collective farm became a drunkard and a thief. In *Ticket to the Stars* Vassily Aksenev described a gang of teen-agers who are so bored with Communism that they go off to the Baltic in search of a good time.

While the novelists were concentrating on the need for social reforms, the new playwrights pleaded for more individual rights. In *The Ward*, by Samuil Aleshin, a 55-year old Stalinist tries to silence a 35-year-old schoolteacher: "Let others, whose business it is, do your thinking for you." The schoolteacher replies: "Nowadays, thank God, I can think for myself. A leader who considers I should obey without thinking is a tyrant." The same demand for personal freedom breathes through another play, *Ominous Days, by* Georgi Mhidviani. In a magnificently defiant passage that drew a gale of applause when it first was spoken, the hero declaims: "I am not a microbe but a man. Let me draw a free breath. Give me a chance to live as a human being."

This, however, is a privilege that the party does not concede to Mhidviani's hero. So once again he protests in words that express all the disgust and resentment of an ever-harangued generation: "I am tired of struggling . . . tired of struggling



The artist becomes a political hero. Evtushenko's poetry attracts rebels.

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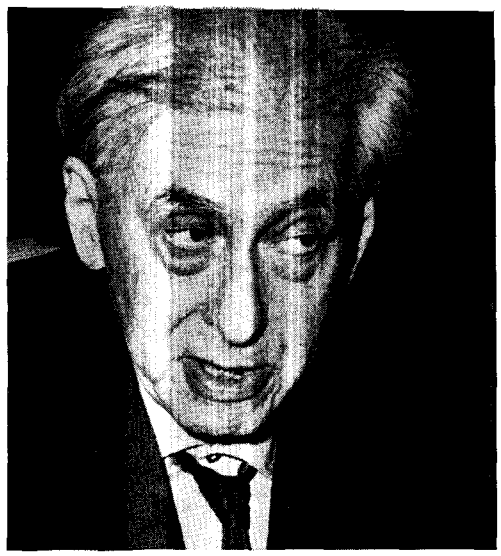

Ilya Ehrenburg's novel, "The Thaw," provided name for post-Stalin era.

for bread . . . struggling for atomic energy . . . struggling for the development of the virgin lands. Even for a quiet life it is necessary to struggle. That is enough struggle for me."

This desire to be left alone, to carve out a private life untouched by party busybodies, is the deepest desire of the new generation in Russia. Listen to a young painter talking to his girl in Yuri Kazakov's short story, *Adam and Eve:*

"I got my diploma and at once they started preaching at me. They haven't stopped hounding me ever since, the swine. . . . You paint a spring landscape—it's the wrong spring. . . . If they say 'man,' it has to be with a capital 'M.' Their enlightened gaze sees nothing but Man as a Whole—the whole country, the whole millennia, the cosmos. One individual is no good to them. They don't think about him."

Such protests, of course, are read only by the educated few. By contrast, the beatnik poets of the liberal revival reach out to a much wider audience. Their poetry readings, held in vast sports palaces or small-town theaters, have become the moral equivalents of political protest meetings in the Western world. Attending one in Moscow, I had the feeling of being present at a Billy Graham revival.

The biggest attraction of the day was Evgeny Evtushenko, the literary darling of the "new poetry." No sooner did he appear than the crowd of many hundreds rose to its feet and shouted "*Zhenya, Zhenya*" (Evtushenko's nickname). A cavalier figure in a checkered American sport shirt, Evtushenko tossed back his blond forelock, then read a poem about Castro. He followed it with one about humor:

"*They tried to commission humor*
But humor cannot be bought.
They tried to murder humor
But humor thumbed his nose.

Humor was shoved into cells—
Much good that did—
Humor went straight through
Prison bars and walls of stone."

It was obvious from the cheers that the audience appreciated this ridicule of the humorlessness of Soviet bureaucracy. A small group at the back of the hall then started calling for *Babi Yar*— the poem in which Evtushenko condemns anti-Semitism and hints at the remnants of anti-Semitism among the neo-Stalinists. Quietly the young poet read it. Then he read it again. Four times he was made to read it and each time the audience let out a cheer as he reached those climactic lines:

"Only one objective is clear," wrote the young

"*Let the Internationale ring out*
When the last anti-Semite on earth is buried!"

The people were still applauding when another poet, Andrei Vosnesensky, shuffled to the microphone. A frail, angular fellow, Vosnesensky may well be the greatest lyric poet that Russia has produced this century. His language is incandescent.

But it was the political import of his reading that excited that Moscow crowd. In a voice that enveloped the hall, he told of the sense of uncertainty that oppresses Soviet youth:

"*What century is it?*
What era—I forget.
As a nightmare, everything is crumbling,
People have come unsoldered,
Nothing is intact."

Vosnesensky's attacks on party officialdom have fixed some memorable phrases in the Russian language. He describes the "heroic" buildings that Stalin caused to be built all over Moscow as "cowsheds decorated with cupids." Vosnesensky was once attacked in *Pravda.* His reply was devastating:

"*Ah, my critics, how I love them;*
Upon the neck of the keenest of them,
Fragrant and bald as fresh-baked bread,
There shines a perfect antihead."

It is possible that the liberal revival would have continued with nothing more serious than an occasional party scolding if its leaders had not collided with the ghost of Joseph Stalin. But in a country where hardly a family does not bear some mark of the years of terror, the more sensitive authors could not rest until, as one of them put it, "We have purged the party's conscience by laying bare all Stalin's crimes." The most extraordinary purger was the noted poet, Boris Pasternak, whose epic novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, questioned the whole purpose of the Russian Revolution. Banned in the Soviet Union but published in the West in 1958, it won Pasternak the Nobel Prize—and the hatred of the old guard, who reviled him as a "snake" and a "pig." Now, three years after his death, young Russians still make pilgrimages to his house and lay flowers on his grave. And a whole new generation of Soviet writers went on exploring the past.

In his novel *Quietude*, Yuri Bondarev describes an arrest by the secret police of the MVD. A lieutenant with "smelly hands, small, narrow eyes, cruel as a beast," grabs the tie which his victim is trying to put on and, "in a mean sardonic tone, hisses, 'Intelligentsia! Tie . . . ha! No more ties for you.'" Others, like the playwright Viktor Rozov, are more concerned with the question of whether Stalinism may return. In *Before Dinner* the characters wonder if times have really changed, if the tyrant will come back:

Grisha: "New times! Yes, they've come. . . . But we must help them to take root. . . ."

Seregrin (angrily): "Just wait for Him to be carried back again."
Grisha: "Who?"
Seregrin: "Him."
Nikolai: "There's nothing to carry back. Only dust left."

Seregrin gets up and trips on a wire. A microphone rolls from under the table.

Other vivid reminders of what Stalinism was really like kept appearing in Soviet literature throughout 1962. The most damning was Alexander Solzhenitsyn's harrowing novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch* [*Post*, Feb. 9, 1963], which for the first time unfolded for Soviet readers the brutality of life in a prison camp. A majority of the Central Committee was opposed to publishing it, but Khrushchev, by his own account, gave each man a personal copy, made him read it overnight and next day won unanimous approval for the book to appear.

That was almost certainly the high-water mark of the liberal tide. But it lasted no more than a month. The speech in which Khrushchev boasted that he had favored *One Day's* publication was omitted from the Soviet press. Shortly afterward the Ideological Commission of the Communist party let it be known that the book contained "many mistakes." The Central Committee had evidently had second thoughts. Some of its members were alarmed that such thoroughgoing exposures of Stalin's atrocities might one day bring the hunt for skeletons too close to their own closets.

Already Ilya Ehrenburg was calling in his memoirs for "the truth, the whole truth" about the Stalin era. His implication was that the party was covering up for its contemporary leader. An Italian Communist senator finally brought the ugly question into the open. "Responsibility," said Umberto Terracini, "must extend beyond Stalin to the whole of the ruling group of the Stalin epoch. . . . It is absurd to believe that the monstrous process of degradation could have had one sole author and actor."

It was at this point that Nikita Khrushchev seems to have realized that his own position might be jeopardized. By implication, he stood accused of having been Stalin's accomplice—or at best a silent witness of Stalin's crimes. He must therefore end the exposures about Stalin before they exposed Khrushchev.

Once he saw the danger, Khrushchev did not hesitate. He declared war on the literary revival that had dug up too much of the past. To every artist and writer of note in the Soviet Union went a personal invitation to a "meeting of party and government leaders with men of letters and art." It was a command performance, with 900 artists present and Khrushchev himself in the chair.

Khrushchev started gently: "You men of letters and art are the smiths who forge human psychology. You have strong tools in your possession." Then he came swiftly to the point: "These tools must always be used in the interest of the people. They must all be directed to the attainment of a single goal—the triumph of Communism." That said, Khrushchev laid down precisely what the Communist Party would and would not tolerate in Russian cultural life.

To the musicians, Khrushchev said: "We stand for melodious music with a message . . . music that stirs the people. When I listen to Glinka's music tears of joy appear in my eyes . . . but jazz gives me a feeling of nausea and a pain in my stomach. As for dodecaphony, we reject this as rubbish."

Painting with an ass's tail

Then it was the turn of the painters. "Those who serve the people," Khrushchev commanded, "will create canvases full of joy, calling for hard work." Everything else was out. "Abstractionist vagaries are alien to us. They are not understood by the people. We will never allow dirty dabbery to be presented as works of art, dirty dabbery that can be made by any ass with his tail."

Turning to the writers, Khrushchev handed out praise for the social realists, somber warnings to all the rest. Mikhail Sholokhov's novels—*Quiet Flows the Don, The Fate of Man*—were "good" because they depict "the true spirit of Communism." Ehrenburg's novels are "bad" because he "presents everything in gloomy colors." Similarly, Evtushenko is guilty of "cheap sensationalism." He should be "ashamed."

No field of art in the Soviet Union was immune to Khrushchev's instructions. He told movie producers to steer clear of "satire." He told choreographers to avoid "indecent modern dances." Editors must henceforth watch out for "sensational revelations" about the faults of Soviet society. "This spicy stuff," said Khrushchev, "attracts huge fat-capitalist flies and all kinds of bourgeois scum."

After two hours of such threats and bombast, the liberals understood that the Thaw was over in Russia. A new Ice Age was coming back. Yet many of those present detected a curiously defensive note in Khrushchev's conclusion.

"The question is often asked why these abuses [Stalin's atrocities] were not uncovered and checked in Stalin's lifetime. . . . It is asked whether the leaders of the party [*e.g.*, Khrushchev himself] knew of arrests of people at the time they were taking place.

"Yes, they did," said Khrushchev.

"But did they know that innocent people were being arrested?

"No, they did not."

Khrushchev's explanation was that he and his colleagues had "trusted Stalin." In effect, the Soviet premier was asking his artists and writers to believe that, as a member of Stalin's inner circle, he had been so naïve, so removed from life, that he did not know what millions of ordinary Russians knew very well—that Stalin's victims were mostly innocent of the crimes attributed to them.

There has surely never been a more unlikely alibi put forward by a politician to his own people. Yet Khrushchev—in the short run—seems likely to get away with it. By forbidding Soviet writers to "poke around in rubbish heaps," he evidently intends to cover up his own activities during Stalin's time. That is the principal purpose of Khrushchev's attack on the Soviet intellectuals. He is sacrificing the artistic revival to save himself.

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poet—"freedom."

Whether it will actually save him is highly doubtful. For Khrushchev has more deadly enemies than the defenseless young poets and painters. These people are the orthodox Communists, who warned Khrushchev years ago that any attempt to loosen the bonds of Stalin's system would do more harm than good. They recognized—long before he did—that ideas are dangerous things, that once he lifted the lid which Stalin had screwed down tight, the outpouring of discontent might prove to be uncontrollable.

So long as Khrushchev's policies seemed to be successful, these critics hid their misgivings. But of late Khrushchev has been guilty of the crime that no politician—least of all a dictator—can commit with impunity. He has had too many failures in a row. He promised to take Berlin. Failure. He challenged the U.N. in the Congo. Failure. He rushed missiles into Cuba and was forced to beat a humiliating retreat. Failure. At home, he promised vast increases in both agricultural and industrial production. Failure. In any Western nation, such fiascos would be blamed on the Administration's incompetence. But Communists cannot admit this. Their most cherished belief is that Marxist Leninism scientifically guarantees the triumph of the Soviet system. Khrushchev's failures must therefore be explained on grounds of doctrinal error. The fault lies not in Marxist Leninism but in the "deviations" that Khrushchev has made in the "party line."

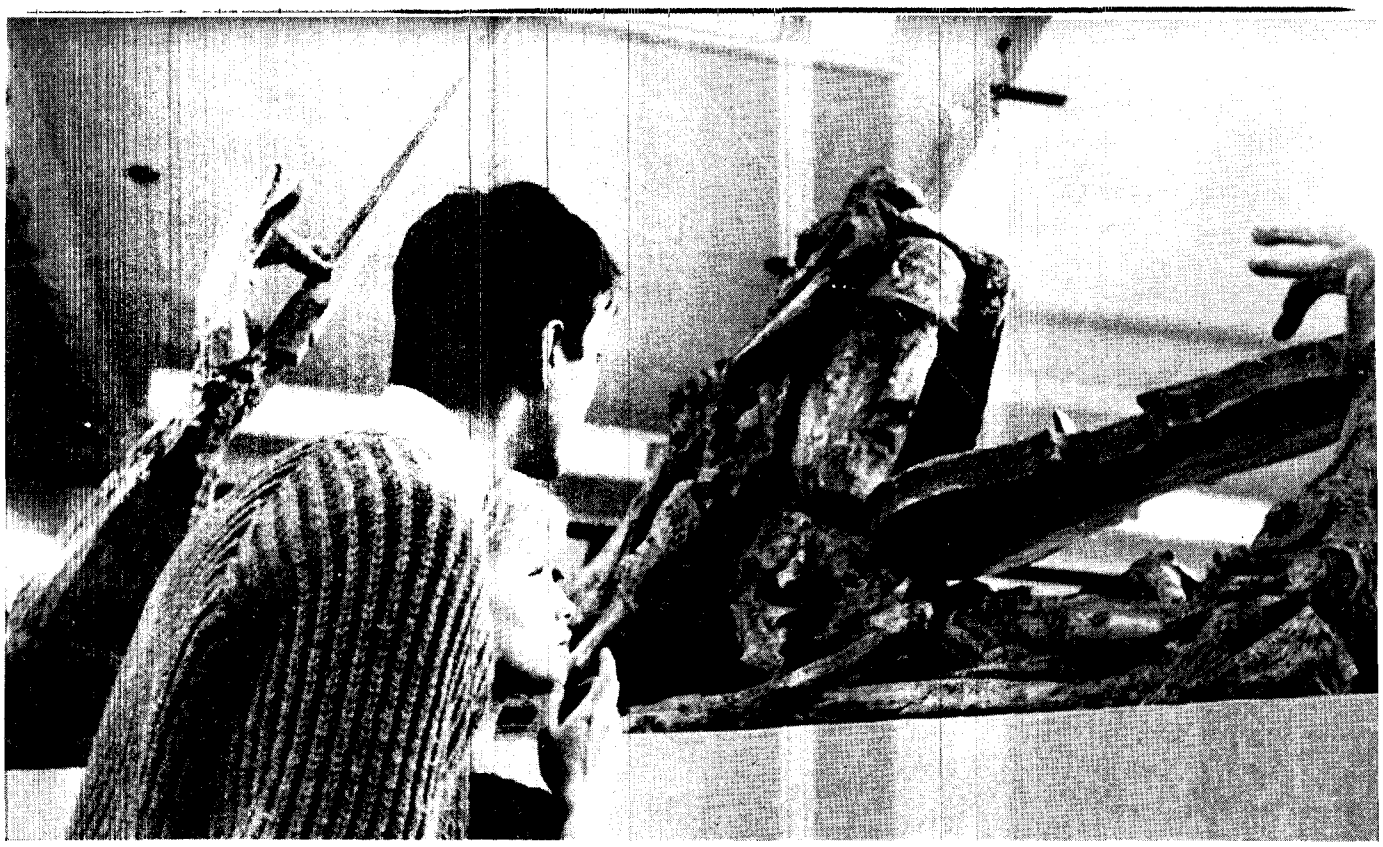
This is the most serious charge that can be made against any Communist. It strongly implies treason to the cause. And that is precisely the charge that many orthodox Communists, notably those in Peking, are laying against Khrushchev. Today the Soviet Union is buzzing with rumors that Khrushchev is on his way out. Khrushchev himself told a meeting of labor unionists in April: "At my age [69] I cannot be expected to continue in office for all time."

If Khrushchev has any intention of retiring he might well announce it at the next meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee. Some U.S. diplomats believe he may even give up one of his two big jobs—party secretary and premier.

Whatever happens at that meeting, Russia seems likely to move back in the direction of Stalinism. The drums are already beating—for "tighter discipline" in the party, for harsher penalties (including the death sentence) on "antistate activities," for "ideological unity" in the studios, museums and schools.

Before the inexorable advance of this new Ice Age, the intellectuals are bound to retreat into a new silence. Yet the Thaw, though it is ending, proved that poets and playwrights cannot be destroyed, not even by Stalinist terror. For a whole generation, the need for self-expression, the desire to create beauty, the spirit of freedom itself, were driven underground—but in the end they lived to see the end of the man who enslaved them and to expose his crimes to the world.

That is something that painters and poets have done many times before in the long brutal history of Russia—and in the rest of the world too. That is what they count on one day doing again. THE END



Art such as sculptor "The Violinist" touched off Khrushchev's tirade, but young Russians flocked to see it.

The Soviet premier focused attack on painting by Pavel Nikonov—"one jackass riding on top of another."

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EDITORIALS

The business-wise editor

Journalism, to a considerable extent, is a matter of trust: trust between employer and employee, trust between the reporter and his source, trust between the publication and the reader. The journalist who abuses the confidence of his source or misuses his information for private gain betrays one of the most elementary principles of his profession.

A flagrant example of such an abuse came to light recently when the Securities and Exchange Commission issued its special report on the stock market. Back in its April 28, 1961, issue *Time* magazine gave its readers a glowing report on a company called Technical Animations, Inc., of Long Island, New York. As *Time* explained it, the company had developed "a method of applying transparent plastics to still pictures so that they appear to move when ordinary light, projected through a revolving disc of polarized plastic, is thrown on them." Things were going very well for Technical Animations. "Sales have risen in five years from $7,000 to $600,000 this year," the magazine reported. "The company went into the black this year, but is spending its small profits in research."

With the publication of the SEC report, the story behind the story of Technical Animations, Inc., came to light. "For the year ending October 31, 1960," the SEC report noted, "it had sales of approximately $367,000 and a net loss of $65,000." The *Time* article, the report declared, "was unduly favorable, stating that the company's 'sales have risen in five years from $7,000 to $600,000 this year,' and that it 'went into the black' in 1961. Sales for the year ending October 31, 1961, totaled approximately $450,000 and, although the company had earnings in one quarter of 1961, it had a small net loss for the year."

How did it happen? Why was the story so misleading? The SEC report supplies the answer. "Early in April, 1961," it relates, "Joseph Purtell, senior editor in charge of the business-news section of *Time* magazine (he is no longer with *Time*) telephoned the company and expressed interest in it as a possible subject for an article in *Time*."

Purtell interviewed the company's public-relations man, saw a demonstration of the process developed by the company. He bought 2,500 shares of stock in the company—at 6⅛ to 6¾—and then assigned a writer and a researcher to prepare the article. After the article appeared the stock went up. Purtell sold 1,000 shares of his stock at 11⅝. He held on to the rest for over six months and finally sold it at 5¼. The SEC concluded, "It is clear that the *Time* article was the principal cause for the rise in the price of the stock."

This was only one example of Purtell's market operations. According to the SEC, "between August, 1957, and April, 1961, Purtell had transactions in the securities of 64 companies, of which 27 were written up in the business-news section of *Time*. In each of the 27 cases he purchased the stock a few days or a few weeks before the date of the publication of the article concerning the particular company and he usually sold the stock within a few days following the date of publication. . . . He made a considerable profit from trading in stocks of companies that were written up in *Time*, since in most cases the price of the stock rose sharply upon the publication of the article or shortly before."

Joseph Purtell was dismissed by Time, Inc., shortly after the Technical Animations article appeared, for "unsatisfactory performance" of his duties, said *Time* recently as it ticked off the whole matter in a footnote to a story on the SEC report.

"*Time* did not know of these activities when Purtell was dismissed," the magazine said. We don't say that it did know but it is at least refreshing to have *Time*'s admission that there was something it didn't know. It is a milestone. It reminds us of an old story about an overworked *Time* writer. He got up from his desk, walked out into the hall and shouted at the top of his lungs, "*I don't know!*" According to the story, the whole building collapsed.

The member from Woodford

It did not come as a surprise when the member from Woodford announced that he would not stand for election to Parliament again. Sir Winston Churchill is a very old man, compelled by the passage of the years to spend a considerable part of his time in a wheelchair. Still, it is sad to know he will no longer be there. He has served in Parliament more than 60 years, longer than any other man, and his career is one of the most illustrious in the history of that great legislative assembly. No one else, in this century at least, has served the cause of freedom with such courage, such eloquence and vision. For a time he alone seemed to stand between the day and the night.

We are glad that Congress has made him an honorary American citizen. In a small way it serves to express our appreciation. There is talk now of making him the Duke of London. The English-Speaking Union plans to erect a statue of Sir Winston in Washington, with funds to come from all over America. Further honors are sure to follow. That is as it should be; it is well to remind the world of his service and his example. But there is one thing that neither these nor any other honors can do: They cannot add to his luster.

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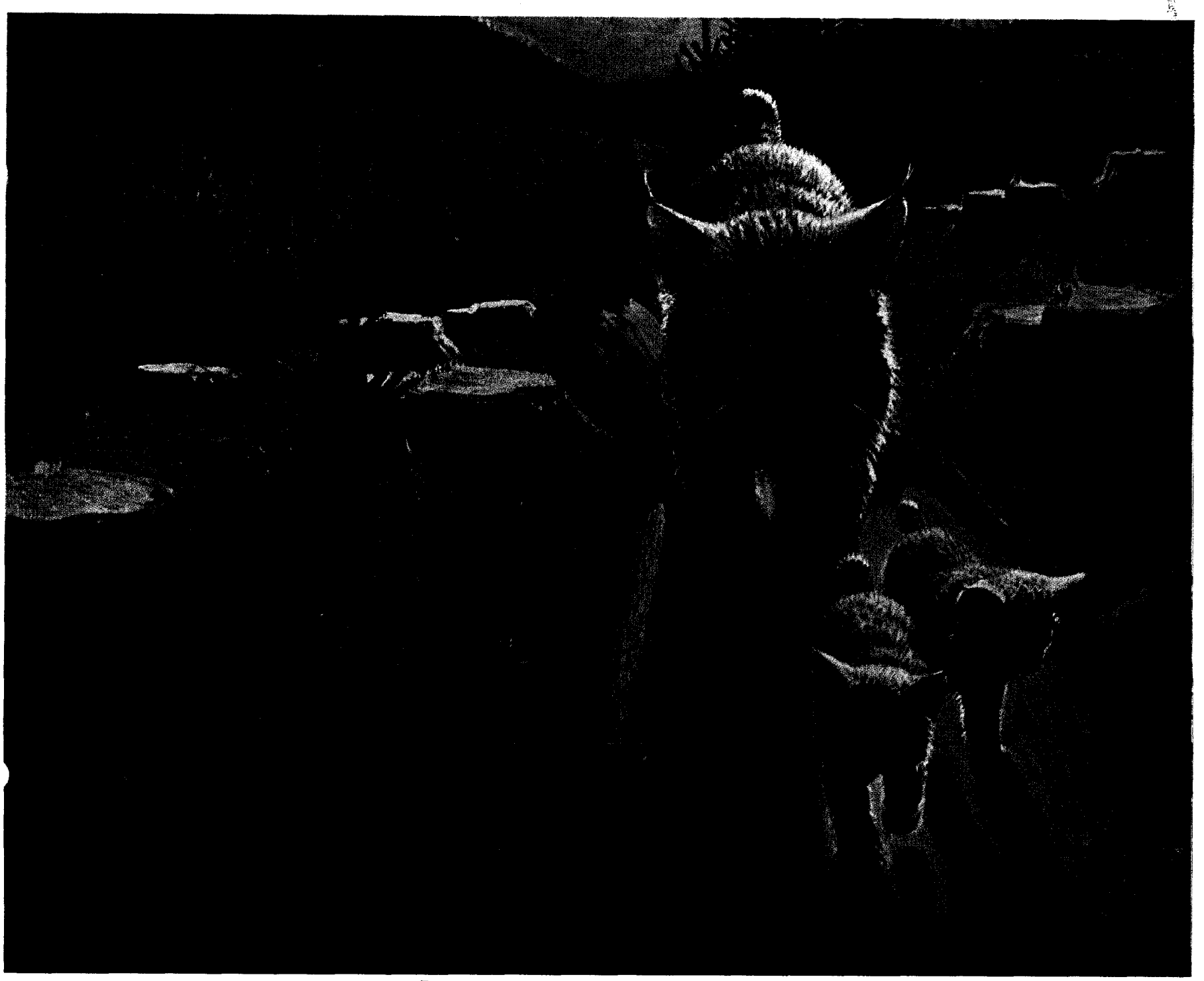

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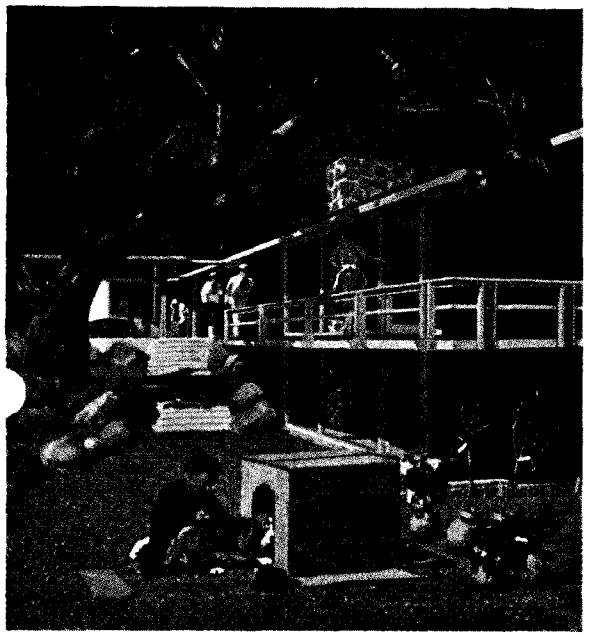

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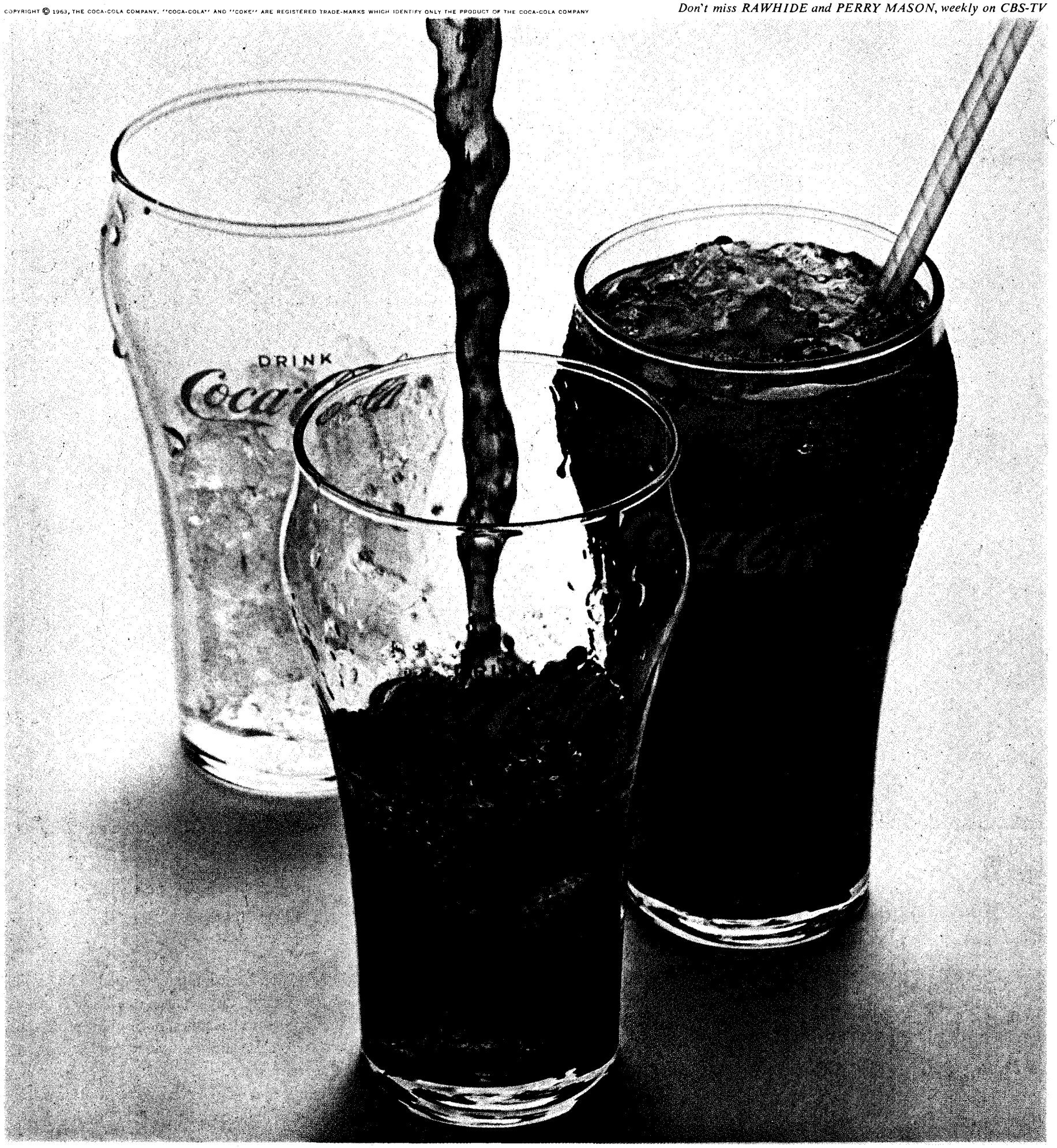

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